APRIL 25c

Coronet

in this issue

Oiltown U.S.A.

a living portrait of a typical American town

also BOB HOPE • NORMAN ROCKWELL • DOUGLASS CROCKWELL

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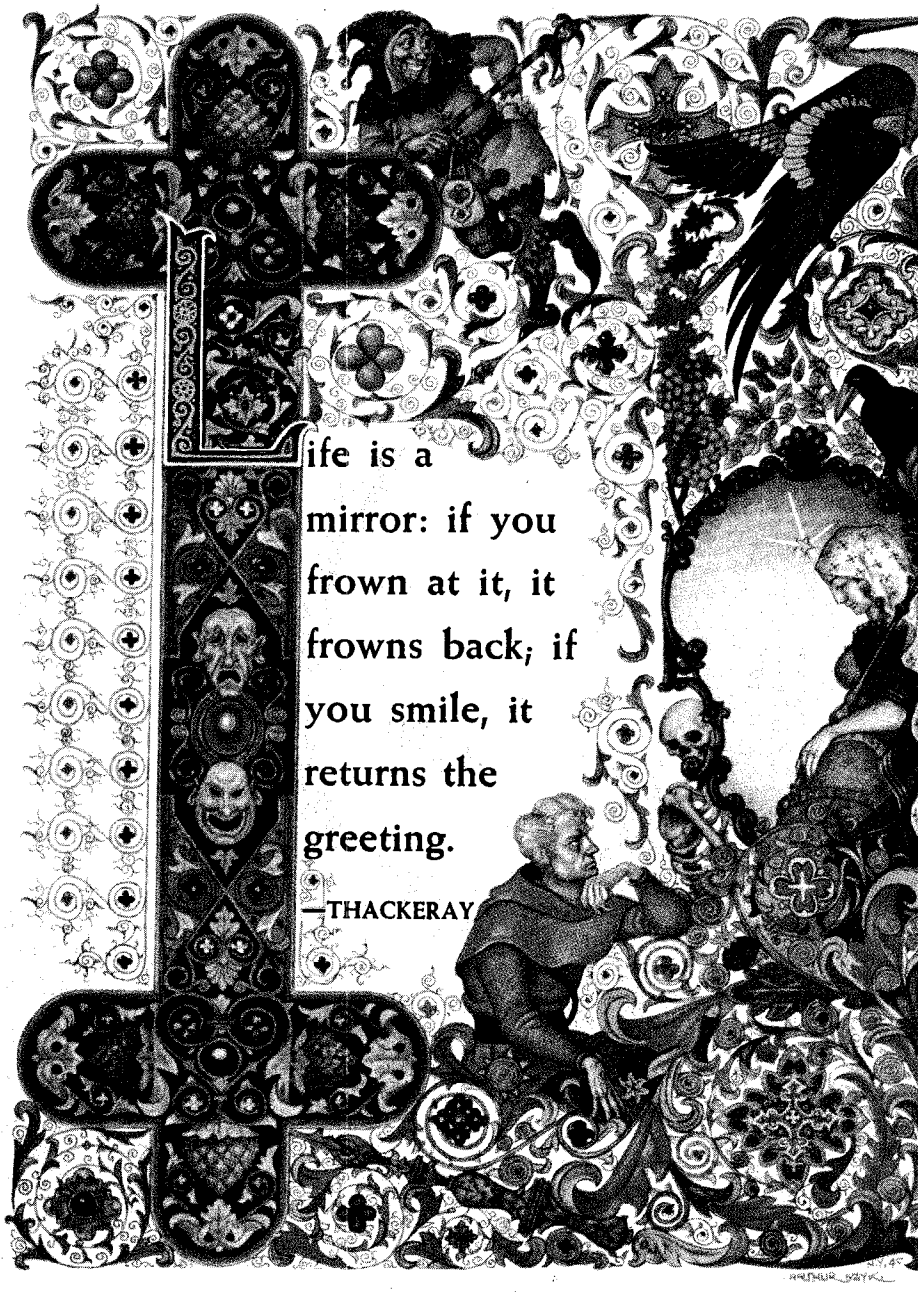

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Coronet

HOLY CITY OF OKLAHOMA

How a minister's faith united all creeds for a mighty Easter pageant

by CAROL HUGHES

EACH GOOD Friday the little town of Lawton, Oklahoma, is filled to overflowing with a strange assortment of visitors. Women in calico rub shoulders with Park Avenue mink. Donkeys sniff the passing air of a Packard de luxe. The lights of Lawton suddenly begin to rival Broadway. Americans have come, 100 thousand strong, to witness a unique religious production, *The Life of Christ*, presented on Easter dawn at "Holy City" with a cast of three thousand.

While the camped multitudes wait, unusual things are happening in Lawton. Industry is at a standstill. Bankers, traders, shopkeepers, Indians and housewives have forgotten daily routines and the lure of Easter shopping. Shopgirls are fashioning lilies, housewives are rehearsing lines. The mayor is fitting a costume, businessmen are making crosses. Once more it is Easter time in Lawton.

Back of the town's frantic activities and the waiting hordes is a meek little man named Mark Anthony Wallock, founder of Holy City and author-director of the mighty pageant held there each year. The Rev. Mr. Wallock has ministered to, and been looked upon by, millions of people. It is estimated that ten million have made pilgrimage to Holy City since its inception eighteen years ago. The little minister is still as shy as a rabbit and trembles like a leaf at flashlight bulbs.

His story is a strange fulfillment of the Good Book's promise that a grain of faith no larger than a mustard seed could move a mountain. The Rev. Mr. Wallock didn't want to move a mountain. He did want to *find* one. He spent half a lifetime looking for a particular one —a replica of the hills of Judea and the Holy City of Jerusalem.

He conceived the idea half a century ago when as a boy in Austria he played with picture cutouts from a Bible magazine. Little

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Anthony liked setting a stage with his figures of Peter the fisherman, Luke the physician, and Mark the humble. To his child's eye his paper figures were real people, walking the hills of Judea.

When he was still young, his parents came to America and settled in Chicago. Anthony was sent to the University of Chicago and the Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston. Many a kindly motorist, giving the young boy a lift, was surprised when, asked where he was going, the lad would reply: "I'm looking for a mountain."

His search went on over week-ends, holidays and off-preaching times for ten years. When he was 24, his father died and young Anthony had to care for his mother. He took the pastorate of a small church in a Chicago suburb and settled down. The story might have ended there except for that something that men-of-the-cloth call: "His calling."

In 1916 he accepted a pastorate in Lawton, Oklahoma, which offered him new territory to explore. Two years later, still wandering through the mountains, he came to a small rise that sloped to the foothills of the Wichita Mountains. Standing on the hill, he looked upon an amphitheater so large that a city could be built at its base and viewed from above by half a million people. "The hills of Judea," gasped the long-searching minister. For hours he sat there immobile, praying silently. His quest was ended.

Clasped in his hand was the money that constituted his worldly possessions—$37.50. Easter morning was a week away. His congregation was astounded at midweek services when he said, "Next Sunday I want all of you to wear warm clothing and walking shoes. We are holding our services in the Holy City of Jerusalem."

ON THE MORNING of April 4, 1926, he led his congregation up into the hills. It was not easy. The Holy City was a sixteen-mile, roadless climb. Undaunted, the little minister approached some of his male members. "Will you do me a favor?" he asked simply. "I want you to help me carry an organ up into the hills."

Clutching one end of the organ, he prepared to depart. "I think even God must have smiled that day," he recalls with a twinkle in his eye. The men who carried the organ over sixteen miles of rough terrain did not smile, but they accomplished the feat. As they clambered over gullies and hills, they heard their minister say: "We are the first, but some day there will be thousands who will return here."

Return they did. Not in thousands but in millions, over the years. The mustard-seed faith of the little preacher went down through many valleys before he claimed his mountain. Faithfully he ministered to his flock 364 days in the year, but on the 365th his flock ministered to him and his pageant *The Life of Christ*. His patient face became known throughout the town by peoples of all faiths. He went into Jewish synagogues to find his Mary, mother of Jesus. He sought out a Catholic priest to help him find a Paul. Patiently he explained to an Indian the intricacies of stage make-up. And finally he came to

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the mayor to teach him the role of Pontius Pilate.

As the years rolled by, the small-town pastor knew that neither his little congregation nor the town of Lawton could finance the city of his dreams. His stage was still a barren wasteland; his city still rough unhewn stones. So he began to reach out for help. His faith and fame spread throughout Oklahoma and finally to Washington, D. C.

With zeal he wrote letter after letter to Harry Hopkins. He sent plans to Oklahoma congressmen. Finally, his pleas were laid on the desk of Franklin Roosevelt in 1935. The WPA was in full swing. Roosevelt earmarked the plans for a Federal grant. On January 12, 1935, the Rev. Mr. Wallock went up into the hills to stake ground for his city of dreams. He had 94 thousand dollars in Federal funds, WPA workmen, and 640 acres on which to build his Jerusalem. His dream was now a project in the nation's capital—marked "Holy City" in Federal files.

Men began to gather stones. They built the gateway and walls of the New Jerusalem. The Temple court was erected. Pilate's fatal Judgment Hall became reality. The Garden of Gethsemane bloomed on the bleak horizon. The Angels' Watch Tower looked down over the grotto of stone and the Tomb of Christ. So quiet, so beautiful, so much a part of the natural setting is Holy City, that the visitor is lost in time and space when the quaint old town comes to life before his startled eyes.

The average Easter service in Holy City finds some hundred thousand people of all faiths and creeds present. More than sixteen thousand cars have been parked on the hillsides in a single night. More than fifty thousand people come annually to worship at the shrines. The town of Lawton, represented by ninety per cent of its residents, makes up the pageant cast of three thousand living persons. All creeds take part. "I never ask a man his faith," says the little minister. "Some may even be pagan."

Work on the pageant starts in January and goes on each week until April. The Rev. Mr. Wallock has never taken part in his drama and is seen only at the Benediction. When the hour is almost at hand in Lawton, a wholesale exodus takes place. The mighty caravan of cars, wagons, mules and people on foot starts wending toward the hills. Cars mingle with wagons on the sixteen miles of now well-paved roads. Thousands gather at the top of the hill to watch the spectacle of twinkling headlights.

By 2:30 a. m. two trumpeters climb to the Tower of Angels and give the call to worship. Holy City flames into brilliant light. An involuntary gasp rises from the audience. Below them they see a city teeming with people in the quaint costumes of two thousand years ago. On the hillsides above, shepherds watch their sheep by night. Lambs bleat and a cock crows. To the East a bright star gleams.

In the city below a great spotlight makes a man and woman stand out from the crowd. Loudspeakers pick up their words. Mary and Joseph are seeking rooms at the inns. They wander through the town in despair and finally come

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to a manger on the outskirts. As they move, the star follows and hovers over the manger.

A breathless audience watches the shepherds on the hill. They gather and talk excitedly about the brightness of the star. Slowly over the hills come the Wise Men, bearing gifts to a child that is born in the city. The shepherds leave their flocks and follow the strange men.

On moves the pageant through every vital scene in the life story of Christ. Members of the cast are letter-perfect in their lines. Here, the characters known and beloved throughout the Christian world are alive and breathing through poignant scenes. Here Mary, Martha and Peter walk the streets, their long robes fluttering, their sandaled feet clattering on rough stones.

The scenes rise in intensity. Christ, in long flowing robe, appears on the hills of Judea and a black-robed devil tempts Him to hurl Himself from the rocks. The Last Judgment is foretold and Christ bids a tender farewell to the beloved Mary. The Last Supper takes place with every Disciple seated at the table. And then Christ wanders into the Garden of Gethsemane while His Disciples sleep. The quiet and beauty of the Garden are broken by a band of marauding soldiers led by the infamous Judas. He kisses the cheek of the lonely Christ and He is led from the Garden.

The audience weeps as Peter denies his Master thrice, and the hour of trial draws near. The hills are silent as Christ appears bearing the Cross. Upon His head is a crown of thorns. They are real. On a barren hillside two thieves hang on crosses. The third cross is bare. The lights dim and as they come on again, Christ is seen nailed to the Cross.

A faint light appears in the East. The pageant, which has gone on throughout the night, is coming to an end. Just as the sun rises, Mary is seen making her way through the silent streets. She walks to the Tomb. As the stones are rolled away, she peers into the tomb, and then cries the three words that have given vigor to Christianity: "He Is Risen!"

The mighty drama, conceived in the mind of a simple Austrian boy and brought to life in the hills of Oklahoma, has come to an end.

Three Ways to Die

WHEN THE JAPANESE captured Bhamo Prison during the first triumphant Burma drive, their officers became convinced that the metal poles on top of the jail were used to electrocute Japanese prisoners. They thereupon gave the British prison director the choice of having his eyes burned out, his legs cut off, or being hanged.

Just as the Briton was trying to make the frightful decision, he was saved by a Japanese major who had lived in Kansas. The major recognized the poles for what they were—lightning rods.—ELSIE MCCORMICK

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The doctor has many ways of exposing those seeking a quick but fraudulent fortune

Health Fakers BEWARE!

by HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN, M. D.

AS AN INDUSTRIAL physician and a wartime medical examiner for the Selective Service Board, I have been audience to the world's worst actors—the "goldbrickers" — people who pretend they are unable to qualify for duty, try to get out of work, or think they can make a quick fortune by counterfeiting an ailment as the result of a real or faked accident.

The trick sounds simple, and some people have been successful. The rank and file, however, are not able to carry out their fraudulent schemes because if the malingerer does not give himself away by error, the modern physician knows many tests that will sooner or later expose the fake.

For example, when Joe Smith claimed to be deaf in his right ear, he had things figured out. He wasn't going to be fool enough to claim total deafness in both ears. Too many people trying that trick had been caught off their guard by jumping when someone shouted, "Look out!" And if the physician placed a tuning fork back of Joe's "deaf ear" and asked if he could hear it, Joe would say, "Yes." He knew that even if the ear were really deaf, it could hear vibrations through the skull.

But despite his cleverness, Joe was trapped. Two rubber tubes were attached to his ears like a stethoscope. They were brought behind his back and two men whispered different sentences at the same time, one into each ear. If one of Joe's ears had been truly deaf, he could have repeated the sentence received by the good ear. All he could hear, however, was a jumble of words. Joe, completely confused, admitted his attempted deception.

Paralysis is one symptom that malingerers are especially fond of imitating. A woman struck by an automobile claimed she was paralyzed in one leg. To prove her claim she walked with crutches, dragging the affected leg behind her. That was too bad, because in the kind of injury she claimed her leg should have swung out ahead.

The final test clinched the diagnosis of malingering. The physician placed his hand under the

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"paralyzed" leg and asked the woman to raise her normal leg while lying down. In so doing, she was forced to press the supposedly paralyzed leg against the doctor's hand for support. If the leg had been truly paralyzed, it would have lacked this power.

Pain is a symptom malingerers particularly enjoy because they believe it cannot easily be disproved. A girl employee stepped off a box and twisted her ankle. X-rays showed no broken or dislocated bones, and she quickly recovered. Three months later, however, she reported a persistent pain and wanted to know what the company would do about a cash settlement.

The physician told her he could relieve the pain temporarily with a local anesthetic. The girl readily agreed, as she said the agony was unbearable. After the injection she admitted the pain was gone but said she would not go through life receiving injections, and renewed her demand for money.

Suddenly the nurse, taking a cue from the physician, said: "Doctor, I've made a frightful mistake. I put sterile water instead of novocaine into the syringe. Do you want to inject the ankle again?"

Trapped, the girl left in a huff and hasn't been heard from since.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL tests used on fakers are those which catch a person off guard. A woman worker received an electric shock from a riveting gun which had short-circuited. She claimed that parts of her body were numb. The physician blindfolded her and then touched her arms and legs with a toothpick. He asked her to say "Yes" when she felt it and "No" when she did not. After she had said "No" a few times he knew she was bluffing. If the areas had been really numb, she would not have known that she was touched and hence would have said nothing.

The powerful force of habit also aids the doctor in exposing malingers. One man, claiming an injury to his shoulder, resisted all attempts to raise his arm. Apparently satisfied, the physician told the man the examination was over. Elated, the patient hurriedly put on his shirt, moving his arm freely as he put it through the sleeve.

In another case a workman claimed he was too farsighted to handle a certain job. He wanted a medical certificate of disability. During the examination he said he could read nothing smaller than headline type. The physician gave him a form to sign and the man became purple with rage. The paper was an order for Victory Bonds. But in protesting, the patient revealed himself as a malingerer because the form was printed in very small type indeed.

Some malingerers conceive fantastic schemes to fool the doctor. In order to land an easy job, a husky young fellow claimed he had stomach trouble which would be aggravated by hard work. Knowing that X-rays would be taken, he thought of an ingenious dodge. He was given a glass of barium mixture which, when swallowed, would show the outline of the stomach wall. But on drinking the mixture, he swallowed a wad of chewing gum previously hidden in his mouth.

The fluoroscope specialist noted

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what appeared to be a polyp in the stomach. Then a few moments later he gasped. The "polyp" jumped across the stomach and followed the barium down the intestinal tract. It was a detail the husky malingerer had overlooked.

Feigning amnesia is one of the oldest rackets, but sooner or later the faker makes a fatal mistake. A woman was carried from an airfield when the scooter she used for delivering mail turned over and threw her. She claimed she could remember nothing; she didn't even know who she was.

During the investigation, when asked how the accident happened, she said: "I had a letter for Colonel X, and was told he was on the other side of the field. As I cut across I heard a plane and thought it was going to land. I got so scared that I lost control of the scooter, it struck a hole and, well—that's all I can remember."

She remembered too much for a person suffering from amnesia. When faced with this obvious fact, her memory returned with amazing rapidity.

Most malingerers can be recognized quickly by a physician. The faker is usually "smart" and argumentative; he demands special privileges and attention; he is suspicious and on the defensive; he seeks a sympathetic audience among acquaintances. Afraid no one will believe him, he exaggerates his symptoms. Thus the best of malingerers eventually overplay their part and convict themselves.

In one court case, a man based a large demand for compensation on inability to move his arm, the result of a railway accident. When the verdict was announced, the amount of compensation was so much less than he had expected that he threw up his arms and cried, "I'm a ruined man!"

Every Church Should Have One

EVERYTHING had been going along nicely at our church. Then suddenly attendance fell off. It saddened me the day the young minister was replaced.

Being a member of the now inactive Building and Maintenance committee of the church, I was surprised to receive a call from the new minister, an elderly man.

"I wanted to talk to you about putting a new roof on the church," he came right to the point.

"A new roof!" I exclaimed. "A new roof is an expensive job. It would mean another mortgage!"

The new minister's face lit up. "That's just what this church needs —a mortgage."

"Young fellow," he went on, amused at my bewilderment, "I've found, in some thirty-odd years of ministering, that nothing will help to hold a congregation together like working to clear up a church mortgage. Let's just call it a booster to the Gospel."

Well, we got the roof; we got the mortgage—and we got the congregation back! —CHARLES COOMBS

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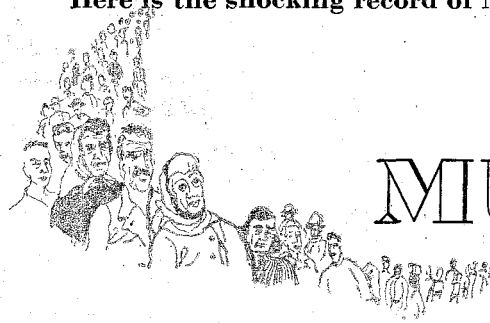
Here is the shocking record of Nazi wartime experiments, of



MURDER

This article is based on reports filed with the Surgeon General's Office, U. S. Army. It is, first, an indictment of the Nazis. It is an indictment of their philosophy, their methods, their actions and their accomplishments. But second, it is a timely reminder to America that a nation, in order to achieve enduring greatness in the world, must ceaselessly fight against intolerance and racial persecution at home. —THE EDITORS

WHEN GERMANY collapsed after six years of total war, the Medical Intelligence Division of the U. S. Army had teams of top-trained Americans ready to pounce on centers of Nazi scientific research, hunting for secrets of high value to the Allies. The Yankee experts spread over Germany, taking inventory of a nation once acknowledged to be a world leader in technological skill.

This inventory, collected into hundreds of reports, has now been released from the secret category. Mostly it is a shocking story of calculated brutality. The few remnants of good work, as discovered by probing American eyes and minds, show clearly that Germany, under Hitler's blind rule of racial intolerance, was barely a second-rate scientific power.

When the Nazis took over the Third Reich, they liquidated Jewish researchers, among whom were some of the world's ablest scientists. The Nazis also kicked renowned Aryan technicians out of jobs, replacing them with party wheelhorses. The result was inevitable.

Except in isolated instances, solid research came to a halt. The Germans were years behind us in penicillin and other "wonder" drugs. They had no plasma program comparable to ours, and they were woefully backward in modern surgical techniques. But in one type of research they were in a class by themselves. This was brutality.

The Nazis had no objection to using human beings in scientific experimentation. This sadism was like the horror movies where the mad doctor performs grisly surgery on a trapped victim. But with this difference. The Nazis had millions of trapped victims.

Take, for instance, the study of effects of prolonged human exposure to cold. These studies were made not under a recognized scientist but under the Gestapo chief, Heinrich Himmler! Incredibly enough, Himmler the butcher fancied himself a scientist. Also he had an acquisitive mania. While de-

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barbarous crimes committed in the name of science

for Research

by **J. D. RATCLIFF**

manding that others destroy their records, he saved every scrap of paper.

It was in the Himmler files that Maj. Leo Alexander of the U. S. Medical Intelligence and other investigators got on the trail of the cold experiments. They found a letter from Himmler to a subordinate which set the tone of such Nazi research.

"People," Himmler wrote, "who still disapprove of experiments on human beings, but who prefer to let brave German soldiers die from intense cold, are to me nothing but traitors. I shall not hesitate to supply their names to authorities who are in a position to take action."

Alexander got wind of the Nazi freezing experiments while heading a team working in the Munich area. He heard that Dr. G. A. Weltz's laboratory was conducting research with rabbits, guinea pigs and other animals. Cold was a particular problem to the Germans. Thousands of soldiers froze to death on the Russian front; other thousands—fliers and navy men—died in the frigid English Channel.

Weltz denied any knowledge of human experimentation, but his denials weren't convincing. Displaying shrewd detective work, Alexander followed the trail straight to Dachau concentration camp.

The man in charge under Himmler was Dr. S. Rascher, husband of a former Himmler mistress. Rascher wasn't available for questioning: he had been shot—for knowing too much about the experiments—two weeks before the American troops arrived. But Alexander collected enough details from others to reconstruct a documented story of unbelievable brutality.

HEADQUARTERS for the cold experiments was Dachau's infamous Block 5, from which few people emerged alive. Victims were placed in wooden tubs containing iced water, the temperature just above freezing. The first experiments, mostly conducted on Polish Jews, were to determine the amount of exposure necessary to bring death. Seven people answered this question—53 to 106 minutes. The chart detailing the results of this sadistic experiment constitutes history's briefest murder confession.

Victims of the cold experiments were so cowed and beaten that no chains or ropes were necessary to hold them in the tubs of ice water,

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they simply stepped in when directed, sat there, terror-stricken and shivering until they became unconscious and finally died.

A complete record was available to show how cold kills. The heart beats more and more slowly, dropping to 50 a minute. Respiration takes on a jerky, spasmic pattern; body temperature falls from a normal 98.6 degrees to a point in the mid 70's. Muscles convulse and limbs freeze in grotesque patterns.

Autopsies on these helpless victims revealed the kind of internal wreckage caused by prolonged exposure to cold. The blood becomes adhesive, imposing an added burden on an already overloaded heart.

AFTER THE preliminary freezing experiments, large-scale work to find the best method of reviving got under way. Victims were placed in tubs until they lost consciousness and were near death. Then traditional methods of resuscitation were tried: warm blankets, massage, stimulants. But results were poor and the victims usually died.

Then Rascher tried another method—immersion in steaming water, up to 122 degrees. According to all previous medical belief, this should have brought almost instant death. Instead, it produced more successful results. Some people had been chilled to a point where heart action had stopped and breathing had ceased, but immersion in hot water brought them back with few ill effects.

There was no reprieve, however, for these wretched people. Having survived their brush with death, they were used in other experiments. Life in Block 5 was a matter of two or three days. The Nazis wanted no eyewitness accounts of their murderous methods.

How many people died in the cold experiments never will be known. Complete records are missing. Research men elsewhere in the world keep meticulous results of all animal experimentation, but the Nazis didn't trouble with this detail even when human lives were at stake. Evidence that hundreds were murdered, maybe thousands, lies in the fact that one experiment included 50 people, another 57.

After completing his research into water immersion, Rascher went on to study cold-air exposure. Victims were forced to stand naked in winter weather for nine to fourteen hours. Object: to see how long German soldiers could survive sentry duty on the frigid Russian front.

All this was reported to Himmler, who approved heartily. But he had a suggestion to make. Why not conduct experiments to determine the value of "animal heat"—specifically, heat from the human body—in resuscitation? Four women from the Ravensbruck concentration camp were placed beside the unconscious victims of the immersion test. Rascher reported:

"Consciousness returned at an earlier point—that is, at a lower body temperature—than with other methods of rewarming. Once the subjects regained consciousness, they did not lose it again. The rise in body temperature then occurred at about the same rate as with subjects who had been rewarmed in blankets."

An amazing sidelight on the German mind was furnished by one of Rascher's assistants. He asked

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Major Alexander if some American foundation might not be willing to finance a continuation of the work! Alexander held his temper. "Who will furnish the Jews and Catholic priests for your experiments?" he asked. There was no reply.

WHILE THE cold experiments were in progress, the Nazis went on to other human tortures. At Dachau scores of victims were placed in thin-air chambers which simulated conditions of upper atmosphere. Air was exhausted from the tanks to duplicate conditions at forty thousand feet. Then valves were opened. In effect, this was like dropping from forty thousand feet to sea level in a few seconds.

The experiments were little more than cold-blooded murder. Victims perished with almost 100 per cent regularity. Autopsies revealed few facts not already known.

While the cold experiments were conducted principally on Polish Jews, air-pressure research was done on German Jews as well. The Nazis, systematic in everything, even had an order of selection in which victims were chosen for experiments: Jews, foreigners, gypsies, stateless persons, foreign Catholic priests, criminals, political prisoners.

Inmates of the Mulhausen insane asylum were selected for malaria experiments. Artificially infected, they were used as trial subjects for any new drug that came along. This work seemed particularly senseless since there is virtually no malaria in Germany, although the findings might have been important had the Nazis realized their fantastic dream of world conquest.

Then there was the problem of typhus. For years there had been debate about the merits of various typhus vaccines. There are four chief ones: the vaccine made from infected mouse lungs, another from infected rabbit lungs, a third from louse intestines, a fourth from virus grown in fertile eggs.

To a great degree, the Germans were committed to the vaccine made from lice. Lice are infected with the disease by injection—a tedious process carried on under a microscope. While the virus is incubating in their bodies, the lice must be fed on human blood. One man can feed ten thousand a day. In one plant the Germans used two thousand Poles for this purpose.

Since no one knew precisely how

Hitler's Gift to America

IN THE YEARS before the Nazis ruled Germany, many of the world's outstanding scientists were teaching in German universities. Most noted of these was Max Planck, Nobel Prize winner who had developed the quantum theory. After Hitler seized power, Planck was heartbroken to see brilliant minds expelled from Germany because some were Jews and others opposed the Nazi regime.

Aware of the irreparable loss, Planck asked for and was granted an audience with Hitler. In the middle of his plea, the Fuehrer interrupted: "Theoretical physics —it is just a Talmudic invention of the Jews! I don't want to hear any more about it!"

Planck left—and many of the men for whom he had pleaded in vain became outstanding contributors to the development of the atomic bomb.

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good the vaccine was, the Nazis decided on human experimentation. Several hundred victims were selected. First, they got shots of vaccine, then shots of the virus which caused the disease. Just to make sure the virus was potent, some victims received the virus alone. Of this group, few survived.

After wasting an uncounted number of human lives, the Nazis lamely concluded that all four vaccines were about equally effective. Almost any qualified research man could have told them this before the grisly work began.

Is there anything good to be said about research under the Nazis? A little. Some progress was made in the hunt for new sulfa drugs, for new insecticides, for synthetic blood plasma, for food substitutes. Much of the information turned up by the American intelligence teams was negative—sulfa drugs too toxic for human use, anti-malarials that damage the liver, insect repellants of limited value. Yet this negative information will keep American research men from wasting time covering the same ground.

In general, however, there is one obvious fact about research under the Nazis: the results were meager indeed for a nation that once spearheaded the world in scientific skill. The few evidences of good work could never balance the brutality.

In World War I, German scientists did a magnificent job, the General Staff a wretched one. In World War II, the roles were reversed.

The reason for the collapse of Nazi science is clear: no nation can survive in this technological age if it kills off, persecutes or exiles the kind of inquisitive genius that leads to revolutionary discoveries and inventions, designed to benefit all mankind.

Roll Call of Genius in Exile

A ROLL CALL of Nobel Prize winners who, fleeing persecution in Europe, brought their extraordinary talents to America includes:

Albert Einstein, German physicist, now professor emeritus of physics at Princeton.

Otto Meyerhof, German biochemist, now at the University of Pennsylvania.

James Franck, German physical chemist, now at the University of Chicago.

Otto Loewi, German pharmacologist, now at New York University.

Victor Hess, Austrian discoverer of cosmic rays, now at Fordham University.

Peter Debye, German chemist, at Cornell University.

Enrico Fermi, Italian physicist, now at the University of Chicago.

Otto Stern, German physicist, now at the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Wolfgang Pauli, Austrian physicist, now at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton.

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A beautiful and talented collie is one of Hollywood's biggest box-office attractions

Meet LASSIE
The Perfect Movie Dog

by GRACE FISCHLER

LASSIE, a beautiful male collie, is today the foremost canine actor in motion pictures, and the only dog star since talkies came in. Whereas Rin-tin-tin, Strongheart, Flash and the other popular dogs of silent films were action dogs, Lassie is an actor. Those dogs could be coached continuously by their trainers from outside the camera line. Lassie must be given his cues by signal.

Lassie is not a pedigreed dog, nor was he born beautiful. He was the runt of the litter, a scrawny and mangy little pup. By diligent training, careful diet and constant grooming, he developed into such a strikingly handsome and unusually clever dog that he won a screen role in *Lassie Come Home*, for which the studio had tried to find the right dog all over the country. Since then he has starred in one picture after another, and is one of the studio's biggest box-office attractions.

Lassie was born in North Hollywood in 1940. His brothers and sisters were perfect, despite their non-pedigree origin, but Lassie, then named Pal, was undersized, with a head too wide for show standards. He belonged to an acquaintance of the veteran Hollywood dog trainer, Rudd Weatherwax, and was tendered in settlement of a ten dollar debt.

Weatherwax wasn't too impressed, but he loved dogs too much to turn the sick pup down or have him done away with. He nursed him back to health, put him in his dog "school" and gave him the usual foundation course. When no roles appeared for the dog—collies were generally considered too high-strung for film work—his education was abandoned. Pal was allowed to roam the nearby hills, chase motorcycles and lead an irresponsible life.

Then Weatherwax heard about Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's nation-wide search for a collie to play the title role in *Lassie Come Home*. With little hope of success, he got an audition for his dog. The director was impressed by Pal's personality but not by his appearance, which at the time, the trainer admits, was "somewhat disreputable." His coat

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and his white furred collar had been shredded by underbrush.

Pal's looks and repertoire were so vastly improved during the next few months, while the search for a collie actor went on, that when Rudd brought him back to the studio for a second audition, nobody recognized him. He won the role, became Lassie, and started his career as the screen's top canine actor.

LASSIE'S overnight success was no more accidental than any other actor's. Nor was he "born" a movie idol. He turned out to be a beautiful dog mostly because of the care given him by his trainer, and he became a good actor for the same reason. The rest was luck.

When Lassie, then Pal, had his first audition, director Fred Wilcox and producer Sam Marx almost laughed in his trainer's face. The dog had personality, but his bag of tricks was limited to the usual fundamentals taught all dogs in a school—sitting and lying down at command, speaking only when spoken to, retrieving, and above all, obedience.

More than a thousand dogs were tested during the next several months. Meantime, Weatherwax had begun to groom Pal. He taught him how to escape from a leash, to hurdle and climb, to dig, jump, scratch for fleas, yawn, open a door, crawl in simulated exhaustion, limp, speak aloud on command, attack a man without sinking his teeth. He was shampooed, massaged and manicured, even given a special beauty diet.

Though his fur had been adjudged too dark, his head too broad, his eyes too large for current collie fashion, Pal turned out to be the most photogenic of the dozens of contenders recruited from one end of the country to the other. His copper-colored fur, his unusually full white ruff, even his oversize head, were perfect for Technicolor cameras. And his golden-brown eyes were the most expressive in the business.

His talents matched his beauty. Weatherwax rehearsed him ten minutes after he was handed the scene Pal was to play, then cued him from Off Camera line during his performance. Weatherwax had kept in mind, through months of intensive training, that the dog would have to understand sign language since he couldn't be given oral instructions in front of the sound track. Thus in addition to mastering the spoken word—and Rudd insists that the dog understands the briefing he gives him before each scene—Pal had to learn the dumb language: a whole range of gestures by which Weatherwax prompts his action like an orchestra leader.

Studio executives were jubilant. At last, the perfect dog! But the producers never realized that *Lassie Come Home* would be a box-office hit and a personal triumph for the dog. Before the picture had played around the country, Lassie had received fifteen thousand fan letters. Lassie's true sex wasn't revealed to the public until he made a sequel picture, but he's been known by no other name since his first day on the set.

Today Lassie's name is listed on M-G-M's alphabetical star list just below the name of Hedy Lamarr. He has a stand-in, a station wagon

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and a portable dressing room. He receives almost as much fan mail as Lana Turner. He has an agent, like any other actor, and his options are lifted periodically and his top-star salary (unrevealed) is increased. Like juvenile human actors, who must by law be accompanied at all times during working hours by a child welfare worker, Lassie is never out of sight of a member of the S.P.C.A.

Lassie has become a pin-up favorite of American children and dog-lovers everywhere. During the war, more than one Army dog's kennel displayed the latest "glamour" pose of Lassie. He appeared before U.S. and Canadian troops, performed for servicemen in hospitals and canteens, and was the favorite entertainer at the oft star-studded Hollywood Canteen.

Last summer Lassie made a tour for the Orpheum Circuit, for which he received 2,750 dollars a week. From this he had to pay a helper for his trainer and a master of ceremonies, but he *still* netted a *pretty sum*. Last winter he gave a special performance at the annual San Francisco Dog Show, receiving fifteen hundred dollars for a two-day stint. He did his regular act: a fight with Weatherwax's helper, which has the kids sitting on the edge of their seats; a cute scene with one of his pups, Laddie, in which the men try unsuccessfully to get the youngster out from the wings, and Lassie finally brings him in on a leash; and the most successful scenes from his pictures.

Most popular is that scene from *Lassie Come Home* in which, lame and worn out, he trudges for miles to get home. The audience, most of whom believe the dog was purposely hurt and tired out before the scene was shot, brings the house down in both admiration and relief.

After the release of each of Lassie's pictures, the local S.P.C.A. and Humane Society are deluged with letters asking how the collie could do such and such a scene without being hurt or molested. Each letter is answered, with Weatherwax's explanation of how he taught the dog to do the scene so realistically.

To save wear and strain on Lassie, he has stand-ins, doubles and stunt dogs. These dogs are picked from various kennels for their approximate likeness to Lassie, and some of them are his own sons and daughters. (Lassie has been a father twice, had a litter of six each time.) Though Rudd believes Lassie's career will last another five years—he's more than five years old now—he tries to protect his health and energy as much as possible.

Next Month
Coronet Takes You on a pictorial tour of the historic
White House Rooms
with a seven-page feature in full color

IT IS NOT unusual to find a group of seasoned M-G-M actors visiting the set where one of Lassie's pictures is being shot. With awe, they watch their canine confrere go through his paces. For Lassie will drowse with utter canine relaxation

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while lights and cameras are being set. Suddenly, at a word from Weatherwax, the dog is up and on his spot. He licks his lips hastily, just as most actors do when nervous. He does not tremble with intensity, as one might expect of a sensitive dog like a collie, but his concentration is felt by onlookers. Weatherwax makes a mysterious sign and Lassie goes into action.

"Looking at Lassie makes you agree with Socrates that a dog is a philosopher," a veteran trouper once remarked, "and with Robert Louis Stevenson, that he's a born actor."

To make it easier for all concerned, Weatherwax has devised a few subterfuges. For instance: when Lassie opens a door by taking the knob in his teeth, a painted rubber ball has been slit to cover the knob. This is done for two reasons: a dog dislikes to use his teeth on metal, yet loves a ball which has meant play from puppyhood. In directing Lassie to open a door, Weatherwax says: "Get the ball!"

All dog fights are skillfully simulated. A rawhide muzzle painted the color of Lassie's hair is strapped around his head. This permits a spread of the lips to show the teeth, as in a snarl, but prevents the parting of the teeth. Claws are clipped to prevent scratching.

At Weatherwax's San Fernando ranch, where Lassie lives, everything is planned especially for the forty-odd canine screen actors in Weatherwax's "school" who, with the exception of Lassie, live in kennels. There are jumps and runs, hurdles and a stream for swimming, toys and tricks for training. The dogs are allowed to run through the pastures with the cows, horses and three Weatherwax children. At night, they are brought into the house and trained to do indoor tricks.

As for Lassie, he has the run of the place, which is surrounded by tall and locked fences. He gets much of his exercise, when he's not working, by chasing motorcycles (inside the fence) which speed along the highway in front of his home. At night he sleeps on his own blanket beside Rudd's bed. He has no kennel but roams among the other animals and barnyard fowl, plays with the Weatherwax children and demonstrates for the Weatherwax friends. Rudd has taught Lassie to play games with Tommy, an outsize alley cat which looks like a lion. Tommy is an actor too, and has already netted Weatherwax about three thousand dollars.

At home, as on the movie set, Lassie is the star. The household revolves around him. Weatherwax has devoted most of his time to Lassie these past two years, leaving much of the other dog training to his partner, brother Frank, and his two younger brothers who work for him. Lassie is rarely if ever out of Rudd's sight, and there is an amazing and touching comradeship between them.

Weatherwax watches Lassie's diet carefully, and prepares the food himself—three cups of milk with one raw egg in the morning; the best ground beef at night, plus a few hard biscuits to keep his teeth in good shape. Almost every day, Lassie drinks a quart of tomato juice, and every two or three days he gets a big bone, which he's al-

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lowed to gnaw on for twenty minutes while Rudd watches closely to make sure slivers don't go down the throat.

Until 1940, when Rudd opened his own kennels, he had a hand in the careers of many dogs seen on the screen the past twenty years. Rudd's first full-fledged charge was Kelly, the English bull which became the trademark for Mack Sennett's comedies. Asta, the featured player in the *Thin Man* series; Corky, the mutt; Rin-tin-tin's double; Rip, the German Shepherd; and Daisy, of the famous *Blondie* series and other pictures, were among his charges.

Rudd acquired the then-ailing Lassie shortly after he opened his own kennels, and mutual liking, confidence and understanding were instantaneous. Looking back now, Weatherwax believes he and Lassie were destined for a successful career together. Otherwise, why would he take a sick pup when he already had enough canine mouths to feed?

Fate or no fate, Lassie is making a fortune for his master now, and is not only his business partner but his closest friend.

Birds and Breakfast Manners

THERE IS ALWAYS something doing on our little five-by-ten porch, five stories above the grimy street. It is as tumultuous as the local room in a newspaper office.

Every morning the birds are waiting outside for their breakfast, and if we sleep later than usual we are sure to be awakened by their chorus of noises. Each species has its own peculiar method of eating. A pigeon bites roughly into a large piece of bread, shakes his head violently, then breaks off a mouthful, while a starling carefully places one foot on the piece in order to hold it down while gracefully nibbling.

But the sparrow, that rough-and-tumble hoyden of the city streets, is the daintiest eater of all. He feeds as politely as a guest at a dinner party. When finished, he hops to the porch railing and uses it as a napkin for wiping his beak.

There is one little sparrow of which we have become quite fond. It is a male, whom we always recognize by his bullying manner and harsh, discordant voice. His mother must have been hard put to get any food for herself, since from infancy he was continually pushing himself in front of her, vigorously demanding more.

Long after he was able to feed himself, he would rush over to his mother, whenever she appeared, and demand to be fed. Mother-like, she pampered him, and, as any psychologist would have predicted, he grew up to be a bully. Now the fellow regards our porch as his private feeding grounds. When he eats, he chases the other birds away. If we neglect to put out enough food, he perches wrathfully outside on the balcony railing, waking us at five in the morning with his scolding cries.

So we get up and have an early breakfast.

—Adapted from *The Murmur of Wings* by LEONARD DUBKIN, Whittlesey House

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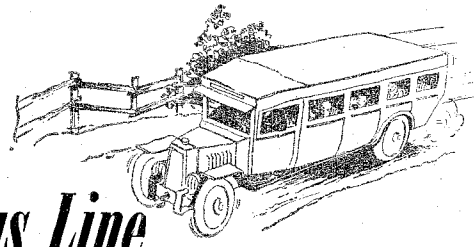
The seats sag and the windows rattle, but every journey in Charlie's coach is a lesson in friendship

JUSTICE *Rides The Bus Line*



by FRANK LASKIER

AT 8 O'CLOCK each morning, a noise can be heard along New York's Mountain Road that is recognized for miles. When they hear it, farmers in the fields drop their hoes and head home for breakfast, horses in the shafts whinny and toss their heads. In cottages along the road frantic children grab their hats and schoolbooks and run to the gate. Then, all the way to the village, voices cry: "Here's Charlie's bus!" and "Wait for me, Charlie!"

The bus seats sag, the windows rattle and the frayed signal cord dangles through its loops. The engine shudders as it labors uphill and sighs windily as it coasts down the other side. Each journey seems to be the last before the welcome peace of the junk pile. Yet Charlie's bus has been making that "last" journey for years.

Charlie is a quiet little gray-haired man with nothing of the big-city driver about him. He waits patiently outside the village store while his passengers shop, he stops at the post office as they ask for mail. When we are short of bread or in need of medicine, it is simple to phone the store and ask Charlie to pick up the parcel and leave it in the nearest mail box along his route. So a journey with him often takes on the quality of a delivery-wagon ride.

Most people are intrigued by their first ride, but sometimes they complain of delays, as Mr. Skilford did. He was a sharp-nosed, cantankerous newcomer who had taken the biggest house on Mountain Road. He owned an imported car and had an office in the city. Few people in the village knew him, for he did not encourage friendship.

He had not been a resident more than a month when his car broke down, so Charlie's bus and the commuters' train provided the only means of getting to the city.

Mr. Skilford was standing at the foot of his long driveway on that memorable Monday morning when Charlie stopped to pick him up. As usual the bus was almost full of schoolchildren. Some were sunk in comic books, others yelled and argued. Each veteran commuter was in his usual seat. A few house-

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wives off to market made up the rest of the load.

Mr. Skilford presented his fare as though it were beneath his dignity to handle a lowly twenty cents, then moved to the back and sat down, bristling with disdain.

The bus ground on for another mile before it halted at a cottage gate. An old lady, bonneted for the city, was at the door, trying to push a kitten back indoors before she locked up. It was Mrs. Morrell, loaded with parcels as usual.

Charlie helped the old lady aboard, saw her comfortably settled, then resumed the journey. From the rear came an impatient mutter: "Unwarranted delay—miss my train!"

Johnny Higgins, looking strange in civilian clothes and without his medals, was waiting farther up the road. He was on his way to the village to open his new radio shop, and he told everyone in the bus about it. Next, Jim Gooden's farm truck was stalled in the road and Charlie gave him a push.

After a few more stops, Mr. Skilford was wedged between a stout matron who sat with two hens in a basket on her lap and a schoolboy who popped his gum with the monotony of a dripping tap. The noise in the bus was deafening; the hens clucked, the children yelled, the engine sounded ready to burst.

Suddenly a strident whirring noise burst upon our astonished ears. Charlie brought the bus to a shuddering halt, glancing back to find out who had fallen from the emergency door.

The trouble, he saw, was on the back seat. Mr. Skilford had the signal cord in his hand. "Put me off at the station!" he rasped.

Charlie released the brake, let the bus coast down the long incline to the station. Mr. Skilford struggled to the door.

"No need to pull that cord," said Charlie quietly. "I drive to the station every mornin', and you got five minutes to wait before the train comes."

Mr. Skilford seemed to have difficulty in finding words. "I'll have all this altered," he choked. "Wandering half across the country on a ten-minute journey! You'll have proper stop signs and you'll keep to schedule!"

"I own this bus," said Charlie mildly.

Mr. Skilford's irate glance took in Charlie's faded shirt and calloused hands. "Then we'll see what the Local Council has to say about it," he said icily, and stalked off to the station, leaving every passenger open-mouthed.

MR. SKILFORD was not a man to waste time. Representation was made to the Village Clerk, alleging impertinence and loss of time in the running of this, our only public conveyance. The clerk, without the flicker of an eyelid, said that such a serious complaint must be delivered in person before the Local Council.

When the meeting was held in the village schoolhouse, Mr. Skilford was on time, a briefcase under his arm and his eye full of purpose. Charlie arrived in his own bus and wearing his best blue suit. When all the councilmen had arrived the meeting was called to order.

"Think we'd better get this over quick," whispered Charlie to the

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clerk. "I got one more run to make tonight."

Mr. Skilford overheard the remark, and the corners of his hard mouth pulled down. "I insist this man remain here until the Mayor arrives," he said. "There are several complaints I wish to make."

The stunned silence was finally broken by the clerk, who could scarcely keep his face straight. "The Mayor's here," he said. "Charlie's been Mayor the last four years."

Mr. Skilford's face turned brick-red. With trembling hands he reached for his briefcase and stood up. "Then I will let the matter drop," he said, and his tone was not good to hear. "A newcomer like myself can do nothing to alter conditions."

His chair was already scraping back when Charlie spoke from the head of the table. "You pay your taxes in this township, Mr. Skilford, an' that gives you the right to say as you please in this meetin'. The votes that put me in this chair can just as easy put me out."

Slowly Mr. Skilford resumed his seat, undecided. Then he spread out his papers once more, coughed, and proceeded with his case. For ten minutes his precise, metallic voice filled the room.

He described the rackety old bus, complained of the halts and delays, the lack of prearranged stops. Then he made a suggestion. The Council should ask one of the big bus companies to take over the route, and Charlie should retire.

"But there's nothing new in that," said the clerk. "We asked the bus company to take over five years ago, and they said there wasn't enough traffic to warrant it."

"Things have changed in five years," interrupted a Councilman. "I say we should do as Mr. Skilford says." He turned to Charlie with a hint of apology in his voice. "There's a housin' shortage, an' we've space enough to build, but what can we do when there's no transportation to offer newcomers?"

If Mr. Skilford had harbored hope that he would divide the meeting, his hope was gratified. The discussion became heated, for half the disputants were retired men who had no desire to see the village built up, the others were tradesmen who saw a way to increase business.

Charlie sat silent through it all. He merely listened, and if there was fear in his heart it did not show on his face.

When the vote was taken, the red-faced clerk was on his feet immediately. "There's eight votes," he said. "Four for handin' the route to the bus company, four for retainin' Charlie—I mean Mr. Mayor . . . Now it's up to the Mayor to cast the decidin' vote."

Suddenly it seemed unbearably hot in that schoolroom. The Councilmen glared at each other. Mr. Skilford's mouth was down in sheer disgust.

Then Charlie was on his feet, speaking. "Friends," he said slowly, "fer twenty-odd year I been runnin' my bus fer the village. Now about this complaint that I dawdle too much on the road. Well, my answer is that I'm expected to. People on my route would be right hurt if I didn't wait fer them to get to the gate, give 'em a little leeway here an' there. But all the

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same I ain't never missed a train connection yet, nor kept a child late fer school.

"Mr. Skilford says I stopped too long outside one woman's house. That was Mrs. Morrell—an old lady that takes a trip to town every week, to see her son Willie in the hospital. Now if I can help her by waitin' a little, an' seein' that she gets a comfortable seat, it's the least I can do—an' I'm goin' to do it!"

Charlie looked Mr. Skilford straight in the eye, and his voice had an unexpected snap to it.

"I know, friends," he continued, "that this bus of mine is gettin' old an' noisy but she's still reliable. Ain't never let you nor me down yet. Seems sometimes she's a link between all of us in the village. There's people that's ridden with me all their lives, in good times an' bad, summer and winter.

"Take young Johnny Higgins. He was six years old when I first stopped outside his house to take him to school. He sat in the same seat when he went off to join the Army, an' I was waitin' fer him at the station when he came home. He told me that when he was layin' wounded in hospital, he used to pass the time thinkin' of that old crate of mine rattlin' an' bouncin' along Mountain Road, an' him rememberin' every stop I made an' every house, and the names of the folks that lived in them . . .

"And now," continued Charlie, "you're askin' me to give a decidin' vote. Well, I don't have to put it in writin' to tell you I can't do it."

Mr. Skilford's head jerked up in unbelief.

"This is a matter you'll have to decide among yourselves," Charlie added. "Leave me out, but you can be sure I'll agree with anythin' you say."

The Councilmen sat silent, eyes fixed on the little man in the blue suit whose voice neither pleaded nor excused.

"You see, I'm waitin' fer my own boy to come back from the Pacific," Charlie said. "When he does, he'll either take this job off my hands, or get a driver's job with the city bus company. Anyway, I'll retire. But till then, I'd like to keep on with my work."

He stopped suddenly, then hauled an old repeater watch from his pocket. "I got t' get goin'," he said apologetically. "Last train is due in soon."

His hand was on the door when he turned for the last time. "Good night," he said. Then he was gone.

A MOMENT later the roar of Charlie's ancient engine shattered the silence. Through the windows, the headlights shone for an instant on warm green and gold maple trees. Then, as the clerk started to cut paper into strips for voting, Mr. Skilford spoke up.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, "I withdraw my complaints." He fumbled with his briefcase. "When I lodged them I did not realize the scope of Charlie's services to this community . . . There is only one suggestion I would like to make. When Charlie's son returns, I would like to use the little influence I possess with the city bus company to see that he is given the route his father has served so faithfully for years."

"We don't have to take a vote

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on that," said the clerk, dropping his slips of paper in the waste-basket. "I pass your house on the way home, Mr. Skilford. Can I give you a lift? . . ."

A COUPLE OF weeks later I went to the city and returned in the evening to take Charlie's bus home. The usual commuters got off at the station, Mr. Skilford among them. Obviously his car was still out of commission.

He climbed aboard the bus with the rest of us, sat down and began reading his newspaper. Charlie turned off the main highway to Mountain Road, and, as ever, it seemed as though we were stepping out of the world of desks and phones and hurry, and entering a slower, happier life of warm fires and quietly breathing countryside.

One by one, Charlie dropped his passengers until the bus was almost empty. Mr. Skilford had folded his paper under his arm, his hat had slipped back on his head. Occasionally his eyes closed. Somehow he did not look like a Big Business Man. He looked like the rest of us, just a tired individual who wanted to get home after a hard day at the office.

The bus ground up a slight incline. From habit soon learned, Mr. Skilford opened his eyes to find himself at his own driveway. The bus stopped.

"Good night, Charlie," I heard him say, one foot on the step.

"Good night to you," answered Charlie, and then: "See you in the mornin'."

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OUR MOST successful training organizations—schools, churches, industries, the armed forces, 4-H Clubs, Boy and Girl Scouts, adult education groups—all are making extensive use of motion pictures that teach a great variety of subjects: proper form and muscle coordination; the growth and development of birds, animals and plants; the mechanics of intricate machinery; the fundamentals of science, and many more.

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Our *Human* Comedy

Laughter brightens our static hours, so treasured most are moments which make us mirthful. Gathered here for your entertainment are such incidents

DURING THE tense interval after Pearl Harbor, a milk bottle containing a piece of water-soaked paper was fished out of the Pacific Ocean. The writing was too faint to be deciphered, but it was plainly a case for the FBI.

Various tests were made and various acids applied. At last, six words stood out clearly. They read: "Two quarts of milk, no cream."

—BILL FIELD

A CERTAIN young matron in a Midwestern town came home one night from a club meeting and, seeing that her husband had already retired, crept into bed in the dark and gingerly pressed her cold toes against him. He made no outcry so she knew he must be asleep; she snuggled closer. When her back and feet were warm, she turned and put her arm about him.

But her husband was thin, and to her horror, the girth which her arm encircled was not. She rolled out of bed and ran to the dining room to telephone.

There she found her husband bedded down on the studio couch. He explained that while she was out an old friend had come to visit them; the husband had intended to stay awake and warn her that the guest was asleep in their bed. He assured his embarrassed wife that the friend must surely have been sleeping too soundly to know what had happened.

The next morning the young matron waited fearfully for some reference from their affable guest to the previous evening. However, breakfast passed pleasantly and normally.

A few days later the wife received a gift package through the mail. She opened it to find a box of candy and a pair of woolly bed socks, with the compliments of her husband's friend.

—WILMA HAYS

WHEN THE producers of the revival of *Pygmalion* decided to do the show, a message was sent to George Bernard Shaw to get his consent and fair terms. "I am sure you will be pleased to learn that Gertrude Lawrence, with whom you are so friendly, will be co-starred," read the message. "This will be the first production of our new repertory group and we know you'll take a friendly view because

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we plan other successful Shaw revivals. Sir Cedric Hardwicke will direct *Pygmalion*, and we know how friendly you are with him, etc."

. . . "Am friendly," was Shaw's brief reply. "Cable who I can talk BUSINESS with."

—LEONARD LYONS

ON A VISIT to the White House Edgar Bergen was stopped at the gate by Secret Service men and asked to produce identification.

Edgar went through his pockets but could find nothing that satisfied the guards. Finally he said, "All I've got is Charlie McCarthy here."

He opened the grip in which he carried Charlie. The dummy sat up and said, "Yeah, fellows, he's Edgar Bergen."

The Secret Service men waved Edgar into the White House without further ado.

—STANLEY J. MEYER

DURING THE Nazi occupation of Denmark a chicken farmer was intimidated into signing a contract for the daily delivery of two hundred fresh eggs. Towards fall the deliveries dropped to 190 and then to 180.

When the figure reached 170, a stern-looking major drove out to investigate and demanded that the farmer fulfill his obligations.

"I've done everything I could to force more eggs out of the chickens," the farmer pleaded. "Come along and see for yourself."

In the henhouses the poultry producer pointed with pride to numerous signs reading: "Two hundred eggs a day or be prepared to face the consequences!"

"They paid no attention to the warning," the farmer informed the German officer, "so I took twenty hens out in the yard and executed them at sunrise before the eyes of the flock. They fell off ten eggs the next day. If I'm to have trouble over this I'll just have to keep on executing till they decide to come to their senses."

The German stalked out and drove away and the quartermaster department henceforth accepted the poultryman's deliveries without any further questions.

—CARL C. NIELSEN

DR. I. Q. (Jimmy McClain) recently asked a woman on his NBC program to name six countries beginning with the letter "I."

The contestant could name only Iran, Iraq, India and Italy—then her time was up.

"Your name, please?" the announcer asked.

She said—"Mrs. Iceland."

—*Daily Dope Sheet*

AN AMERICAN correspondent, proud of his first assignment to cover the Russian capital, was about to wire his paper that, during a big Soviet parade, "I stood within a stone's throw of Premier Stalin," when a Russian censor coldly informed him that the story would have to be changed to: "I stood near Stalin. I threw no stone."

—LOUIS HIRSCH

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How Yankee Doodle Went to Town

The editors of Coronet bring you the little-known story behind a great song, with a gay and mischievous painting by Norman Rockwell, the famous American illustrator.

YANKEE DOODLE, as everyone knows it today, is a simple little jingle with a happy, irresistible melody. Words and tune have been ringing through the land for about two hundred years now, on the fifes and drums of military bands, in the full-bodied music of symphony orchestras, and in the lively ragtime of Tin Pan Alley, but best of all in the voices of Americans singing.

Almost as fully as the name Yankee itself, this simple song means America to all the world.

Yankee Doodle came to us when America was still a British colony. It was a satirical song aimed at our ragged colonial soldiers.

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Our troops did indeed look ridiculous next to the brilliant regimental Red Coats of the British. And the Americans laughed as heartily as anyone else. They knew they were poor, but there was work to be done.

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When Yankee Doodle stuck a feather in his hat and paraded with extravagant manners and elegance before the King's men, it was the American way of saying, "Clothes, my lad, do not make the man!"

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And to prove their point the colonists won their independence, singing *Yankee Doodle* while the British signed the papers. Americans have been going to town ever since.

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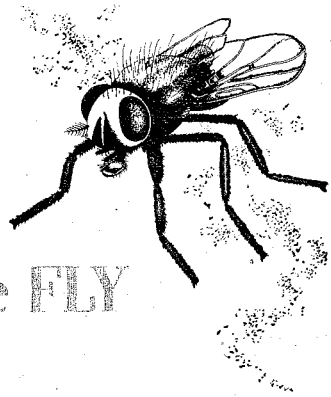
A common but dangerous insect spends its entire life carrying the germs of disease



Your Enemy—The FLY

by **EDWIN WAY TEALE**

A HOUSEFLY is hardly a quarter of an inch tall. It measures, from nose to tail, less than three-eighths of an inch. Yet its compact form represents a patent model for Nature's most effective germ-dispensing mechanism.

Scientists, who have made a census of the host of invisible riders that such an insect carries about, have found the list is a veritable Who's Who of Bacteria Land. Attached to its hairy body and sticky-padded feet, they have discovered the germs of such diseases as gangrene, typhoid fever, leprosy, tuberculosis, amoebic dysentery and bubonic plague. During one series of researches, the average number of germs found on the small body of such flies was 1,250,000. The invisible, record-breaking load was 6,600,000.

In Nature's scheme of things, the housefly seems to have as its main function the dispersal of dangerous organisms. Yet *Musca domestica* is not an effective scavenger like the carrion beetle, or a pollenizer of flowers like the bumblebee. It spends its time flying from stable to pantry, from garbage pail to kitchen, an active middleman whose stock in trade is microbes.

Not that the insect means any harm. It is, as Dr. Frank E. Lutz long ago pointed out, an I-Didn't-Mean-To-Do-It creature. It has no special enmity for man. It just happens to fall into his milk pitchers and get stuck in his jelly dishes while freighted with deadly cargo. Nor is the fly affected by any of the germs it transports. It seems immune to them all. *Musca domestica* is the insect counterpart of those unfortunate Typhoid Marys of the human race who spread the germs of disease to which they are immune. It is a Typhoid Mary—with wings.

These wings, attached to the dusty-gray mid-body with its four dark stripes running back along the top, give it a freedom of movement which increases its menace. At one time, it was assumed that houseflies traveled only short distances. Then a scientist carried out a simple experiment. He shook up a number of flies in a bag containing colored chalk and liberated the

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marked insects. Within 24 hours, observers reported that the flies had traveled as far as a dozen miles from their starting point.

During every sixty seconds that a housefly is in the air, its wings beat almost twenty thousand times. In each wing-beat, the fly moves its two veined and transparent supporting surfaces in an intricate evolution. The tips move through the air in a series of figure-eights, an entirely different form of wing-beat from the bird which remains aloft through fluttering or rowing motions. Eleven per cent of all the weight of a housefly's body is composed of the powerful motor muscles that operate its wings. With this motor wide open, a fly travels at about five miles an hour.

One reason a fly—either on the wing or at rest—is so hard to hit is the character of its eyes. You have only two lenses in your eyes, one in each. The housefly has four thousand separate lenses in each eye, eight thousand in all. Bulging outward from the sides of its head, the thousands of six-sided lenses fit together like honeycomb cells. They provide wide-angle vision unknown to humans. And because the fly has no eyelids, it sleeps with its eyes open.

While immature flies, or larvae, crawl away from light, adults are attracted to it. Males are more strongly attracted than females. But the females, which use their sense of smell to find the best places for laying eggs, have a keener response to odors. Their smelling equipment is not a nose; it is a pair of stick-like feelers thrust out between the eyes. Olfactory pits on these feelers enable the insects to catch faint smells inappreciable to the human nose.

Descending from the bottom of a housefly's face is a proboscis, or sucking tube, ending in soft and fleshy mouthparts. This is its feeding equipment. It can't bite you because it doesn't have anything to bite with. It possesses no piercing beak or chewing jaws. It consumes only fluids.

The fact that a housefly is on a permanent liquid diet increases its menace. For, when a fly lands on the frosting of a cake or in a bowl of sugar, it has to transform the solids into liquids. To do this, it regurgitates some of the liquids already swallowed, together with its germ-laden saliva, and waits until the sweet substance is softened. Then it re-swallows the fluid, incidentally leaving behind its invisible calling card in the form of innumerable microbes. The feeding over, it folds its proboscis back under its chin and rides away through the air.

HAVE YOU ever wondered how a fly succeeds in walking up a smooth pane of glass or traversing the ceiling upside down? Or have you ever considered how it can operate six legs at once without falling over its own feet? To answer the last question first, the fly progresses on a series of tripods. It moves three legs at a time and is thus always solidly planted. The middle leg on one side and the front and rear legs on the other side operate in unison. At the end of each leg, the foot is equipped with claws and a sticky pad. The claws are used by the fly in clinging to rough surfaces, the pads for ascending smooth sur-

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faces or for walking upside down.

A question that has led to endless arguments is this: when a fly lands on the ceiling from the wing, does it make a half-loop or a barrel-roll to get in upside-down position? Apparently the insect most often makes a half-loop. Flying just under the ceiling, it reaches up with its forelegs, touches its sticky pads to the plaster, flips over in a partial back-somersault, coming to rest facing in the opposite direction. The pads on its feet, formed of many short hairs exuding an adhesive fluid, keep it from falling.

These pads function as highly effective germ traps. Whenever the fly pulls its foot away from a microbe-laden surface, swarms of minute organisms come with it. Later, when the foot is set down again, bacteria are left behind. Let a fly walk over a dish of unsweetened gelatine and then set the dish away for a day or two and you will find the trail of the insect's wanderings recorded in what appears to be whitish mold. The bacteria left behind have multiplied on the nutritive gelatine until they are visible to the eye.

In addition to the claws and pads on its feet, a housefly possesses sense organs which enable it, literally, to taste with its legs. When a fly's feet come in contact with sweetened water, for example, the insect will stop and swing forward its sucking tube in response to the stimulus.

Throughout its life the fly is associated with bacteria and filth. The eggs of the female, about 600 in all, are laid in batches of from 100 to 120 in manure piles. Dr. Leland O. Howard once counted 1,200 immature flies in a single pound of horse manure. He calculated that one pile of this fermenting substance was harboring a total of 400 thousand larvae.

Sunshine stimulates breeding activity, and eggs develop with amazing rapidity. Often only eight hours elapse before they hatch into curious little larvae, wedge-shaped, almost transparent, legless and virtually headless. These larvae feed on the products of decay, shed their skins several times, and reach full size—about three-eighths of an inch—in five or six days. During this time the maggot seeks the warmest spot it can find.

When feeding days are over, the larva retreats to a cooler place. Its skin hardens, turns red; its body contracts. It takes on the appearance of a kernel of wheat, reddish and a quarter of an inch long. The fly has now reached the intermediate stage in its progress toward the adult form. Within the hardened skin, the tissues are being re-formed into an intricate, winged and legged body. This magical transformation requires only four or five days.

As an aid to getting out of its prison house, the newly developed fly possesses a kind of small balloon on its head, a membranous sac which it distends to push off the end of the pupal case. The sac

Next Month in Coronet

America's kid sister

displays all her delightful moods in a 15-page documentary picture story about the teen-age girl

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then collapses and is used no more. The adult insect which pulls itself free has no backbone, no ribs, no internal skeleton. Its muscles are attached to the inside of its suit-of-armor covering. Its skin is its external skeleton. Within this shell it spends the rest of its life.

After a fly gets its wings it sheds its skin no more and grows no larger. The smaller flies you sometimes see indoors are never "baby houseflies." They usually are adults of another species, *Fannia canicularis*. Furthermore, if a housefly bites you, it isn't a housefly. It probably is a stable fly that has invaded the dwelling. These pests often come indoors before a rain; hence the old saying about flies biting before a storm.

Lungs, such as we possess, are unknown to the fly. It obtains oxygen through an elaborate system of branching tubes which transmit air from the outside. Its heart pumps colorless blood through its body with the aid of a number of pulsating organs or auxiliary hearts. Four of these are located in each wing. The insect's main heart extends, in the form of a long sac, backward from its head through its body. Pulsations begin at one end and run to the other. Sometimes these pulsations reverse themselves. Thus the heart, without any apparent ill effects, can beat backwards.

THE WHOLE CYCLE of the housefly's life, from the laying of eggs to the emergence of the adult, lasts only a couple of weeks. Thus, as many as fourteen generations may follow each other in the course of a single summer. This shortness of the life-cycle, combined with great fertility, not only accounts for the rapid increase of flies in early summer but has also provided mathematically-minded entomologists with many happy hours. They have had a mental field-day figuring out the number of descendants theoretically possible as the result of the union of two flies in early spring.

Most spectacular calculation is one worked out by Dr. C. R. Hodge, entomologist of Washington, D. C. He found that if all the descendants of one over-wintering female fly lived and had a normal number of children, at the end of one summer the whole world would not only be covered with houseflies but would be covered with a layer more than three stories high!

That nightmare is never realized for a number of reasons. Like all other living creatures, flies have their enemies that keep them in check. Spiders spread their nets for them. Mites attach themselves to their bodies. Wasps catch some, toads catch some, lizards catch some. Sprays, poisons, swatters, wire screens—millions of dollars' worth each year—are man's contribution to reducing the hosts of *Musca domestica*.

In late summer, one of the most terrible of the fly's many enemies becomes active. Tiny spores of fungus enter its system, grow, spread rapidly. Death-producing threads push like roots to all parts of its body. You probably have seen, on a late summer morning, a housefly on a windowpane surrounded by a kind of whitish halo as though it were stuck to the glass by frost. The fungus disease has sent its threads out from the body

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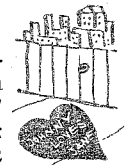
and thus is holding the lifeless fly.

Added to all these troubles of the fly, there is now DDT. It gives them spasms, kills them wholesale, provides a new meaning for the old simile about being wiped out like flies. But of all the factors which hold these insects in check, the one that deserves most credit is probably the automobile. Not that the insects are run down or plastered against the windshield. They are checked at their source. The cheap car, in replacing the carriage horse, has eliminated the piles of stable refuse that were a familiar feature of horse-and-buggy days. And in so doing, it has robbed the fly of its most fertile breeding grounds.

The trend in recent decades has been against the housefly. Its life is harder now than in 1900. But unfortunately, it still isn't hard enough. The insect belongs to that select group of creatures which biologists call the "fit." Such creatures are adapted to getting along in the world under many conditions. *Musca domestica* has invaded every temperate and tropical country in the world. It has established itself wherever man can live in comfort. Unless it falls victim to parasite or foe, it lives out its short span of allotted life and leaves behind a swarm of progeny to carry on its name and, incidentally, its nefarious labors.

Children's Hour



TENOR of current news is affecting our younger generation. Recently chalked on a New York sidewalk was a large red heart and the inscription: "Johnny loves Jane." Beneath it, in another childish scrawl, had been added: "This report is unconfirmed." —TOM GOOTÉE

LITTLE CHARLES was coming home one Sunday afternoon with a long string of fish, when he had the misfortune of running smack into the minister. Seeing that there was no excuse, Charles decided to meet the situation aggressively. He walked straight up to the parson, put on his biggest smile, and said: "See here, sir—look what happened to these fish for nabbin' worms on Sunday!"

—JOHN N. BAKER

IT WAS HER first silk gown and little Alice was simply overwhelmed. Her mother marked the occasion with an impromptu lecture on textiles.

"You know, dear," she began, "this beautiful gown was given us by a poor little worm."

"I know, mother," Alice replied. "Daddy's awful generous, isn't he?" —C. L. STAUP

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New York's veteran Senator has long been a fearless champion of the underprivileged

BOB WAGNER
Liberal Lawmaker

by JACK H. POLLACK

AMERICA'S foremost liberal lawmaker, stocky, gray-haired Senator Bob Wagner of New York looks more like a kindly country doctor than a man who has probably worked harder and longer improving employment, health, housing and living conditions than any legislator in U. S. history.

Voted the "most useful Senator in a constructive way" by Washington correspondents, Wagner was crusading for humanitarian measures three decades ahead of the New Deal. President Roosevelt remarked, shortly before his death, that the New Yorker's name was "written indelibly across a second Bill of Rights for America."

Wagner wears his senatorial toga lightly. He is no spellbinder, glamour boy or prize performer in the Senate show. Despite a square jaw and a firm mouth that suggest bulldog tenacity, the father of Labor's Magna Charta, the Wagner act, is amazingly mild-mannered. "Hating makes you grow old," he says. He is not a name-caller, and fellow Democrats and party-line Republicans always listen to him, especially in closed committee sessions where Congress' real work is done. Even the Southerners whom he harasses with anti-lynching bills like him, marveling at his patience and sweet reasonableness.

The controversial Full Employment bill, which Wagner co-sponsored with millionaire Senator James E. Murray of Montana, guarantees Americans who are able and willing to work "the right to useful, remunerative, regular and full-time employment." It makes Uncle Sam responsible for keeping our economic wheels rolling, requiring that the President report to Congress every year on how many people want to work, how many will be employed by private industry, and, to avoid breadlines, that he recommend useful public works.

Bob Wagner's urge to protect workers is not that of the vote catching politician. His own life is a Horatio Alger epic, though he is inclined to underplay it. "Sure, I came through slum poverty," he admits, "but it was luck. Think of the others who didn't!"

Senator Wagner, who is 68, can

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never be President because he was born in Nastätten, Germany. The village's two great events were when Kaiser Wilhelm watered his horse there in the Eighties, and when the Local Boy who became an American senator was feted in 1927. In 1933, however, the prodigal's honorary citizenship was revoked because of his "unfair attitude toward the Fuehrer."

He was eight when he alighted from the steerage, unable to speak English. Papa Wagner found work as a tenement janitor. The family's weekly earnings averaged $3.75. Often the cupboard was bare and Robert had to borrow food from neighbors. Once when his father landed a factory job, the ten-year-old lad asked why he didn't demand a raise. "I did," the parent sighed, "but they tell me—if I no like, quit!"

Young Wagner started peddling papers at the busy Brooklyn Bridge entrance. One Saturday night he plopped $3.18 into his mother's lap, announcing triumphantly, "If this keeps up, I'm going to buy me a new suit." Sure enough, he soon shed his father's cast-offs for a "store suit." But his parents couldn't attend his high-school commencement because they lacked proper clothes.

When Bob started job hunting, his older brother Gus protested. "You've got to go to college, kid," he said. "I'll see you through." To save money for Bob's schooling, Gus walked miles to and from work. When he became a chef at the New York Athletic Club, Gus got Bob a job there after classes as a bellhop. President of the club was Bartow S. Weeks, a distinguished man whose overcoat and silk hat the youthful Wagner frequently brushed. Years later both sat side by side on the New York Supreme Court bench.

Bob made Phi Beta Kappa at the City College of New York, was quarterback-captain of the football team, and a top debater. Tutoring a less talented classmate, he often accompanied him to his comfortable home to enjoy a hot meal. The appreciative family, anxious to save Bob from a pedagogic career, loaned him money to attend New York Law School.

AT THE TURN of the century, Wagner hung out his shingle, but the political bug soon bit him deeply and in short order he became, as was inevitable then for a Democrat, a member of Tammany. He reasoned that the Wigwam's professed ideals of serving the masses instead of the masters were essentially his own. Boring from within, he sought to liberalize the organization, which he later termed the "cradle of modern liberalism."

Blunt Tammany Boss Charley Murphy sent 28-year-old Wagner to the State Assembly with the benediction, "You help the people, Bob." In Albany he roomed with a former entrepreneur from a Fulton Fish Market. Bob taught him law and Alfred E. Smith showed his new crony the way to pull legislative wires.

Though Tammany sucklings were instructed to leave introduction of legislation to the old-timers, Assemblyman Wagner boldly offered a bill to reduce the New York City subway fare from ten to five cents, and the bill was passed. After three years in the lower house, Wagner

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moved to the State Senate, the same year he married a pretty, Scotch-Irish, Jersey City girl whom he had met at a party several years before.

Named floor leader in 1910, he crossed paths with a Tammany-baiting, Dutchess County upstart, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Yet soon the pair were fighting together to improve working conditions. "Many people think Franklin Roosevelt became a liberal late in his career but it began right then, 36 years ago," Wagner recalls. "We were both called radicals for trying to reduce women's working hours from 60 to 54."

In March, 1911, 148 girls burned to death in New York's notorious Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire. The following day an infuriated legislator arose in Albany and demanded an exhaustive investigation of factory conditions. Heretofore, factory inspection had consisted of cockroach chasing. Elected chairman of the investigation, Wagner learned of Manhattan buildings where men toiled in blinding dust and children slaved fourteen hours a day. Result: passage of 56 bills making New York factory laws among the nation's best instead of worst. Before leaving Albany to sit on the Supreme Court in 1918, Wagner put across a pioneer workman's compensation law which other states soon copied.

Two years later tragedy struck when his wife died following an automobile accident. From that day onward, Bob Wagner was mother and father to their only child, ten-year-old Robert, Jr. Plunging into work, the Judge concentrated on the plight of the little man. One morning during a naturalization ceremony in court, he motioned a candidate ahead of the others, explaining, "I saw that man working late last night as a waiter. He couldn't have had much sleep."

JUDICIAL LIFE, however, ultimately proved too cloistered for Wagner, so in 1926 he made a stab for the U.S. senate—and succeeded. Sniffing legislative gunpowder instead of Senate snuff, warrior Wagner found the battle much tougher in the nation's capital than in Albany, especially during the Complacent Twenties. A discouraging number of his bills perished in the chamber or on President Hoover's desk. Things got better when Franklin Roosevelt took office, and Wagner put across numerous measures, including the blue-eagled National Recovery Act.

The man who consistently fought the company union, the labor spy and the yellow-dog contract gave labor an epoch-making National Labor Relations Act in 1935. For the first time, labor won the right to organize and to bargain collectively with representatives of their own choosing, and union membership soared from four million to fourteen million. One industry spokesman remarked, "I fought the Wagner Act, but some day we businessmen will build a monument to that Wagner fellow."

Eleven years ago another revolutionary measure, the Social Security Act, became law. Today the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill would considerably broaden the social security system of unemployment insurance, old-age pensions and aid to the disabled to include farmers, professionals, small businessmen,

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the self-employed, merchant seamen and domestic workers. Nearly 140 million Americans—those who work and their families—would be covered by an all-embracing, pay-as-you-go health plan, the cost to be taken care of by a regular 1½ per cent payroll deduction. Instead of paying two to five dollars to a doctor per visit or 150 dollars for an operation, the worker earning fifteen hundred dollars a year would pay about 22 dollars annually for health insurance.

Considering slums "cesspools of civilization," Wagner has crusaded vigorously for decent housing for low-income Americans—even if Uncle Sam must subsidize it. When his FHA became law, it didn't provide for everything the author wanted, but practical Bob had long ago learned the art of taking half a loaf. The Wagner-Ellender housing bill calls for the building of millions of desperately needed homes.

Widower Wagner hasn't had much of a home life himself. Never remarrying, he has devoted himself to work as have few public servants. His office is the Capitol's busiest, serving hirteen million constituents. And proof of how people feel about Bob Wagner is a Hadassah certificate in his office which shows that a thousand trees were planted in his honor in Palestine.

He has little patience for the Washington social whirl where he encounters the female who flutters, "Senator, you cawn't really believe in those dreadful laws of yours!"

The Old Glacier is still the underprivileged's most fearless champion. Recently, hearing a colleague denounce his Full Employment bill as a dangerous encroachment on business, Wagner dryly observed, "I haven't heard you say anything about the people, Senator."

Nuggets in Jest and Earnest

I love to see her laugh—so much of her has a good time!—*Ace Pursuiter* . . . A farmer who was asked what time he went to work in the morning replied: "Son, I don't have to go to work. I'm surrounded with it when I get up."—*Plomb Anvil Chorus* . . . Dentist: "You needn't open your mouth any wider. When I pull your tooth I expect to stand outside."—*Hi-Lines*

A friend is somebody who knows all about you—and likes you just the same.—*Contact* . . . The fact that silence is golden may explain why there is so little of it.—*Pequanoc Pow Wow* . . . A counter irritant is a woman who shops all day and doesn't buy anything. —*Wilcox Antenna*

If too much money goes into the hands of people who save it, we will have a depression."—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt . . . Civilization is the slow process of gradually falling in line with the visionary ideas of minorities.—*Nuggets* . . . "Statistics show that ninety per cent of the men who go around looking for arguments are single."

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THE KILLER CANCER

by RICHARD S. FRANCIS, JR.

NEXT TO heart disease, cancer is America's greatest killer. Every year 160 thousand men and women die of it, while 600 thousand are currently afflicted. And because one of every six deaths between the ages of 45 and 70 is due to cancer, an increasing rate of life expectancy throughout the nation is bringing more and more people into the danger group.

Despite these alarming facts, we have been singularly apathetic about combating cancer. Each year, many of our big corporations spend more money on industrial research than is spent by the entire nation on cancer research.

Last August, however, a milestone was reached when the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation of New York established the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research. Authorities from all over the world, under the direction of Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads, will combine their skill and knowledge for a ten-year research fight against cancer. But they cannot win this battle unless *you* cooperate.

Cancer is the uncontrolled growth, starting in a small and localized lesion, of the same living tissue of which the human body is composed. A center of cells which reproduces by dividing, its great danger lies in its strength and vigor. If this center of cells is not removed early enough, it spreads through the body and eventually may cause death.

Contrary to popular belief, cancer is not caused by aluminum utensils, electric refrigeration, constipation, the use of alcohol, immoral practices or worry. Nor is it contagious. You don't catch cancer the way you catch a cold.

Scientists believe cancer is caused by an individual's susceptibility to the disease, plus an exciting or irritating factor—for example, a chronic inflammatory lesion. It is the susceptibility dilemma which scientists are trying to solve. Meanwhile, you must watch for the irritating factor.

An injury to any normal tissue of the body never, in itself, causes cancer. But if the injury produces—in a person susceptible to cancer—

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a sore that doesn't heal, or introduces a carcinogenic chemical, then it may be, indirectly, one of the essential conditions for the development of cancer.

THUS FAR, the most rewarding studies of cancer and its treatment have been made in a few special cancer hospitals and in some four hundred cancer clinics in general hospitals. The reasons for this restricted research are obvious. Many hospitals cannot afford expensive cancer-control equipment.

Most research experiments are made with animals—mice, rabbits, guinea pigs, rats, monkeys and dogs. Mice are used more often than other animals because they react to cancer much as humans do. Also, mice reproduce quickly and thus accelerate the study of cancer: theoretically, a relatively small group of mice could produce tons of cancerous tissue in two or three years. Furthermore, mice mature very rapidly. The body tissue of a year-old mouse approximates that of a forty-year-old human; a two-year-old mouse, a seventy-year-old human.

Through inbreeding the descendants of naturally cancerous mice, ninety per cent of a certain strain develop cancer of the breast. Yet it is the susceptibility to cancer—*not the disease itself*—which is transmitted. Children of cancerous individuals, therefore, may inherit a susceptibility.

Although thirty per cent of all cancer fatalities are due to cancer of the stomach, remarkable advances have been made in its treatment. The stomach can now be removed, the cancer cured—and the recovered patient can lead a perfectly normal life.

Ten years ago cancer of the lung—responsible for ten to fifteen per cent of all cases—was considered hopeless. Today a cancerous lung can be successfully removed, and the loss does not result in deformity or physical impairment.

Cancer of the breast, when discovered early, can be cured in almost all cases. The same is true of skin, lip, mouth and larynx cancers, which usually start as small sores or tiny ulcers. The insidiousness of these "sores," "warts," "raw spots" and "ticklings" is that—like all forms of cancer in its early stages—*they are not painful.* Few patients visit a physician until they are in pain. In the case of cancer, it may be too late.

Cancer cannot be conquered by diet, faith healing, serums or medicines. There are only three cures: surgery, X-ray and radium. Irradiation—whether by X-ray or by radium—is an atomic principle, and with the atom now conquered, new vistas of therapy may be opened. Fears of X-ray burns are groundless. A relatively new technique, developed in France, has largely eliminated the bad effects frequent a decade or so ago.

If you detect any of the following signs of cancer, as compiled by the American Cancer Society, you should arrange immediately for a medical examination:

Any sore that does not heal—particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.

A painless lump or thickening, particularly in the breast, the lip or the tongue.

Irregular bleeding or discharge

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from the nipple or any natural body opening.

Progressive change in the color or size of a wart, mole or birthmark.

Persistent and unexplained indigestion after 35.

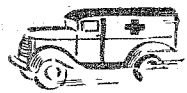
Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough or pronounced difficulty in swallowing.

Those are the danger signals. Any one may indicate early cancer. *Remember—they are usually painless.*

But don't let a danger signal frighten you. It may not be cancer—in fact it *probably* is not. Don't let fear of diagnosis keep you from an all-important, perhaps life-saving, *early* examination.

Thousands of people are using common sense in watching for danger signals, and thousands are being cured. *You* must look, too. And when you are asked to contribute to cancer education, prevention and research, don't be indifferent. Your dollars may some day save your own life or the life of someone you love.

The Story of an Ambulance



WHAT GOES ON behind the scenes in a hospital, when the ambulance is called? What equipment does it carry? How are emergencies anticipated so that not one drop of medicine, not a single instrument, not a piece of apparatus is missing that may be needed to save a life?

The well-dressed ambulance carries as regular equipment an assortment of splints in varied shapes and sizes. Also splint padding, cotton, bandages, both folding and wheel stretchers and plenty of blankets.

Each ambulance kit carries the list of items it contains, and every item must be in place when needed. There can be no guesswork in a hospital. Every article used in an accident is immediately replaced.

The antidote kit is an especially important piece of equipment for the ambulance serving country and outlying districts. When seconds count heavily in cases of poisoning, the antidote is administered on the spot. Time after time this antidote kit has saved children who sampled rat poison, or youngsters who drank lye, ammonia, cleaning fluid, turpentine, and creosote; tots who have run a small experimental tongue over flypaper impregnated with arsenic, or sucked matches full of phosphorus and antimony.

Among the valuable life-saving drugs in this kit are Ferricsulfate, powdered egg white, potassium permanganate, sodium-thiosulfate, Tartaric acid, and a special mixture of activated charcoal, tannic acid and magnesium oxide, given when the poison is unknown. Even home-made starch plays an heroic role at times.

Crews are selected according to the nature of the case. An interne and an orderly always accompany the driver. A nurse goes out for obstetrical cases and accidents involving small children. Split-second decisions and quick action are essential to ambulance service.

—VIRGINIA L. MONTGOMERY

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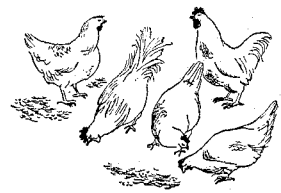
Through the vision of a far-seeing banker a small community has attained a new standard of living

The Town that CHICKENS Saved



by JAMES W. CAMPBELL

THEY TELL YOU in Forsyth County, Georgia, that Roy Pilgrim Otwell, mayor of Cumming and president of the local bank, is probably the only man in America who forced a community to work its way from a "Tobacco Road" existence to a high standard of living. And they produce facts and figures to prove their claim.

Seven years ago the town and its surrounding rural area were living a hand-to-mouth existence. Cotton was the only cash crop, and it was too cheap to provide a decent living. Families lived in unpainted shacks. Anyone who had a "Sunday suit" was well-to-do. Persons who owned automobiles were "rich." Factory-made cigarettes were seldom smoked because they were too expensive. And few of the sleepy farmers knew what a modern bathroom looked like.

Today, those who left Cumming for a better way of life have been known to drive right through the town without recognizing it. It is a modern, booming community with 250 rebuilt or newly-built homes. These houses contain new furniture, modern plumbing, frozen-food lockers, garages, late-model automobiles. Families have replaced gingham and overalls with "bought" clothes.

For this, they have "Big Foot" Otwell to thank. Yet he feels they owe him nothing. "All these people needed," he says, "was to get away from one-crop farming." And Big Foot Roy, as everyone calls him, showed them how to do it.

"Chickens were the answer," he says. "I watched these folks to find out what they did when they *had* to have money. The money they got from cotton was spent before they ever collected it. When they needed cash badly, they sold some chickens. Well, it seemed to me that if they could do this, maybe they could permanently cash in on chickens."

In 1938, he started a campaign in his newspaper, the Forsyth *County News*, urging farmers to try chicken-raising. To help them get started, he made loans totaling forty thousand dollars from his own pocket; all of them have been repaid. He pointed out that Atlanta, Miami, Birmingham and other cities were ready markets. The problem of transporting chickens was a cinch, for Big Foot Roy had an automobile agency and he promised to rent, lend or sell his trucks so farmers could get their fowl to market.

As a result of his newspaper campaign, the idea took root. Then it spread like wildfire into seven nearby counties whose poverty-stricken

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cotton farmers saw their neighbors prospering. Yet Otwell always believed his chicken project was a "right idea." He was so sure that in July, 1943, he went to Chicago to talk Edward Foss Wilson, president of the Wilson Packing Company, into setting up a chicken-processing plant in Cumming. It sounded like a crackpot idea, since the nearest railroad was twelve miles away.

"Foss thought I was a hick with day dreams," says Otwell, "and gave me a thousand reasons why he shouldn't set up a plant. I gave him two reasons why he should. I told him we'd give him fifteen million chickens a year and that I'd tear down three cotton warehouses, build the plant and lease it to him. He said if I thought that much of the idea, he'd give it a try.

"I was a little worried about the fifteen million chickens I'd promised, for I knew I'd have to sell my idea to even more farmers. But during 1944, more than twenty million chickens were processed in the Wilson plant and sent all over the world."

Today the plant employs 150 people who in the past couldn't earn fifty cents a day. Otwell estimates that 75 per cent of the farmers in Forsyth and six neighboring counties are now raising chickens to sell to Wilson. A few now grow nothing but chickens and feed.

FOLKS AROUND Cumming tell you that banker Otwell will loan money on one condition: you must invest at least a part in chickens. Since 1938, Otwell has been lending at interest rates from nothing to eight per cent. "And I haven't had to sue anyone yet," he says.

The people who come into Cumming don't look like farmers anv more. The tobacco-chewing, overalled figures of a decade ago are a rarity today. Instead of walking gingerly up to the bank counter, they come in to plank down their money, pocket a bankbook and walk out smiling.

During the past twenty years, Otwell has sold more than thirty farms to people who became convinced money could be made in chickens. Today he owns 34 farms —all producing chickens. He provides everything necessary for a family and splits the profits with them. Eventually, the tenant farmer becomes owner.

"People thought I was crazy," he says, "when I bought farms that had never made a nickel. But I've found out that any farm around here can be put on a paying basis, if you work at it. We've got the best chicken-raising area in the world, thanks to a mild climate."

None of the chicken farmers are in danger of losing their homes and farms. In the past, it was hard to pay taxes: foreclosures were common. Today, the farmers are keeping books for the first time in history. Hundreds of new houses have been built and thousands of chicken-dollars have been spent in modernizing old-time cabins.

County roads, as well as Cumming's streets, have been paved. There's a new theatre in Cumming, next door to a new poultry hatchery; a new thirty thousand dollar gymnasium, new grocery stores, new feed stores, new clothing stores, new drug stores. And business is good. Today, Cumming boasts fif-

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teen hundred people—an increase of a thousand in six years.

More than 250 thousand dollars have been spent on improvements since 1940, yet Otwell is now thinking about spending more. He wants the people to grow more cattle. Besides opening up a new industry, it would provide fresh meat the year round. He plans to install frozen-food lockers and hopes to build a hundred-room hotel this year.

"We'd have more people if we had a place to put them," says Otwell. "Right now, you can't find a room in town."

Otwell looks like a successful businessman, not a small-town publisher and banker. The ruddy six-foot go-getter, who hasn't fattened at fifty, has no hobby except work—and there's no end to that. He started as a bank janitor at eight dollars a month: now he has been mayor of Cumming for eighteen years. He will be up for re-election again this summer, "unless I can figure some way to get out of it."

Big Foot Roy says success is good management in action, and that's what he tells people who approach him for a loan. If the man's a good risk, he gets the loan. If he can't meet his payments, Otwell goes around to investigate. Usually, if the farmer follows Otwell's advice, he will come out on top.

Otwell believes any community can be prosperous. "But not necessarily with chickens," he explains. "I just don't believe any land is so bad it can't be made to pay."

The mayor of Cumming doesn't tell his friends what kind of chickens to raise. If they ask, however, he suggests a cross-breed of New Hampshire hens and Barred Plymouth Rock roosters. With this cross, the farmers of Forsyth County are coming up with what Otwell believes are the "meatiest" chickens in the world. Which means enduring prosperity for a southern community that was led out of apathy and depression by one man's common-sense vision.

The Egg That Laid a Speech

HONORED DINNER GUESTS have often figuratively laid many eggs. But few have calmly cracked a hard-boiled one, extracted from it a typewritten letter, and read it to their astounded fellow-guests.

Harry Linn, Iowa State Secretary of Agriculture, did exactly that. Here is how the feat was accomplished:

Dr. R. E. Phillips of Iowa State College studied the laying cycles of three hens. As soon as one laid an egg, she was anesthetized. A five-inch incision exposed the ovary and abdominal cavity. The yolk of the next egg to be laid was then removed. In each egg sac the scientist inserted a slightly inflated rubber balloon containing the message. The incision was sewed up. The eggs formed naturally, with the balloon in place of a yolk. The three hens then went dutifully about their business of laying the eggs without mishap or delay.

—JOSEPH STRACK

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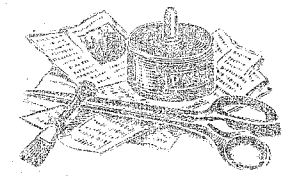
In pursuit of names in the news, clipping bureaus see human nature on parade

They Trail You With Scissors and Paste



by HELEN STANSBURY

SCATTERED OVER the country are about 25 "clip joints" where the bigger the bill, the better the patron likes it. And it's all quite legitimate. In fact, people in publicity, advertising and certain sales jobs would be out of work or badly handicapped if these places didn't exist.

Outsiders, of course, call the "clip joints" by their correct name —press clipping bureaus. The three largest are Romeike, Burrelles and Luce, all with head offices in New York. Here, in rooms often knee-deep in paper strips, trained girl readers snip out thousands of newspaper and magazine items daily, containing news of the great, the near-great and even the unknown.

Each of the three bureaus claims a memorable beginning. Two got going in 1888, the year of the Big Blizzard. But Romeike's seems to hold a slight edge, at least in background.

Henry Romeike, stranded and hungry in Paris in the 1870s, used to watch poor artists pay a copper or two for a few lines snipped from newspaper art notices in which their names appeared. Meanwhile, the news vendor continued to sell portions of the same paper to others who had different interests.

Romeike, sensing that here was the nucleus of a profitable venture, got someone to stake him. So successful was he in Paris that he opened a branch in London, another in New York. Thus did the art of newspaper clipping enter the realm of big business.

Today, big clipping bureaus spend at least fifty thousand dollars a year each on subscriptions to U. S. and Canadian papers and magazines in addition to buying countless additional copies from the newsstands. Postoffice trucks arrive every morning to deliver sacks full of publications. After being filed in bins according to the states of origin, the newspapers are sliced into separate sheets so that readers can prop them on easels.

Burrelles employs about 55 readers, mostly high-school graduates. Good eyesight and a photographic memory are essentials for the job. But first, the prospective reader must serve an apprenticeship as file clerk. In this way she gets acquainted with three hundred to five hundred clients' names, and so prepares herself for the job of memorizing some six thousand trade and client names which will be her allotment when she's a reader!

Yet even after she's mastered this list fairly well, which takes at least a year, the training is not finished. Every morning, in the readers' room where rows of girls sit

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before easels, "class" is held for an hour. "Teacher" (the head reader) announces over a loud-speaker what accounts are closed, what new ones must be entered in the girls' "bibles," and any added or altered restrictions on standing orders. No wonder heads spin!

For instance, publicity directors of cosmetic companies expect these girls to detect in beauty columns the names of *all shades* of lipstick, rouge, make-up base, face powder, nail polish and eyeshadow, plus every cream, lotion, hair tonic, perfume and toilet water. Add the fact that most cosmetic publicity "stories" are written so cagily for city editors that the publicity directors themselves often can't recognize their own releases when they appear in print—and what can the poor bewildered reader do?

Well, pictures help, provided the same model hasn't been used by three cosmetic companies at about the same time, posed with the same kind of product. So the flock of pin-up beauties mailed in advance of a publicity "break" are not stuck on the readers' boards to brighten their lives but to guide them.

It takes four girls to read New York State papers, while one girl can handle Oklahoma, Iowa, Colorado and Washington State. The average reader in a day scans enough reading matter to fill four full-length novels.

As a reader finishes blue-penciling each publication, she puts it on a stand near her desk where the pile is collected every fifteen minutes and taken to the cutting and pasting teams in the stamping room. Here two girls take turns snipping out marked stories and pasting them on stickers which bear the newspaper's or magazine's name, the city and state and date of publication, together with the circulation figure. All this information is valuable to publicity, advertising and sales people, who must keep records of work to show to the boss.

Pasted clippings are next taken to the filers' and shippers' room, a place reminiscent of a country post office with each client's name written above his box. When a box is emptied, which may be daily or weekly depending on the number of clippings collected, all clips are recorded against the client's name. Then, each month, he gets a bill.

STEADY CUSTOMERS of clipping bureaus are manufacturers of artificial eyes, limbs, special shoes, flashlights, paper milk bottles, drugs. These clients want to read about accidents. The makers of artificial eyes and limbs are interested in people who may need their products. Other manufacturers are concerned because they want to know how the accidents could have been averted had the victim worn or used their product.

For instance, injuries in several trades are minimized when certain types of supporting shoes are worn. Experience proves that factory workers will buy these shoes if newspaper accounts of accidents are used as persuaders. Reports of damage caused by broken milk bottles make good reading for paper-container companies.

Insurance companies are also in the market for accident tales, but here's where "restrictions on orders" come close to driving readers

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crazy. Insurance men will pay only for clips about people who land *unhurt* after falling from *high* places, or about those who are *badly* hurt (it must be badly) in slipping from a chair, ladder, or in a tub. They also want to hear about broken necks that aren't fatal, for all such news is grist for their mill on accident premiums and a big help with advertising copy.

Other checker-uppers are wealthy folk who want to know if there are any obscure black sheep in the family. Gossip columns often gossip people out of large inheritances! Columnists also like to mention those who might be named corespondents in lurid divorce cases. One client was so happy when Burrelle s did not find his name in the papers that he sent a thank-you note with his check.

A Boston lawyer who had to solve a mystery in order to settle an estate called on a clipping bureau for help. He contracted for all newspaper stories about bodies washed up anywhere along the Atlantic seaboard. A former client had vanished leaving no other clue than a remark about going on a trip to the seashore.

Foreign governments are anxious to hear what America thinks of them. They are more interested in editorial comment than in news items, but when Finland paid an installment on her war debt, a Finnish businessman in New York asked for *all* nation-wide items.

Strangely enough, the huge orders for clippings that follow an event like Roosevelt's death, Truman's first days in the White House, Churchill's visits to the U. S., Willkie's and Al Smith's deaths, are a pain in the neck to the bureaus. And, in the long run, a loss. Girls must be taken from regular work to fold thick and unwieldy clippings; readers are tempted to neglect smaller everyday accounts to concentrate on the big ones.

More than four hundred large national organizations subscribe to one or more clipping bureaus. Probably at the top of the list for number of clips received is the National Association of Manufacturers. At the other end is the Fred Smith Organization, existing solely to tell all Fred Smiths everywhere about each other. Then there's the Stratoliner Club, which has nothing to do with planes unless one of its lofty members—you must be over six feet to join—happens to ride in one.

SOME WELL-KNOWN people have a notorious hunger for publicity of any kind. For instance the much-married man who, although he makes the front page every time the knot is tied or untied, is still so afraid some item about himself will be overlooked that he regularly calls up the bureau beforehand to tell of each impending marriage or divorce.

There is also the oil-well heiress who remarries with unfailing regularity, and writes long letters to the bureau after each new name is added, complaining that she is sure they are missing some clippings about her.

For years, manufacturers of clothes and furs have saved money and argument by hiring a clipping service to cut advertisements from papers published wherever stores sell their goods. With ads in hand,

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they prove to irate buyers that they have *not* sold the same merchandise to competitors for less than they sold it to them.

And so it goes. Human nature on parade. Even the clip-joint employees are not immune. In one New York bureau, they like to tell stories on themselves. "See that girl over there? She's our bookkeeper. Swell gal, Anna. Been here for years. Always on time, never stays home from work. Except once!

"Anna's an only child and sometimes she misses her family in Saugerties. It's quite a trip up there, just for the week end. But last month, a holiday fell on Tuesday. So she went to Saugerties on Saturday and had a friend call Monday to say she was too sick to work.

"Wednesday she came in, rested up and full of her mother's cooking. But we didn't know the real reason for her absence until the reader of the Saugerties paper read aloud from the social column all about Anna's four-day visit home!"

The woman laughed with her audience. "But that isn't all," she hurried on. "Even the boss wasn't safe. He and Mary, one of the filers, were so cagey that nobody suspected a thing until I saw, in the Bronx *News*, the boss' name and Mary's. They had applied for a marriage license.

"The boss says it was the only time he wished he wasn't in this business."

Tricks That Won Trials

PLAINTIFF'S attorney in an automobile case produced statements that a witness had examined the defendant's wrecked car shortly after the accident and had definitely seen the speedometer needle jammed at 75 m.p.h.

When the witness was turned over to the defense, spectators were startled to hear the plaintiff's attorney ask: "Do you smoke?"

"Uh—yes," the surprised witness answered, wondering what to expect next.

"Camels?" the attorney asked.

"Yes, I do."

"Now tell the court whether or not the man leading the camel on the package wears a fez."

"He wears a fez," came the prompt reply.

The attorney pulled a package of cigarettes from his pocket and handed it to the witness.

"I know you are an honest man," he said, "and wouldn't intentionally tell an untruth. But the power of suggestion can produce mental pictures. As you can see there is no man leading the camel, but my suggestion that there was produced one in your mind and you even saw a fez on his head.

"The fact that the plaintiff's attorney suggested that you had seen the speedometer needle jammed at 75, which my client denies, created that picture in your mind and made you believe you actually had seen something you never saw at all."

The defense won the case!

—CELESTE HAWORTH

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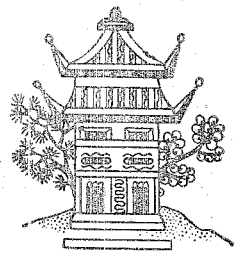
Dr. Yen, a tireless humanitarian, has brought learning to millions of his people

ALL CHINA



Is His Schoolroom

by MABEL RAEF PUTNAM

"LET THERE BE LIGHT" will serve very well as a lifelong motto for Dr. Jimmy Yen, the tireless Chinese humanitarian who has opened millions of other eyes than his own. One of history's greatest liberators, he has set free the mass brain of China. Working quietly but effectively in America and in his native land, it was Dr. Jimmy Yen who first taught millions of peasants and coolies how to read—and then to write.

In less than a quarter of a century he has emancipated sixty million minds. In less than another such period he hopes to see the completion of his primary task—solving in a single generation a problem called insoluble for four thousand years. If understanding, compassion and an indefatigable will are the ingredients required for success, Dr. Yen is sure to attain his goal.

For many centuries it was said: "The common man in China cannot learn to read and write because the Chinese language, with forty thousand characters, is too complex." Such an achievement was for the small aristocracy of scholarship, endowed with special talents, special economic privileges and the leisure for endless study. It was accepted as an axiom that "a scholar must be a scholar's son."

Yen *is* a scholar and a scholar's son. But he has the rare gift of prophecy. He began with an audacious defiance of gloomy tradition. Ignorance is a fact, he admitted, but added, "not a *necessary* fact."

Y. C. James Yen was young when he began his task, just out of Yale. He is now past fifty, a slight, wiry man. He has the elastic body of a tennis player, the hands of a pianist, the eyes of a poet. Also he has the charm to influence people who *must* be influenced to help him in his lifelong project.

At ten, Yen could recite the ancient classics. He was introduced early to western learning, first at mission school, later at the University of Hong Kong, still later at Yale. His plan to bring enlightenment to China's millions began with World War I.

When China, one of the Allies,

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sent 200 thousand laborers to France, there was a call for Chinese students to serve as interpreters. Two days after graduation from Yale, Yen volunteered and was one of the first liaison officers sent to Boulogne, in charge of five thousand coolies.

They were fine courageous men—but they suffered a strangling isolation. They could not write letters to their families, could not read letters that came to them. Interpreters had to be used, and in the process, tiny intimacies, the most important part of letters, were inevitably lost.

As Dr. Yen read the day's news to his men, composed letters to their families at home, he suddenly realized that the language these simple people used in conversation was a *little* language. It was Chinese, but not the Chinese of literature. There were many dialects, differing widely yet stemming from one trunk.

Yen studied this "little Chinese" and immediately felt a thrill of discovery. It was a language of about a thousand essential words. With these words almost everything could be said that needed saying. Yen decided to build a *basic* Chinese language, so simple that anyone could learn to write and read it. What's more, he proposed a new literature. The wisdom of the ages could be taken from the great "big-language" libraries and retold in the "little."

One night Yen called for students. They laughed when he told them he would teach them to read and write. But his quiet, confident smile was a solvent for doubt. A few came forward. A few more timidly followed. He gave them a spoken word, then showed the same word on a blackboard. For an hour each night he taught successive groups. Miraculously, in a few months the brightest laborers were proudly sending home letters written in their own hands.

Soon Yen was ready to begin the second phase of his enterprise. "We must have a newspaper," he said. So he started the *Chinese Laborers' Weekly*, using only the language of the "Thousand Characters." (The "thousand" became thirteen hundred later on, since all living languages must grow.)

Realizing that what he had done for a little company of lonely Chinese in France must be done for all China, Yen knew that he had found not only his own life work but a life work for thousands of other educated men. In Paris he enlisted eighty such helpers, graduates of Chinese universities. He taught them his system and they formed classes like his. Soon all the Chinese camps in France were night schools.

AFTER THE WAR Yen made Peking the center of his campaign. There were mass meetings, parades, posters. In a short time twenty thousand students were enrolled. More teachers volunteered, many of them at great sacrifice since they had to earn their living by day in order to teach at night. Classes met in homes, stores, temples and theatres. For farmers there was a class just before daylight, the only hour they could spare for learning.

Soon, students themselves became teachers. What they learned

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today they taught tomorrow. Advanced students taught the less advanced. Beginners imparted bits of learning to those who had not yet begun. And the success of the Peking venture caused the movement to spread throughout China under the name of the Provincial Mass Education Association.

The whole world became interested. Help came from big people and little people. In 1928, when Dr. Yen returned to America to receive an honorary degree at Yale, he enlisted American help, not only in money but in service. Some even went to China to serve. Teachers living in comfort in Peking moved with their families to muddy villages where they were needed. Professors from China's universities and the western world joined in the "magnificent exodus," as one editor called it.

Dr. Yen's original purpose expanded too. Teaching the people to read and write was not enough. Education must be used to correct basic ills—poverty, disease, misgovernment. Public-health and economic problems must be solved, farmers must be taught how to farm scientifically, the whole population must learn the fundamentals of democratic government.

The "Thousand-Character" language now has its "Thousand-Volume" literature—a people's library covering a wide field of lore, from poetry to how to make hens lay more eggs. For Dr. Yen's goal is this: a population enlightened and prosperous. This is important to the whole of the shrinking world because enlightenment and prosperity go hand in hand. Every businessman knows that 500 million prosperous customers are worth far more than 500 million ignorant, poverty-ridden people.

Dr. Yen's post-war program aims high. He wants China to stand well up among the great nations. And he is a man in a hurry because he would like to see his vision come true in his own lifetime. He wants the friendship between his country and the United States to be a growing and enduring force, beneficent in both directions across the Pacific.

Canine Critic

BROWNIE, AS HIS NAME SUGGESTS, was just a brown dog, but a lovable one. He was quite a character in his home town. Although he was not my dog, he often accompanied me when I went shopping or took a walk.

One day I was attending a movie. I heard Brownie bark, but I did not see him. When the lights were turned on and I still could not see him, I called, "Here Brownie, here Brownie." He appeared promptly, frisking and wiggling his funny tail. As I left the theatre, I asked the ticket taker, "Sam, how'd Brownie get in here?"

"Oh, he comes every afternoon," Sam replied. "Sits on a seat in the front row and barks at all the dogs in the show."—ELLA W. KRACKE

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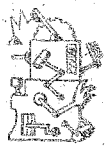
A poet's strange, fantastic devices have turned his home into a sightseers' delight

The House of a THOUSAND GADGETS

by JOHN MALONEY



PERHAPS the craziest dwelling in America is located near Bartow, Florida. Its owner and builder, Conrad Schuck, is a poet and philosopher whose outlandish ideas have caused him to be labeled a spy, a confirmed eccentric, a fantastic dreamer and an irresponsible spendthrift. But through it all he has retained an amused tolerance for anything his neighbors might say. His amusement is heightened by the tinkle of coins dropped into a cash box by throngs of curious visitors eager to see if the house is as much out of this world as rumor claims.

The home, which Schuck and his five sons worked on for fourteen years until wartime restrictions called a halt, is crammed with astonishing ideas. On the third floor you can sit in a huge bathtub and, through a system of mirrors, see who is knocking at the front door. In the kitchen a pane of glass with one-way visibility enables you to peer into the living room and observe unsuspecting visitors.

One of Schuck's screwball notions caused him some unpleasantness. Atop a large chimney he installed a periscope which threw sunrays down into his library, there to be magnified by a system of reflectors that illuminated the room even if all shades were drawn. When the war started, suspicious neighbors decided that the contraption was likely being used for signaling to enemy planes or Axis conspirators hidden in a nearby cypress swamp. Finally the FBI issued a statement clearing Schuck's good name.

Having a wife and nine children, Schuck naturally turned his ideas to labor-saving and foot-saving devices. In the kitchen is a mahogany rotary cabinet—a two-shelf affair so designed that doors to all cubicles open simultaneously. A laundry chute has branches leading to all bedrooms and baths; through them clothing descends to the basement laundry. Bedroom lights operate on a delayed switch, giving the family thirty seconds to jump into bed and get under the covers before the lights snap off.

Nothing was done the easy way in building this zany house. Schuck and his sons gathered glass and tile from seven countries, broke them into dime-size bits, then patiently set them into decorative patterns. The completion of each porch took six weeks, each tub at least a month. "When I bathe I want to make a big splash," Schuck explains, so the six-foot-square tubs are on open-air porches, where heavy fig vines screen out the public.

The ingenious Schuck wanted

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concrete flower boxes to form the balustrade of each of his sixteen porches, but hated the thought of watering them individually. So he built a rain-water reservoir on the roof, then ran pipes to the porches with nozzles over each box. Now from sixteen different points about the house and verdant grounds he can turn one valve that waters all his tropical blooms at once.

Tucked away in odd corners all over the house are special closets for golf clubs, camping equipment, bed clothing, mops and brooms, medical supplies. The grounds about the home are as fantastically planned as the dwelling itself. Concrete bridges span swimming and fish pools, while the pools themselves are connected by tunnel with the sub-basement of the house.

With the exception of girders and glass, everything used in the house came from the fourteen-acre estate around it. Pits where gravel and sand were dug are now the ponds. But with all the economy and toil, plus seventy thousand dollars, that went into the effort, disaster struck the family before the screwball edifice could be completed. Orange groves and farm lands that Schuck had accepted as collateral on loans failed to produce, and he found himself not only poor but with an unfinished mansion on his hands.

Throughout the period of building, neighbors and winter visitors had heard of his intriguing "gadgets"—such things as an ironing board adjustable to either a right-handed or left-handed laundress—so the curious flocked to inspect the home. Tips left on tables and in flower pots gave Schuck new ideas—and groceries. Now a card at the front door suggests that one may see everything in the "Wonder House" for twenty cents—children half-price.

Today the Florida State Chamber of Commerce lists the house as "one of the sights you shouldn't miss." And Schuck is very happy about it, for as long as coins tinkle in his box he can spend his evenings "inventing" bigger and perhaps zanier ideas with which to shock plain people.

Bleak Future for Rats!

A NEW AND BETTER electrical rat trap is on the market. Open at both ends and without a floor, it can be placed on a rat runway. When a rat scoots through the tunnel, an electric beam causes the end-slides to drop and opens a door into a small compartment. Into this section scrambles the frightened rat. In attempting to escape, he runs up a small ramp. As he does so, a slight electric shock tickles his feet and at the same instant opens a door into the electrocution chamber above. The victim darts into the chamber and is clutched by a vise of electrodes.

A moment later a trapdoor opens and the lifeless body falls into a waiting basket. All this takes place in three minutes, after which the trap resets itself and is ready for the next customer. —VANCE HOYT

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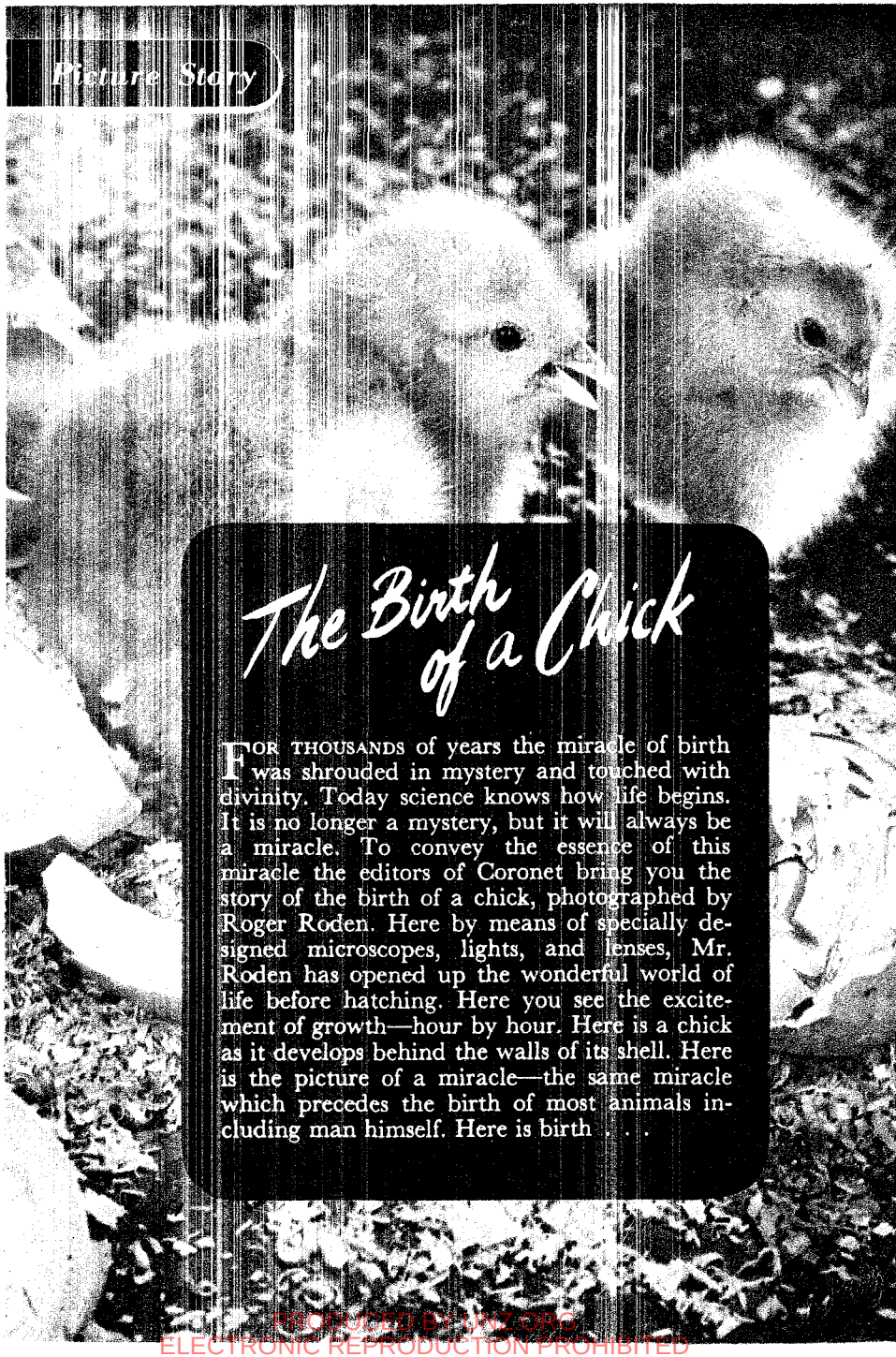

The Birth of a Chick

FOR THOUSANDS of years the miracle of birth was shrouded in mystery and touched with divinity. Today science knows how life begins. It is no longer a mystery, but it will always be a miracle. To convey the essence of this miracle the editors of Coronet bring you the story of the birth of a chick, photographed by Roger Roden. Here by means of specially designed microscopes, lights, and lenses, Mr. Roden has opened up the wonderful world of life before hatching. Here you see the excitement of growth—hour by hour. Here is a chick as it develops behind the walls of its shell. Here is the picture of a miracle—the same miracle which precedes the birth of most animals including man himself. Here is birth . . .

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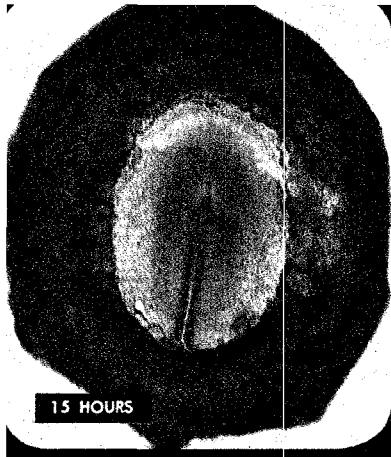
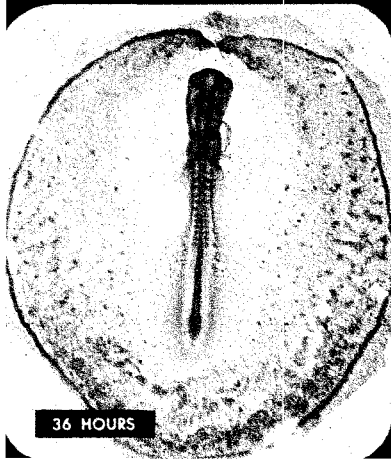
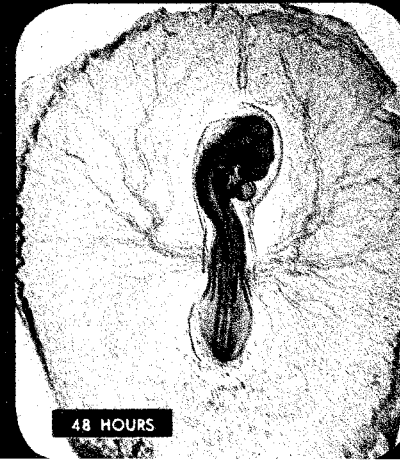


An egg is about fifteen hours old when laid. The new chick is only a column of cells on the yellow (yolk) of the egg.

Soon the brain appears as a dark spot on top of the column; inside, the digestive system is developing.





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For reasons still a mystery to science, the chick curls up. Here its tail is at the right, its large head is on the left.

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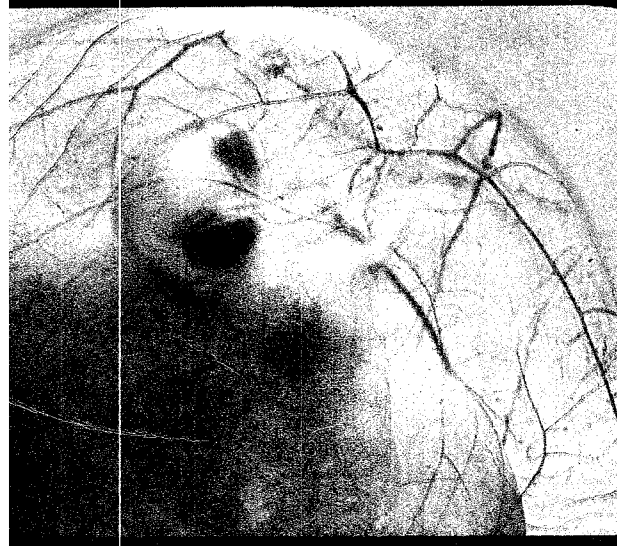
after the egg is laid, the chick is recognizable. If
, it will move. Head and body are about the same size.



s the half-way mark. The chick is now facing the air
ne end of the egg, pointing toward the way out.

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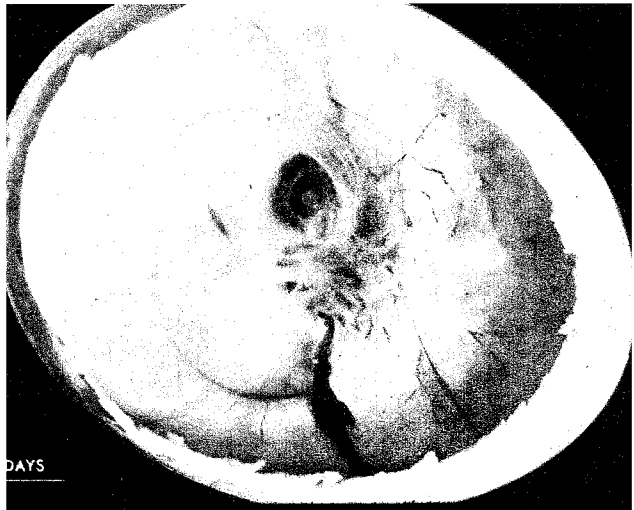

DAYS

chick is beginning to take up most of the space in the
ng used up most of the yolk, it must hatch soon or st

DAYS

first the feathers, nails, and bone must complete
th. The beak must be hard enough to crack the shell.

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The last bits of shell fall away. With its eyes closed, its feet unsteady, the chick is born. Only living lies ahead.

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Wherever there is hunger and misery
the Quakers do the jobs *no one else will attempt*

GLOBAL ARMY OF MERCY

by FRANCES ROCKMORE VELIE

FOR DAYS the four women combed German-occupied Toulouse for every bottle, pail or jar that could hold water. They had learned from the Germans that a cattle train jammed with eight hundred Jews—babies and mothers, the ill and the aged—was heading for Toulouse. On the road two days, the train bore no water.

Through the winter night the women fetched water to the railroad siding from a single tap half a mile away. By morning they were ready. The train pulled in with its human cargo. But instead of eight hundred victims there were three thousand pounding at the doors, moaning for water.

One of the women walked up to the commanding Gestapo officer. "You can't let this train go on until we have given water and food to these people," she said with quiet authority.

The Gestapo captain turned to his lieutenant. "This woman is from the American Friends Service Committee," he said slowly. "The Quakers saved our village from starvation after the last war."

"Yes—they fed *us* too," said the lieutenant in a Viennese accent.

"We need help," interposed the woman. "There are only four of us here."

The Gestapo officer barked an order. SS men hurried on errands of mercy. From the astonished villagers they gathered baskets of food, additional water—enough for three thousand.

"There is the spirit of God in every man," the Friend murmured as she watched the Jews eat and drink, fed by their enemies.

"Every man" to the Quakers means just that. Today, for example, French Quakers are helping the shaved-headed Collaborationists in France who would starve were it not for prison visits by the Friends; they bring food, wash prisoners' clothes and bear messages to relatives.

For Hindu children, volunteer Friends doctors attempted inoculation against cholera. To embattled Chinese, the Friends carried plasma and medicines through hostile territory in unarmed ambulances.

In rich America, just as in rav-

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aged Europe and the East, the Quakers also give succor to "every man." In Nashville, Tenn., to ease taut race relations, the Friends Service Committee sponsored the building by Negro and white workers of a playground for Negro children. To bewildered Japanese-Americans torn from their homes, the Friends were a means of communication with the world outside. To southern sharecroppers, the Friends taught diversified farming, won richer yields from tobacco-exhausted soil, won greater health for pellagra-ridden people.

All this global aid has been done with funds and personnel which seasoned social workers would call a "shoestring." The annual budget of the American Friends Service Committee—social arm of the Quakers—is three million dollars.

Some 100 thousand American Quakers provide about a third of this: the rest is given by all creeds and nations. The overseas staff comprises 100 Americans, 500 Europeans and 150 Chinese. Seldom in the history of social work have so little funds and so few hands gone so far.

Friends in the field, who serve without pay, share the humble accommodations and food of the people they aid. Here is an instance of how the program works. John R————, a successful pediatrician of Philadelphia, receives a letter from the Service Committee:

"The children of a village in northern China are without a doctor. Disease is rampant. If you do not have enough savings to tide over your family for the time you are gone (probably a year), we will support them on a minimum basis. We will also pay your expenses abroad."

Promptly, John R———— winds up his affairs, for seldom are the Friends refused.

Almost all the workers are volunteers, yet they are not necessarily of the Quaker faith. In the office of the Friends in Philadelphia, Buddhist clerks work beside Catholic, Protestant and Jew. Japanese-Americans share office chores with Negro and white Americans.

HOME OF THE Friends is a venerable Quaker meeting house which was already old when it was bought more than a century ago. Directors of the Committee, headed by 83-year-old Rufus M. Jones, grand old man of Quakerism, pass through a walled courtyard and up sagging stairs to meetings where they determine the year's tasks. Of each project three questions are asked: Is it necessary? Is it a job that nobody else will do? Are we the only ones that can do it?

In 1940 the English Friends sent Wilym Jenkins, London actor, to the Burma terminus of the Burma Road lifeline to China. With him came British, American, New Zealand and Indian Friends, equipped with ambulances, drugs and medical supplies bought with pennies, nickels and quarters raised throughout the civilized world.

Veterans of the London blitz, Jenkins and his Friends arrived at Rangoon to find the Japanese preparing to storm the town. Amid snipers' fire, they toiled all night to unload their cargo of mercy. As dawn broke, bringing with it the first Jap assault wave, the unarmed Friends boarded their trucks and

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crashed through gates to make their way from the flaming city.

With a rear guard of bearded Sikhs and grim Tommies, Jenkins led the Friends in the most dramatic exit of his life. At the Salween River, threshold to China, they found the bridge barred by Jap troops. They detoured north, skidded and crashed down the river's steep banks, built rafts within earshot of the desperate struggle for the bridge, and made their way across.

Inside China, the Friends met perils of a different sort. Drugs had the value of precious jewels to the impoverished Chinese. In inflated Chinese dollars, the medical supplies borne in the tired vehicles of the Friends were worth millions. To astonished outlaws who held up the unarmed Friends, Jenkins and his men offered the clothes off their backs—anything at all to save the bulk of their cargo, destined for China's fighters. The bandits were amazed that white men should give away drugs worth their weight in gold. But they let the Friends pass.

The Friends feel they have done very little in vast and distraught China, but a Friend never hesitates to give help even if suffering is so widespread that to make only a dent in it would seem hopeless to others. That is why a handful of Friends stood up to the famine and plague that threatened, in 1945, to engulf millions in India.

When the Quaker ambulances threaded through the crooked, dust-choked streets of India's little towns, women hid themselves and their children. Even loud-speakers mounted on trucks, proclaiming in Hindu the life-saving qualities of inoculation, failed to convince the natives. Then the Friends inoculated government employees. When they "survived," they told their families, and faith in the Friends' healing trickled down through the strata of Indian society.

The Friends knew they had triumphed when a self-appointed squad of small, almost nude boys paraded before them, carrying alcohol, needles, cotton and vaccine. "Do not be afraid of the needle. The needle is your friend," they chanted. "It will charm away the evil death. The truck of the white man brings healing."

UNLIKE THE Red Cross, the Salvation Army or the Knights of Columbus, the American Friends Service Committee has not become a household word. It goes quietly about its errands of mercy for those frequently overlooked by other welfare agencies: like the forlorn German refugees jammed by Franco's Spain into louse-ridden concentration camps.

Twenty-two had won visas for North Africa, but delousing facilities were miles away. Ejected from camp, the refugees were ordered from the neighboring town's limits as a menace to community health.

An American volunteer worker, David Blickenstaff, braved the lice and typhus, wangled temporary shelter outside the town for the band of 22, later piled them into his station wagon and drove them in two hauls to the delousing station. There, other and more widely known agencies took over.

To the Nazis during the war, the Christlike ways of the Friends were a maddening puzzle. The Gestapo

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permitted the Quakers to do their welfare work, but the Friends heard strange clicks in their telephones, betraying a Nazi tapping device. Slouching figures popped from behind doorways. A chambermaid would clean a hotel room so thoroughly that every paper in every suitcase was combed. And occasionally the Friends would be confronted with desperate refugees, bogus as well as genuine, begging to be smuggled from the country.

Requests like these, however, were always refused. The Friends could not afford to lose the Nazis' trust. Besides, a Quaker prefers to do things aboveboard, no matter how valuable underground methods may prove to others.

TODAY, WITH THE Nazis defeated, the Friends once more take up an unpopular cause—gathering food for German children. As after World War I, they insist: "We view the feeding of German children as a moral obligation, without condoning crime or mitigating the punishment of war criminals." Since the Nazis destroyed all non-Nazi welfare groups in Germany, and because Americans bar Nazi organizations, the Friends will be almost alone in supplementing the relief work of Allied occupation forces.

In battered and bankrupt Italy, birthplace of Fascism and almost ignored by welfare agencies, the Friends are helping Italians to rebuild their homes. In a miraculously unharmed wine shop in the village of Colledemacine, overlooking bomb-pocked hills and battered olive groves, some sixty villagers, headed by the busy little mayor, gathered about the stranger from America, David Hartley, a Friend. The talk swirled about the problem of rebuilding the village, dashed itself against the rocky question, "Where are we to get materials?"

"How about salvaging materials from the rubble?" asked Hartley.

Immediately the villagers set to work piling the rubble, sorting out bricks, fragments of lumber. The village kilns were reopened. The impoverished villagers traded wood from the village-owned forest and their own labor in return for tiles for roofing and bricks for walls. Last winter, three hundred villagers of Colledemacine found new shelter, found new dignity in working voluntarily with their neighbors in an object lesson in democracy.

In their own country, too, the Friends find endless work to do. To Abbeyville, South Carolina, came Wilmer and Mildred Young, husband and wife, who had left their schoolteacher jobs to live with sharecroppers. With Friends' funds, they bought a tract of farmland near the town. The eight hundred-odd acres, exhausted by unvaried tobacco plantings, were divided into small parcels and rented to tenant farmers. With the aid of the county agent and experts from the State Agricultural Experiment station, the Youngs taught the sharecroppers crop diversification and soil replenishment.

The farmers contributed bits of cash and, with the help of the Friends, co-operatively bought farm equipment and fertilizer, and went to work. The first harvest brought unheard of riches: sixty bushels per acre planted to oats,

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also a wealth of vegetables, corn, soy beans.

The Friends believe that land holds the answer to problems confronting the industrial worker, too. To solve the problem of seasonal unemployment among miners in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, the Service Committee bought a tract on a site now known as Penn-Craft, and settled fifty families on it.

To each family, the Friends offered a two thousand dollar loan with which to build a house and chicken coop. The only provision was that the borrower would help as best he could with construction. Paid back over twenty years at two per cent interest, the monthly "rental" for the house would be ten dollars, no more than the miners paid for the hovels they were leaving.

The Friends sponsored a summer project at Indianapolis in which Negro, Mexican and Japanese-American students shared a co-operative household with white college students and worked shoulder to shoulder in landscaping the grounds of Flanner House, a Negro community center. Recounting the experience, a white girl said: "I would like to show other white people that they are not only cheating the Negro by keeping him in subjection, but are also cheating the white man by losing some of the great things the Negro can contribute if he has a chance."

The Service Committee was born in 1917, when young Quakers conscientiously objecting to war sought a way of serving their fellow men during a time of world upheaval. Persecuted by other Americans for refusing to fight, the Quakers rallied to the Committee to prove to the world that it was not cowardice, but aversion to shedding blood, that kept them from shouldering arms. As Friends they sought, unarmed, the most dangerous missions of mercy in World War I.

Since then the eight-pronged black and red star that is the Friends' symbol has come to mean friendship not to race or creed or politics, but only to the need and the misery of men. As Friends dedicate their lives to feeding the hungry, finding homes for the displaced and reducing racial and religious antagonisms, they have a principle to light their way.

"We cannot change the world by changing system," their Rufus Jones has said. "We can only change it by changing lives."

More Possibilities of the Peanut

PITY THE POOR PEANUT—pretty soon there'll be none left to eat, now that science is making wool from its protein—wool that can't shrink, will not crease, and won't attract moths. Commerce has taken that hull and converted it into wood boards that saw, plane, hammer well, and can be bent to fit around corners. The peanut shell makes women's pocketbooks. It will make shoes. It will make men's hats. It will make chair pads as well as furniture panels, floor coverings and dyes. —BESS RITTER

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Picture Story

Will you keep your wealth, -- my child?

THE INNOCENT magic of a child is as difficult to capture as the dawn of a bright day or the flight of a bird. So it is with special pride that Coronet brings you these photographs by one of America's best photographers of children, Constance Bannister. Here is all the beauty and spirit of unrestrained youth told in light and shadow, combined with a mother's message not only to *her* daughter but to all children everywhere.

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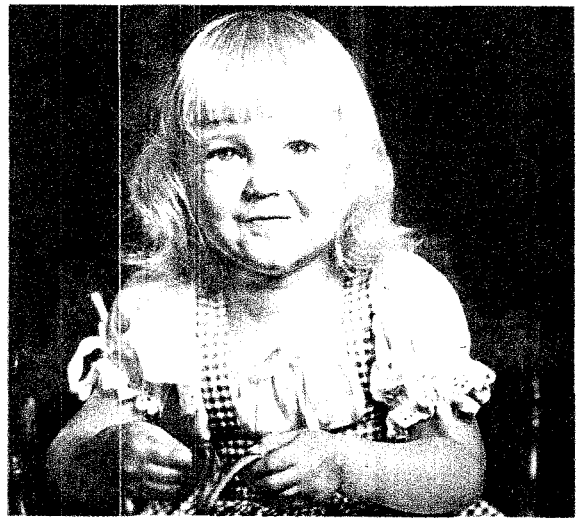

Will you keep your wealth, my child? There is a fortune in your face, dear, beyond words, beyond counting, and beyond time. But it is not the best of your riches.

The best of your wealth is in the sweetness of your heart. Your treasure is the sly wonder in your eye at our rules and regulations, which you regard as so much playful nonsense.

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And yet how priceless is your willingness to learn the lessons of experience with little question, as you follow us, feeling somehow that we know the direction.

If we anger you or hurt you, you are still strong enough and brave enough to forgive us. For forgiveness is the coin of your realm and the best of your wealth.

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And golden are the things you see, the things you hear—a dancing flower, a puppy's voice, a cloudless sky. Dear one, as you grow older hold fast these precious things.

So keep your wealth, my child. Carry it with you through life, then will your years be broad and deep, your happiness sure, and your love constant and ever-growing.

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With the airplane, Lowell Yerex has put Central America back in the world's economic race

Jungle Hopper

by HOWARD WHITMAN

ALONG WITH gold, bananas and petroleum, Lowell Yerex is one of the most important assets of Central America. On that shoelace of land which ties North and South America together, the natives call him the Jungle Hopper. With aviation as his magic wand, Yerex touched the jungles and they gave up their chicle: he tapped the mountains and drew forth gold. The six republics of the Isthmus—outpaced by the twentieth century and still living in the age of the pack-mule—have been put back in the world's economic race again by Yerex and his planes.

Yerex himself, a flying dynamo from New Zealand, has wound up as an international aviation asset that Britain vainly wooed and our State Department finally won. TACA Airways—his baby and now the largest air-freight carrier in the world—has settled down to an auspicious marriage with American aviation interests. But behind all this is the story of the wild oats it sowed over treacherous jungles and mountains, its battles with competing airlines, and its intrigues in lands often torn by political plots and revolutions.

Yerex looks a little like Ronald Colman. He is square-built, has slate-gray hair, clean-cut features, a trim moustache, and might pass for 35 if you didn't know he was 50. He has a false right eye, the real one having been shot out in a Honduran revolution. But it has never kept him from flying.

In 1929, having gone from New Zealand to World War I and then settled down in America, Yerex was running a not-too-successful automobile agency in Santa Fé. The Wall Street crash gave his enterprise the *coup de grace*, and with 25 dollars in his pockets, he went to Mexico to work for an airline.

Two dull years ended in 1931 when two American tourists arrived in Mexico with a plane they didn't know how to fly. A kind aunt had bought it for them but the accompanying pilot had resigned soon after crossing the border. Yerex took the job of flying them to Honduras, where they "forgot" to pay his wages. As a result Yerex

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legally proclaimed himself half-owner of the plane, a Stinson five-seater.

Next, Yerex made the rounds of business houses in Tegucigalpa and told proprietors that he knew a fast method of transporting their produce to La Ceiba. But the response to his proposition was negative. "This gringo is crazy! The mountains are much too high to get over with a mule and cart!" As a matter of fact, La Ceiba, just beyond the mountains, had been importing all its perishables because there was no way of negotiating that mountain wall, even though the rich farms of the valleys were but a few miles away.

"I'll stick your butter and eggs in my plane!" Yerex announced. One brave produce merchant accepted the challenge and Yerex flew his half-owned Stinson to La Ceiba with a cargo of food. Within a few weeks he was operating a regular butter-and-egg run, and the simple people of La Ceiba marveled at their new breakfast delicacy—eggs from heaven.

WITH PROFITS from this operation, Yerex bought the other half of the Stinson from his former "employers," and thus a great aviation enterprise was born. Yerex continued the butter-and-egg run, set up another flight to San Pedro Sula, christened his plane *Espiritu de Honduras* and named his company, with a resounding flourish, "Transportes Aéreos Centro-Americanos"—TACA.

At about this point a revolution broke out in Honduras. The new president, Tiburcio Carías, trying desperately to hold his Republic together, called upon Yerex to organize a Honduran air force.

"How many planes are you going to get?" Yerex inquired.

"Just one," President Carías replied.

"Where are you going to get it?"

"We will borrow it from you!"

With the aid of Guy Molony, a former New Orleans police chief turned soldier of fortune, Yerex converted the *Espiritu de Honduras* into the Honduran version of a B-29. They ripped a door off the plane and installed machine-guns. They filled the fuselage with make-shift bombs—cast-iron pots of black powder which could be rolled out the door as the ship passed over a likely target.

The Yerex "air force" was a military success. But on his final mission, with the revolution fast subsiding, he went aloft for a strafing run over a holdout position. Rifle fire met him over the target and a bullet struck his right eye. Yerex managed to keep the plane aloft for fourteen minutes, long enough to make a safe landing.

With the revolution quelled, President Carías, as they say in Honduras, was "a trifle grateful." He gave Yerex the government mail contract, and the Stinson five-seater was reconverted for peacetime use. Minus an eye but flushed with profits from the small contract, Yerex bought three more planes (second-hand Stinsons which he reconditioned) and hired three pilots.

Already he was convinced that the pack-mule would have to yield to the plane in Central America. It took the mule at least eight days to plod through the jungle with saddle-bags. The plane could make the

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same trip in an hour or two, carrying tons. It could soar imperviously over mountain peaks, laugh at jungle fevers, thumb its nose at bandits along the tortuous trails.

In the beginning, Yerex's air rates were high, because often he'd find himself flying with a light cargo —perhaps a few crates of chickens from Tegucigalpa to San Pedro Sula. Then one day he got the idea of "deferred freight." That inspiration more than any other factor made TACA, eventually, the largest commercial air-freight carrier in the world.

He built a warehouse and told Honduran merchants, "I'm only flying full loads from now on. Your stuff goes in the warehouse until there's enough to fill the plane." This meant delay of a day or two, but it was still lightning speed compared to mules, and Yerex was able to cut his freight rates in half.

He bought more planes, built more warehouses, and soon aircraft bearing his insigne—a scarlet, yellow and blue macaw—were winging over jungles with bellies full of rice, silver, live poultry, coffee beans, lobsters, fighting cocks, iced fish, lard, salt and rubber. Occasionally they carried horses and mules, tractors and Diesel engines.

Soon a new cry came echoing down from the mountains of Nicaragua. Gold! Yerex heard it. Yes, there was gold in those mountains, but struggling prospectors were using pickaxes when they really needed tractors, steam shovels, Diesels. No mule could carry big machinery, so Yerex began to think of planes.

A few months later he flew a 64-ton shovel to the La Luz mines at Siuna, Nicaragua. He did it by cutting the shovel in about 25 pieces, flying it over the crags piece by piece, welding it back together at Siuna. This brought a revolution in the gold business. Then Yerex began to fly in mining machinery, gasoline, Diesel oil, food and miners. Before he was through he had transported an entire town of 35 hundred population to Siuna, and had repeated the performance at the Neptune mines in the aptly-named town of Bonanza.

Oil for the mines became so important that Yerex developed a "flying tanker," a plane with its belly full of tanks so that he could transport 25 hundred gallons a day in four twenty-minute hops over mountain and jungle. He also developed the "roll-back door," now widely used, so that aviators could jettison cargo in case of trouble. For jungle hoppers there was no such thing as an emergency landing. It was fly or die, and the pilots knew it. If a motor conked, you had to roll up that door fast and spill the cargo over the jungle. Then you tried to reach the airstrip. A few of Yerex's planes didn't make it and their undiscovered wreckage still rests in jungle swamps.

In 1935 Yerex moved into Gua-

Next Month

CASEY at the BAT

America's favorite poem about its favorite sport is coming to you, richly illustrated, in six pages of full color

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temala, this time lured not by gold but by chewing gum. In the jungles of the Petén grow the sapota trees, which produce chicle. But the jungle guards its treasure with snakes, insects and voracious vegetation that grows so fast you can almost see it move. One company of chicle-seekers attempted to build a road through the Petén. Before the road had progressed far, the beginning was already overgrown. The truck carrying workmen was isolated by a jungle pincers. It was abandoned, and the builders chopped their way back with machetes.

Yerex decided to build his road in the sky. All he needed was a place to set down in the jungle. He sent a crew up Lake Petén-Itzá, and with machetes they made deep incisions in the old Mayan jungle and cauterized the wounds with bonfires. Within a month they had hacked out a landing strip. Then a black dot came out of the sky, grew larger, roared in for a landing. It was Yerex, bringing a tractor to finish the job.

In following months he built other airstrips and flew in scores of *chicleros*, brown natives who had a way with sapota trees. By 1938 the Wrigley Export Corporation and the Chicle Development Company gave Yerex a contract to milk the Petén of two million pounds of chicle yearly. And in addition to winning the Peten, Yerex also won the heart of beautiful Antonieta Rodriguez, daughter of the Honduran Minister of Education.

From the romantic land of orchids and gold, Yerex took his bride to a honeymoon spot both had been longing to see—Niagara Falls. When they returned to Central America, trouble was brewing, for a big American-owned airline had decided to compete with Yerex. In that clime, where tempers are as mercurial as the weather, "competition" meant an all-out fight and no holds barred.

At tiny airports the pilots of TACA and the competing line battled each other like gold hunters of the Old West. There were stories of hijacking loads of chicle, of dropping down in the Petén and bullying *chicleros* into shifting business from one line to the other. Pilots' wages rose astronomically in the scramble to raid payrolls. Finally the rival line won away TACA'S ace pilot. It was a crippling blow, more than Yerex and his right-hand man, Edward Scott, could stand.

Scott, an ex-newspaperman, ambled out on the field from which the pilot was supposed to take off in a rival plane the next morning. Dulcetly he remarked, "We're throwing a farewell party for you, pal—if you can make it."

They dined and wined him and then started singing *Home in Missouri*, which to a sentimental pilot from Jefferson City was a blow below the heart. Not realizing he had been kidnaped, the pilot joined the singing, and Missouri ballads were splitting the Guatemala air long after the scheduled take-off time had passed. The pilot, fearing his new employer's wrath, naturally returned to TACA.

In 1940 the rival line got its revenge. Through the reigning party in Guatemala, it obtained an exclusive air franchise, and TACA was ordered to cease operations.

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There was nothing Yerex could do but fold his wings. He moved out—but he also moved into Costa Rica, Brazil, the British West Indies, Mexico, Argentina, Paraguay, Venezuela and Colombia. By 1943 his formidable air network was doing the biggest commercial freight business in the world. Both Britain and the United States became interested.

Britain's Lord Beaverbrook called Yerex to London and made attractive proposals. Our State Department dissuaded the British and began whispering its own sales talk in Yerex's ear. In 1943 Yerex decided to sell a controlling interest in TACA to American companies, including TWA.

Today Yerex, no longer president but still a director of the airline, commutes between TACA's headquarters in New York and Central America, dreaming up new ways of putting the sky to work. For the republics of Central America he has been a latter-day liberator, freeing them from the restrictions of mule trails and the jungles, giving their industries the elbow room of the sky.

Five-Spot Suicide

IN A POKER GAME one night, the unfortunate Mr. Jones, who had an incurable passion for drawing to inside straights, not only lost his bankroll but had to endure the gibes of his companions as well.

"What am I going to use for money until the pay check comes in on Friday?" he wailed.

"Your tears are destroying me," said the editor of a weekly magazine, as he fished a five-spot from his pocket. "Here—take this money and scram."

On his way home, the disconsolate Jones was accosted by a bedraggled lady of the streets who burst into tears when he shoved her aside unceremoniously.

"I'm starving," she told him in a desperate voice. "If you don't help me, I swear I'm going to kill myself." Jones handed her the five-spot, thinking, "Well, this must be my night all right."

"I will never forget you," she assured him. "This bit of kindness has restored some of my faith in humanity."

The next morning Jones was glancing over the newspaper when he noticed a headline: "Body of Unknown Woman Taken from River." The description of her dress and hat proved beyond a doubt that the suicide was the woman he had befriended.

He met the magazine editor at lunch that day. "What did you do after you left us, Jones?" asked the editor idly.

"Nothing at all. I just walked home," said Jones.

"Didn't you spend any money?"

"Not a cent," replied Jones. "Why?"

"Oh," said the editor with a smile, "we were just wondering what would have happened when you tried to palm off that phony five-dollar bill we gave you."

—BENNETT CERF

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You may have to change some of your habits to enjoy controlled temperatures

Are You Ready for AIR CONDITIONING?

by ZULMA STEELE

AMONG THE many creature comforts promised for everyman's house of tomorrow, air conditioning ranks near the top. Within a few years, millions of people, especially in our cities, will work, live and sleep in "weather-proofed" rooms.

Up to now this promising changeling of science has meant, to most of us, little more than the artificial icicles that flutter alluringly from the marquee of a summertime movie theatre. Yet air conditioning is not an infant technique but an industry almost as old as this century. Why, then, has it taken so long for it to come of age, and why are engineers still meeting tough problems in making the air about us comfortable?

Paradoxically, the fault lies not with the science of air conditioning but with us. Before we can enjoy the pleasures of this new improvement in our way of living, we must learn to change some of our attitudes and habits. This will not be easy, for man's body, since before the dawn of history, has also been experimenting with air conditioning.

Man's physiological adjustments to weather are a million years older than his artificial manipulation of temperature and humidity. Of all warm-blooded animals, man alone is naked. Gradually he has lost the outer covering of hair which once protected him. In its stead, nature has provided man with a layer of fat, just beneath the skin, which acts as a stabilizer, tempering the effect of temperature about him. Within this subcutaneous cocoon, the enormously complicated processes of life maintain a normal body temperature of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit. Although this internal temperature remains fairly constant, man's skin temperature varies in accordance with the surrounding air.

This finely adjusted system of controls is fixed, and no amount of scientific tinkering will alter it. Hence, the proper subject of today's engineering research in air conditioning is obviously man and his reaction to the four variables: temperature, humidity, air motion, and mean radiant temperature of surrounding surfaces.

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Acting on this premise, at the research laboratories of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, individuals have been exposed to every conceivable combination of the factors which go to make up weather. From their reactions, scientists have been able to chart the average "Effective Temperature"—an index of the limits of temperature, humidity, air motion and mean radiant temperature within which people have a sense of well being. This study established the important fact that in temperate climates there is not just one year-round "comfort zone." There are two: one for summer averaging 71 degrees, and one for winter averaging 66 degrees. Within these "comfort zones" the air-conditioning engineer may set his thermostat and humidostat.

The laboratory findings had been forecast by the reactions of theatre audiences to air conditioning from here to the Orient. In Manila, attempts to set the temperature of movie houses at an uncompromising 70 degrees the year round brought a clamor of protests and finally kept movie-goers away. When engineers scaled the indoor temperature to just a few degrees below whatever happened to be the prevailing Manila temperature, Filipinos flocked happily back to the theatres.

In this country, New Orleans' summer "comfort zone" is four degrees higher than that of Chicago or Pittsburgh. In any city, north or south, summer conditions demand that as the outside temperature rises or falls, so must the artificially induced weather within. You cannot refrigerate human beings as though they were a carload of California lettuce.

Man further upsets the laboratory calculations by the clothes he wears. On a zero day he bundles himself to the eyebrows and hunches against the cold. Indoors, he shucks his wraps and quickly adjusts himself to whatever conditions he may meet. So far we have not learned to provide, with a precautionary wrap, for the variables of an air-conditioned destination. The infamous "summer cold" is a frequent result of exposure.

AIR CONDITIONING, then, cannot as yet be called an unqualified blessing. True, it promises relief from sinus infections, from colds and other respiratory ills. But skeptics still view air conditioning with alarm, not only from hearsay but because of exhaustive studies of the incidence of colds in air-conditioned plants.

In many industrial buildings today, plant engineers allow the inside temperature to rise as the shift change approaches, minimizing danger of shock. Many health advisers counsel under-heating rather than over-heating in winter, and warn against incautious exposure to too low temperatures in the hot summer months.

Another problem for air-conditioning engineers is the "double comfort standard" for the sexes. Trying to satisfy both men and women in heating and cooling is no easy task. In a temperature set to satisfy men, women generally howl for more heat. When women are comfortable, men wilt, partly because of the physiological fact

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that women have an average Effective Temperature for comfort 1.1 degree higher than for men—an appreciable difference. Proponents of more sensible clothing for men and women will be pleased to learn that the difficulty seems to lie in contrasting warmth of clothing. In one test, a healthy group of men and women responded to temperature in the conventional way when conventionally attired, reversed their responses when they reversed their clothing.

Not only clothing but also health, age, activity and acclimatization play a part in determining the effectiveness of air conditioning. In rooms occupied by persons of subnormal vitality, knee-height temperatures must be higher than 65 in summer, 70 in winter, to prevent chilling the feet of old people or children. An office worker requires an Effective Summer Temperature of 67, while a charwoman scrubbing the floor of that same office will feel uncomfortably warm with a temperature above 58.

Since a man by rising from a chair and starting to saw wood can multiply the heat given off by his body nearly five times, with an accompanying increase of eight times in the vapor given off by breathing and sweating, it can be seen why adjusting a working temperature to satisfy extremes sends air-conditioning experts into nightmare calculations.

The difficulties are well illustrated in the various activities carried on in the air-conditioned restaurant or store. How shall the temperature be adjusted to suit both the quiet diner, expending only enough energy to lift a finger for the waiter, and the harried waiter himself with a station of six tables and no bus boy? Since the customer is always right, it is safe to guess that the over-all temperature will be geared to his sitting-down requirements. The waiter, though cooler than he would be on the street, will probably still sweat under his loaded trays.

Shoppers who rush into an air-conditioned store from the blazing summer heat of the street usually give a sigh of relief. Yet the busy clerk who has spent a morning jack-knifing behind the counter may be mopping her brow. And so quickly does the human organism acclimatize itself that within an hour or two the strolling shopper may feel that the store has been insufficiently cooled.

As in every human adjustment to something new, psychology also plays a large role in air conditioning. For many years the theory that people exhale an unidentified poison dominated all ventilating practice. Eventually, however, research proved that the so-called "crowd poison" was no poison at all but merely a sensation of stuffiness caused probably by those odors which accumulate wherever humans gather. Currently the use of chemicals containing chlorophyll or charcoal cleans the air in a matter of minutes.

While "crowd poison" has thus been disproved, new theories and prejudices come to take its place. Despite strides made in air conditioning, some people regard unnecessary endurance of cold as a virtue. Others believe the human organism can adapt itself without

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injury to high working temperatures—despite extensive research proving that as the temperature rises, production drops off.

Many people crave the stimulus of outdoor air in preference to air properly conditioned. Generations of children taught to fling open the window before jumping into bed may take slowly in adult life to the newness of a house with windows hermetically sealed.

Sometimes, however, the passion for fresh outside air is purely visual, and can be satisfied by a psychological trick. In one air-conditioned plant beset with complaints that the air was oppressive, colored streamers were fastened to the air vents. In the conditioned air, the streamers flapped vigorously. No adjustment in the system had been made, yet the loudest complainer was the first to rejoice in the "wonderful breeze."

Experts know they must be realistic in their approach to human variables of fact and fiction. The best they can hope for is compromise, bearing in mind the simple formula for the industry expressed by a consulting engineer: "The proper indoor temperature is one of which you are not conscious."

But assuming an eventual solution of all engineering difficulties, can the average home owner afford air conditioning? Manufacturers think so—if he will content himself with a single room unit for summer cooling. Daily operating cost of such a unit, which cools, filters and circulates air, is roughly equal to the upkeep of an eight to ten cubic foot refrigerator, or four to seven dollars a month—an expense which in temperate zones would apply only some four months of the year.

Small units of this type will take the curse off the sizzling high spots of summer, but they do not give the full year-round relief from "weather" which is the aim of complete air conditioning. As brow-moppers have observed for centuries, "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity," and precise control of air moisture in summer as well as in winter is the engineers' worst headache.

MOST BIG air-conditioning systems are designed to reduce the temperature to a predetermined level, and do a fair job of keeping the humidity down in summer. In the ideal unit, it is necessary at times to over-cool the air in order to draw out sufficient moisture, and this over-cooled air then has to be reheated before being admitted to the conditioned room. Such a system, however, is both elaborate and costly.

In the completely conditioned dwelling of the future, the master of the house will regulate indoor weather much as he now adjusts the thermostat of his furnace. During two seasons of the year, in temperate zones, he may give the system a rest by opening windows and doors to balmy air. Or if living in a contaminated city area, he may prefer to keep the air circulating but cleaned and filtered of harmful particles. At some time in the future he may also have a unit which sterilizes the air with ultraviolet rays.

Not only in our homes but in the car which whisks us from our comfortable house to the nearby air-conditioned movie or store, we will be able to enjoy pleasant tem-

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peratures. New car coolers have been developed which will operate from the automobile engine, cooling the family machine much as it is made comfortable with winter heaters today.

A de luxe example of the art of air conditioning is the new windowless ampule factory of the Winthrop Chemical Company at Rensselaer, New York. Here workers enjoy such advanced improvements as germ-proof air (via ultra-violet sterilization), along with a few innovations. Visitors passing in single file through the entrance lobby are sucked clean by blowers designed to remove all dust, dirt and lint.

Such fabulous equipment lies far in the future for the average home owner. Yet already many Americans are enjoying simpler versions of such pleasures in homes, offices and factories. So far in this century, air conditioning has done considerable about the indoor weather. In the years ahead, undreamed-of improvements may come from the inventive brains of this country, challenged by the "impossible" in their dogged pursuit of a higher standard of living for everyone.

Medic Miscellany

PORTAL, one of the most eminent doctors in Paris during the Empire, achieved his reputation by a singularly original method of advertising. When he was obscure and unknown, he sent his servant through the fashionable quarters, rousing the inmates of the most imposing houses at all hours of the night with frantic knocks. Asked what he wanted, the emissary would gasp breathlessly: "M. Portal, the doctor, is here, is he not? Tell him that he is wanted immediately!"

The answer was always the same; they did not know him.

"What!" his servant would cry, "you don't know Dr. Portal, the first doctor of Paris? Ah, mon dieu! what will Monsieur le Duc say? He has no confidence in anyone else!"

The result was that people began to inquire about and to send for the doctor who seemed to be so important and so run after.—TYLER MASON

ONE OF THE most amazing cases in the annals of American medicine is recorded in the Museum of the Harvard Medical school.

On September 13, 1848, Phineas Gage, a railroad worker, was preparing a dynamite charge when the powder accidentally exploded. The explosion drove a three-foot crowbar, 1¼ inches thick, completely through the man's head.

The bar entered the left side of the face beneath the cheek bone, passed up by the eyesocket, and emerged from the top of his head. Although dazed, Gage did not lose consciousness. Upon being taken to a nearby hotel he was even able to walk up the stairs without assistance.

The opening in the top of his skull was three and a half inches in diameter—yet he lived! —RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

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Out of this World

Here's a vivid collection of capsule stories calculated to lift you from the everyday into the realm of odd fact and fantasy . . . both old and new

The Seekers

SOME YEARS ago a young Wall Street salesman, Grover C. Dahlbender, was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment in San Quentin. Once behind the dank gray walls of the prison, he began to take serious stock of himself. A fellow-prisoner named Pat noticed his preoccupation and decided that Dahlbender was planning a prison break. "Count me in on it," Pat suggested.

But Dahlbender was not planning to escape. On the contrary, he wanted to remain and help his fellow inmates refit themselves for society. "Nobody knows our problems better than we do," he told Pat. "We can really help ourselves if we organize."

Dahlbender knew that if he could interest Pat, the inmates' acknowledged leader, in his reform movement, the others would also co-operate. It wasn't easy, but Dahlbender succeeded in winning Pat's support. Then the two of them, with the warden's help, enlisted the other inmates in their newly-formed Seekers' Club. The organization's motto was: "Don't feel sorry for yourself, and stop blaming the rest of the world for the fix you're in!"

Meetings conducted along parliamentary rules are held every Saturday afternoon in the prison's educational department, with a new chairman presiding each week. Prominent guest speakers are frequently on the program.

The Seekers held their first meeting in 1943. Since then, 118 members have been released. One of them was Pat, who immediately joined the Army and was among the first paratroopers to jump over Normandy. The others have also resumed their places in society.

Grover Dahlbender is still in San Quentin, but in the release of his fellow inmates he has found rich reward for his efforts and deep satisfaction in the accomplishments of the Seekers' Club.

—LOUIS HIRSCH

Eerie Haven

WITHIN A stone's throw of the cold waters of Little Sardine Creek in Southern Oregon is the nation's most eerie haven.

Upon the site stands the famous "House of Mystery," steeped in legend and fanciful history. Con-

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tributing to the supernatural character of the place is a constantly active and unbelievable pull from the ground.

This strange phenomenon inclines the human body involuntarily toward the Magnetic North. The sensation of walking at an enforced 80-degree angle is heightened by the fact that the soles of the shoes are flat against the board floor, while the ankles are lined up with the rest of the body at a crazy fly-on-the-wall angle.

Thus an ordinary broom balanced upright in the center of the floor leans toward the Magnetic North, while a 28-pound iron weight hung by a chain from the ceiling is suspended at the same queer angle. These objects may be pushed to the North with comparative ease but all attempts to push them to the South fail.

The solution of the phenomenon of the House of Mystery, wherein accepted laws of gravitation and perspective are so rudely ignored, has confounded all scientific theorists to date. —DON HUBBARD

Living Jewelry

OUR GLAMOUR girls might well borrow an idea from the lovely South American señoritas who use "living jewelry" to enhance their charms. A "South American Way" is to fasten live fireflies (in reality they are winged beetles) on a dress or in the hair in place of costume jewels.

This form of vanity provides a source of income for natives who capture and sell the little insects, whose light emanates from tiny phosphorescent spots. After dark, the "bug-catcher" lights the end of a stick of charcoal and whirls it about in a circle. The fireflies attracted by the glow fall easy prey to the experienced catcher. The insects are then placed in small cages and fed sugar cane while awaiting purchasers.

When used as ornaments, the insects are handled with great care. Properly fastened with a fine thread here and there in a señorita's hair, they twinkle and shine with greater brilliance than any diamond ever could.

—LUCILLE H. BECKHART

A Call on a President

IT WAS A warm April day in Washington, about 51 years ago. President Cleveland was in his office in the White House. Beautiful Mrs. Cleveland was in the sitting room on the second floor. Little Ruth was in the nursery. In Lafayette Square, a hurdy-gurdy was playing *Sweet Marie*.

A mile up on Sixteenth Street stood a group of soldiers—perhaps the youngest ever seen in Washington. A general astride a sorrel pony, a brace of captains and two companies of eight were drawn up at strict attention. The officers were giving their "men" anxious last-minute inspection.

"Forward march! Hep! Hep!" The soldiers stepped out smartly. Bicycles, carts, and dogs turned aside for the small procession. Washington was then a city of leisure, and people on the sidewalk

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stopped to watch the soldiers as they marched by.

When the companies reached Pennsylvania Avenue they turned and crossed in formation to the sidewalk in front of the White House. The boys marched up the driveway and the General cried "Halt!" The captain of B Company mounted the steps and addressed the doorman.

"May I see the President?"

"Come right in," said the doorman genially. The captain was ushered into the President's ground floor office.

"What can I do for you?" asked President Cleveland, kindly.

"Mr. President, Baby Ruth's bodyguard is outside. We would like to have you come out and review us."

Mr. Cleveland looked amused. "Son, I can't do it now, but I'll be glad to review you at two o'clock this afternoon."

The captain's face fell. "Oh, sir."

"Well, then," said the President, "Mrs. Cleveland, the nurse and Baby Ruth will come out now and review you from the front porch. Will that do?"

"Yes, indeed," said the captain.

Almost immediately the big door opened; Mrs. Cleveland and the nurse, who carried Baby Ruth in her arms, took their places at the west end of the portico.

" 'Ten-shun!" Up went the chins and in went the elbows. "Pre-zunt-arms! Shift arms! Fire!" At this there was a clunk of the triggers in wooden guns. Then the command, "Re-load!" Imaginary cartridges were rammed into the barrels.

The visitors on the lawn smiled at the flushed, earnest young faces. "Two abreast—four abreast—eight abreast!" The two companies halted.

The review had ended. Mrs. Cleveland bowed graciously. The nurse took Baby Ruth's little hand in hers and waved it. Then sixteen solemn boys, led by their eight-year-old general astride his pony, marched down the driveway and out the gate. —A. C. GARDINER

Handbag Radio

WOMEN WILL SOON be able to listen to their favorite radio programs while on a downtown shopping trip. That is the prediction of the Institute of Radio Engineers. A handbag radio no larger than a package of cigarettes will do the trick.

All of this will be made possible by novel diminutive radio tubes developed during the war. As soon as post-war production of such midget tubes gets well under way, new types of equipment will be forthcoming that may overshadow in efficiency any receiver now in public use. —VANCE HOYT

Fishing for Brass

DURING A sojourn in Mexico in 1914, I went for a walk along the seawall towards the old fortress-prison of San Juan de Ullua.

Some distance ahead I saw a Mexican busily fishing with a hand-line. He would flip his line seaward, retrieve it almost immediately, remove his catch and deposit

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it in a basket at his side. The action was repeated with machine-like regularity.

My curiosity aroused as to what kind of fish could be caught so easily, I sauntered over. The peon's basket was half-filled with empty brass cartridge shells. Beneath the clear water at his sandal-clad feet lay thousands more. The fisherman, I discovered, was salvaging the shells with the unwilling co-operation of an octopus about the size of a man's hand.

By tying a light line at the base of the creature's bulbous body and weighting it down with a sinker, the native had acquired an efficient but not very happy fishing companion. Every time the octopus was tossed into the water and dragged slowly across the bed of loose shells, his writhing tentacles came in contact with one or more, to which he clung until forcibly relieved of his haul.

The Indian confided that his catch of brass would bring him veinte y cinco centavos; and those were the days in old Mexico when 25 cents would buy a lot of tortillas and frijoles.

—Bob Russell

Trees That Got Clubby

Louisiana boasts the only society of its kind in the world—a society whose members are venerable oak trees. Dues consist of 25 acorns annually. Membership in the exclusive organization can be secured only upon proof that the applicant is a hundred years old. Eligibility is verified by experts who claim that a tree measuring seventeen feet in girth four feet above the roots has probably attained the century mark.

President of the Live Oak Society is the Locke Breaux Oak at Hahnville, Louisiana. The tree measures 36 feet around, is 101 feet high, and has a regal spread of 171 feet. Other members of the society are hundreds of century-old oaks, including the famous Randall Oak at New Roads, named for the composer of *Maryland, My Maryland;* the Duelling Oaks of New Orleans, the Cleveland Live Oak at Avery Island.

The organization was started by Dr. Edwin Lewis Stephens, Louisiana educator, who exploded the theory that live oaks grow so slowly that no man can enjoy the mature glory of an oak planted in his own lifetime. Dr. Stephens proved that live oaks increase their circumference an average of a little more than two inches a year.

During the period of his sponsorship Dr. Stephens was the only human member of the Live Oak Society. He personally collected the annual dues of 25 acorns and saw to it that they were planted in the nurseries of Southwestern Louisiana Institute.

Before his death, Dr. Stephens appointed Stanley Clisby Arthur, director of the Louisiana State Museum, as secretary-treasurer of the Live Oak Society. On Arbor Day last year, Arthur took office in a simple ceremony, and the society of Live Oaks, inactive for a while, resumed its standing as an active, operating organization.

—Sue Thompson

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On their New York farm, a remarkable couple are harvesting a rich crop of international friendship

How the Good Earth Fosters Good Will

by JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

WHEN WORD GOT around Cayuga County in upstate New York that the new farmhand over at James Morse's place was an Egyptian prince and cousin of King Faruk, the neighbors were curious but not astonished. Nothing the Morses do really startles them anymore, for in the last fifteen years they have watched young people of all colors and races stream to Cedar Cliff Farm at Levanna, N.Y., to help the Morses reap their crops of hybrid seed corn, hardy chrysanthemums and international good will.

Prince Tewfik Toussoun of Egypt was not literally a farmhand; he was a work-student, eager to learn, by doing, our American methods of scientific agriculture. On his arrival at Cedar Cliff Farm the handsome red-haired prince took one look at his kindly white-haired hosts and said: "Call me Toppy."

Then he took a second look—this time around the 180 acres of pastures and cultivated fields, his glance sizing up the giant hybrid corn, the tractors, milking machines, herds of sleek cows, the shedful of farm equipment. With a sigh he admitted that Egypt was never like this.

But the contrast was not disconcerting. It merely meant that Toppy would have to concentrate all the harder on learning 20th-century techniques to streamline his native, ox-powered agriculture, barely changed in the centuries since Pharaoh dreamed of the full years and the lean ones.

To that end, in thoroughly unprincelike fashion, Toppy fertilized flower beds, operated the corn picker and shoveled cement for a new barn floor. And if the Morses' tractor was occasionally in danger of losing a wheel from the Prince's inexpert handling—that was an unavoidable hazard in the long-range program of increasing the productivity of the Nile Valley. At the end of four weeks, Toppy bade the Morses farewell and moved on to an agricultural college.

What had he gained from his brief sojourn with these deeply religious and one-world-minded farm folk? First, down-to-earth farm training. Second, understanding of

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many common agricultural terms not found in the textbooks. And most important of all, from sharing the daily home life of a typical American family, the basis for a lasting across-the-seas friendship—the kind of friendship which will probably do more in the long run for international peace than the unending talk of diplomats at conference tables.

Toppy was succeeded at Cedar Cliff by Pei Te Kuo, a merry Chinese lad with a great thirst for knowledge and a sound instinct for machinery.

Time was when a Chinese at Levanna — population 112 — sent the neighbors scurrying for cover. But that was sixteen years ago. During the interim, the weathered farmers and their hardworking wives have come to offer a casual welcome to the Morses' polyglot workers. And though they still balk at inviting a Chinese or an American-born Japanese or a Jamaican itinerant laborer to share their dinner table, they are quite willing to join a yellow- or black-skinned visitor at the Morses' Sunday suppers.

TO UNDERSTAND this unique experiment in agricultural education and international good will, one must know farmer Morse and his wife. James Morse was born in Titusville, Pennsylvania, more than sixty years ago. When James was eighteen, his father paid a thousand dollars down on a 180-acre farm overlooking Lake Cayuga and moved his family into the drafty farmhouse. That same year the father died, and James was summoned home from teaching at district school to lift four mortgages and supervise the schooling of seven younger brothers and sisters. It was a staggering task for a lad of eighteen, but James managed it and even continued his own education at Cornell.

Never a static farmer, James pioneered from the beginning. When wheat was virtually an unknown crop in New York State, he set out a trial plot of sixty varieties. He was one of the first in the East to harvest wild white-clover seed for fertilizer. Then, about thirty years ago, he upset local dairy tradition by raising beef cattle.

To purchase a herd of Aberdeen Angus he made a trip to the Hall farm at Alpine, New York, where he met Franc Hall, a serious young schoolteacher. James and Franc were married in 1916. When James brought his bride to the Levanna farm, both were determined to prove to themselves and their neighbors that a farmer's life need not be one of toil and isolation.

During World War I when labor was scarce, the Morses took on high school and college students as farm helpers. These green hands worked for room and board, and sometimes a little cash. Soon the Morses were registering their young helpers through the State College of Agriculture at Cornell, which had just begun to require a year's actual farm practice as a prerequisite to a degree.

One day a Cornell professor visited the Morse farm, accompanied by a Chinese graduate student. At Cook Academy, where she had taught, Franc Morse had known many young Chinese. Wellington Koo, later one of China's leading statesmen, was one of her class-

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mates. Mrs. Morse asked the graduate student from Nanking if there was anything she could do for the Chinese at Cornell.

"Yes," he said. "If you would give those who are studying agriculture a chance to work on your farm, they would learn things no professor could ever teach them."

Within a week Nai Feng Chang, a shy lad, was installed at Cedar Cliff, to the delight of the Morses and the consternation of neighbors. That was in 1930. Today Chang is an agricultural scientist at the National Agricultural Research Bureau, Chungking.

From such a beginning the Levanna project gained momentum. Other young men and women—more than a hundred altogether—arrived from all over the world to swap the labor of their hands for precious American agricultural knowledge. John Furcick came from Yugoslavia; Arthur Glogau from Austria; Herman Matisof from Russia; Ed Tung from Shanghai; Werner Till from Czechoslovakia, and scores of others.

Some came through Cornell, others on their own. Some stayed weeks, others months. Most adjusted without difficulty to the strenuous workday beginning before cock-crow and lasting well after dark; a very few shirked and were sent on their way. Some were quick to learn; others were slow. Language was rarely a barrier, for most exchange students are well grounded in English before leaving home.

Occasionally a visitor from overseas offered a practical suggestion for improving an American method. That happened when Pei Te Kuo was at Cedar Cliff. Peter, as he was known to the family, watched Mrs. Morse prepare chickens for canning with great interest. Then he remarked, "In China we do not throw away the feathers."

"What do you do with them?" Mrs. Morse asked.

"We boil them in kettles and pour the water on the chrysanthemum beds. It improves the color of the flowers."

Though it is too early to judge results, Mrs. Morse lost no time in making a chicken-feather brew for the chrysanthemums which she raises commercially.

Do you have the jitters?
Then read
Release from Nervous Tension
The book that has helped thousands will be condensed in next month's Coronet

WHAT DO young people of other nations find of greatest interest on our farms? "The machinery," says Morse, who has himself won minor fame in farm circles for his Rube Goldberg inventions. Among these are a bull muzzle to prevent the animal from charging, and a merry-go-round scarecrow which revolves in the breeze.

Unaccustomed to machinery on native farms, boys from the Orient and the less progressive areas of Europe are fascinated by corn-pickers, milkers and sprayers. Once they have mastered fundamentals, Morse finds them handy with machinery. One boy, a German exile, even won a State Fair prize for a

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homemade tractor which he pieced together from an abandoned truck while working on the Morse place.

But machines are never permitted to dominate the scene or the thinking at Cedar Cliff. Human values come first. Whether at a taffy pull, a squirrel hunt, a Thanksgiving dinner or a service at the village church, fellowship is stressed as the underlying need of war-weary peoples. To foster that fellowship, guests from overseas are encouraged to form friendships with each other and with young farm folk of the vicinity.

Fortunately for all concerned, the Morses have discovered that good will is like a two-way railroad ticket—valid both going and coming. While visitors from distant countries are working at Levanna and gaining a clearer understanding of America, members of surrounding rural communities have a firsthand opportunity to get acquainted with their global neighbors.

"That is a great privilege for farm people who otherwise would never meet a citizen of another land," says Franc Morse. "And it is a very valuable one too, for how can we feel hostile to any nation whose boys and girls have shared our home, worked our fields and dried our dishes?"

Grubstake Bargaining Power

WHEN THE SUPPORTS for the bridge over San Francisco Bay were surveyed a few years ago, hulks of old sailing vessels were discovered which had been lying at the bottom of the bay since the Gold Rush days of '48. These vessels had been discarded by their owners because they would not pay the wages asked by members of their crew.

In those days sailors had no union. They called no strike. There was no collective bargaining, no picketing, no mediating, no arbitrating. There was no NLRB. Yet during a time when seamen generally were lucky to get three dollars daily—and a good room cost only 25 cents a night—these men asked for twenty dollars a day.

What events conspired to give these sailors their especial independence, their bargaining power?

The answer was the placer mines with which that section of California abounded.

Claims could be worked without paying an owner for the privilege, and anyone willing to make the journey up into "them thar hills" with a few dollars' worth of grubstake could, in one day, pan gold worth twenty dollars.

Such opportunities raised wages of San Francisco masons; other skilled craftsmen could command even more if employers wanted to keep them on a job. If the men were not paid as much as they could make panning gold, they frequently quit their jobs. Each person was a one-man union. His wage was determined by his own industry. Each individual, armed with the glowing alternative of prospecting for gold, had a bargaining power such as no union can boast today.

—WILLIAM W. NEWCOMB

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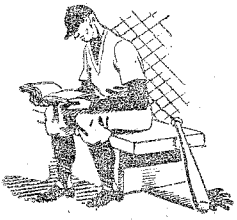
In Pepper Martin's lexicon, Heaven is a shining objective—not an empty word

A PLAIN MAN'S CREDO



THE BALL GAME had been over a couple of hours. A weary man with high cheekbones, a long crooked nose and sensitive mouth sat in the cocktail lounge of the Oakland hotel, happily munching an apple while all about him other people were drinking liquor and talking loudly.

"What's your ambition, Pepper?" I asked, the morning papers having rumored his return from the Pacific Coast to the big leagues as a manager.

"Ambition?" He looked up, as if surprised by the question. "My ambition is to go to Heaven."

Prescott Sullivan of the San Francisco *Examiner*, one of those at our table, guffawed. "You wanta play a harp, eh?" he snorted.

There was an embarrassing silence. John (Pepper) Martin, bellicose leader of the St. Louis Cardinals' memorable Gas House Gang, hero of the 1931 World Series, stopped chewing. "Mister," he snapped, "I don't think that's funny."

"I'm sorry if I offended you," Sullivan quickly apologized, noting the intense light in Pepper Martin's eyes. "I didn't realize . . ."

"That's all right," Pepper said. "I suppose I should be used to it by now but I'm not. People don't want to be mean, I guess, but they sure do pretty well without trying. Just because I come from Oklahoma, they seem to think that makes me something to laugh at—an illiterate Okie with a mattress on top of my car.

"Well, I've always managed to pay my way. I raced midget autos, played in a band, coached football, managed an ice-hockey club, owned a fighter, drove a truck, rode the rods and gave my best to baseball for more than twenty years. I got by. Damon Runyon, Grantland Rice and all the rest said I was one of the greatest base-runners of all time. Yep, I always managed to pull my weight."

Martin paused. No one spoke. Then: "All I've got to say," he continued softly, "is that if there's anything wrong in reading the Bible every day and believing what's in it, if there's anything wrong in a man's wanting to go back to the soil and live the plain life of a farmer, if there's anything wrong in raising vegetables and loving animals, if there's anything funny about wanting to go to Heaven when you die—then I'm afraid life isn't worth living."

Nobody said anything at our table. There was no sound—except the crunching of Pepper Martin's apple.

—ART COHN

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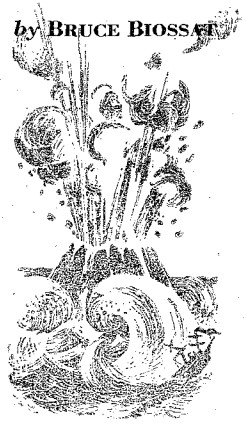
When a slumbering volcano blew its top, its frenzied death throes were felt for thousands of miles

KRAKATOA

Nature's Wildest Rampage

by BRUCE BIOSSAT



WHEN HIROSHIMA vanished from the map in a single terrible detonation of the atomic bomb, man-made destruction reached its peak. But Nature has no cause to shrink, for in 1883 she shook the globe with the most violent, shuddering convulsion ever recorded. A titanic volcano blew itself out of existence, reverberating over nearly a thirteenth of the earth's surface and coloring the heavens for three years.

The scene was Krakatoa, a small, uninhabited tropic isle in shallow Sunda Straits, between Java and Sumatra. A towering, symmetrical cone (like Japan's sacred Fujiyama) once rose out of the sea at that spot. Then eruptions gutted it, leaving only a low jagged crater and a few small cones.

Lush plant life and a long slumber contrived to conceal Krakatoa's lurid past. So the unsuspecting folk of Java and Sumatra were not alarmed when minor disturbances broke its ancient sleep in May, 1883. Compared with other majestic volcanoes of the Dutch East Indies, Krakatoa's cones were pigmies.

Late in August the stirring colossus again quivered, but still the signs were ignored. And then—suddenly—it was too late. On August 26th and 27th, Krakatoa tore out its own vitals in great frenzied spasms that must have seemed like the death throes of the planet.

With an agonizing uprush of internal forces chained too long, it rocketed volcanic dust nine miles skyward, spewed forth white-hot balls of molten lava, inked out the equatorial sun with a dense pall of darkness three hundred miles wide, generated sea waves fifty feet high that engulfed 36 thousand people in hundreds of villages, and filled the air with such a shattering crescendo of noise that echoes were heard three thousand miles west in the Indian Ocean!

The curtain went up on this fear-

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some spectacle soon after one o'clock of a hot Sunday afternoon. Island natives were lolling about in bamboo-fenced huts while their colonial Dutch overlords took life easy in Batavia, capital of Java, some hundred miles away. A few ships were plowing slowly through heavily-traveled Sunda Straits.

Krakatoa's two-day orgy of self-destruction began with enormous, heaven-cracking explosions. At first resounding every ten minutes, the detonations soon swelled to an almost continuous roar. By 5 o'clock all Java, six hundred miles long, and most of Sumatra, a thousand miles across, could hear the deafening blasts.

From the volcano's depths a twisting, billowing black cloud boiled up into the sky at frightening speed. A ship captain 75 miles away watched the thick column spread its top as a gigantic pine tree would its branches.

Near Krakatoa the sky was black as pitch. At each anguished convulsion the crater belched a brew of lava, sponge-like pumice and scorching dust, until its own outlines were blotted from sight and the blackness crept out in a 150-mile radius.

Crews and passengers aboard ships in the Straits quaked as every shudder seemed even more terrifying than the last. The sea churned angrily, currents shifted fitfully, the wind howled with hurricane fury. Mingled with the great explosions were loud crackling noises—the impact of flying pumice fragments striking in air.

Down upon ships' decks showered great cloudbursts of pumice and dust, the chunks of rocks sometimes as big as pumpkins. Seamen frantically shoveled away the debris and beat it from sails and rigging. Dust seared their faces and burned through canvas. The atmosphere was choking and sulphurous.

Unearthly streaks of lightning pierced the massive, swirling cloud over Krakatoa, for superheated steam escaping the fiery vent was creating a vast hydroelectric engine. One voyager said the weird electrical effects resembled "large serpents rushing through the air."

At sea, sailors were gripped with terror as red-hot chips of lava came to rest on mastheads and yardarms. On land, natives rushed to put out the flames with their hands.

One moment a ghastly gloom was all about. A moment later the sky was ablaze from the glowing lava uncovered with each explosion. Gradually the volcano's tortured paroxysms ripped away its jagged throat, letting the sea tumble in through gaping holes.

BEFORE NIGHTFALL Krakatoa's vengeful mood began to be felt by the sea itself. A vessel dropped a sounding line and it came up warm. Blocks of pumice and lava, plummeting into the Straits, whipped up huge waves. Toward midnight the rollers billowed to mountainous heights.

A giant wave struck the Java shore, sweeping away a town. Soon walls of water fifty feet high were inundating dozens of coastal hamlets and their inhabitants. Panicky natives who had escaped drowning groped through the horrifying blackness toward nearby hills.

At dawn, the most towering roller

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of all drenched the shores of Java and Sumatra, completing an appalling devastation. Two lighthouses toppled into the Straits. Ships close to shore were stranded, while a naval craft was propelled two miles inland on Sumatra.

Later in the morning, four tremendous blasts from Krakatoa rocked the whole East Indies. They were probably the most thunderous sounds ever heard by human ears. The third, at 10 o'clock, was the worst. Yet the world received no eyewitness accounts of what happened in those dreadful moments, for no one could penetrate the island's shroud of smothering dust. Perhaps few would have looked if they could—their thoughts were on the menacing sea, the frightful dark, the ear-splitting noise.

THOSE HOURS of frightful climax had to be reconstructed when the cataclysm was over. And what met the eye was one of the most amazing transformations imaginable. Of the island's eighteen square miles, two-thirds had disappeared. Only the southern end of the island still stood, and there a 26 hundred-foot peak was shorn in two as if it had been cut by a great celestial knife. Where land once had been, the sea now rolled nine hundred feet deep.

Another tinier isle was gone, but falling material had enlarged two others and raised two new patches of land. Sunda Straits were clogged with bobbing chunks of pumice, some bearing uprooted trees. Many vessels could not slice through the mass for days. It drifted westward over the broad Indian Ocean, where ships encountered hundred-mile stretches as long afterward as the fall of 1884.

On the second day of Krakatoa's convulsions, the impenetrable curtain of flying material muffled many detonations, yet some carried to staggering distances. A police chief on an island speck near Madagascar reported that he had heard not one but many detonations on the 26th and 27th. Described as "heavy firing," there was no doubt they were from Krakatoa, three thousand miles off, the farthest man had ever heard sound!

Eastward the noise traveled 22 hundred miles to Australia, and thousands of other points east and west recorded it. Everywhere it sounded like big guns. Natives fled a Borneo village in fear of attack, troops were put under arms on another distant isle, and port after port dispatched vessels to search for "ships in distress," mistaking the explosions for signals.

Almost with the speed of sound, powerful air waves shot out over the globe. In Batavia and fifty miles beyond, the concussion rattled windows and cracked walls. Flaring in a great circle, the currents spanned the earth four times and were reflected back three. Scientists pieced together these movements by comparing dates and times when barometers were affected at far-flung points. No major barometer anywhere failed to record Krakatoa's impact.

Destructive sea waves also fanned out over long distances. To the east, tidal effects were observed only 440 miles up the Java coast. But westward, where land obstructions were fewer, the rollers raced at 300 miles an hour to affect tidal gauges

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as far as Cape Horn in South America, about 95 hundred miles from Krakatoa.

At Ceylon, two thousand miles away, low strips of land were washed under. In hundreds of ports on the Indian Ocean, ships twisted and tugged at anchor. Off the island of Mauritius near Africa, buoys were seen "spinning like tops" and a ship was tossed on the beach after making three wild gyrations.

For more than a week after the eruption, volcanic dust descended over 1,100,000 square miles. The gray-white particles, wafted at 75 miles an hour on upper air currents, girdled the earth at least twice, one circuit taking thirteen days.

Close to the Equator, the sun became a bizarre green and blue and often sank into the thick haze soon after noon. Elsewhere the glassy film set the sunset sky aglow for many months with rich yellows, reds and purples. A brilliant corona of bluish white and red fringed the sun, and it was this phenomenon that outlasted all other fabulous consequences of Krakatoa. Not until the summer of 1886, three years after the eruption, did it disappear.

Scientists say one cause of the volcano's unequalled violence was the sea. Pouring through shattered crater walls, it chilled the molten lava to form a solid seal that time and again held raging gases in check until they built up to maniacal fury. Another answer was location. Krakatoa lay at the exact juncture of two deep volcanic fissures in the earth's crust. Thus, unimpressive as the ancient crater looked in 1883, it actually was the hottest spot in the world!

Better Not to Argue

A BRISK LITTLE old lady stepped up to the information desk at the union station and demanded: "When does the next westbound train on the P. D. & Q. leave here?"

"At 4:45, ma'am," replied the man in charge. "You will have to wait four hours."

"I think not!" she snapped.

"Well, maybe you know more about train schedules than I do," retorted the weary Information Man.

"And perhaps you know better than I do whether I am expecting to travel on that train myself, or whether I am inquiring for my niece who is visiting me and wanted me to call here and ask about it and save her the trouble, because she's packing her things and expects to take that train herself and not me; and she will have to do the waiting and not me; and perhaps you think it's your business to sit there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do, and maybe better, and perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions; but my opinion, young man, is that you won't!"

"Yes, ma'am," gasped the Information Man. —*Nuggets*

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The colorful creatures have many uses, and they're in the Big Business swim

Don't Need Sympathy

DON'T GET the goldfish wrong. He's neither useless nor stupid. From the economic point of view he's responsible for a million-dollar-a-year business that keeps a lot of people employed. On the score of intelligence he displays almost human qualities ranging from affection to jealousy, from impishness to hate.

One New Jersey breeder trained a pondful of goldfish to order their meals by tugging a string attached to a tiny bell. One of them could recognize his master's hand among a score outstretched above him.

Other and less talented goldfish are used for many purposes. Doctors and dentists display them in reception rooms to soothe nervous patients. They attract crowds to aquariums. They are used on private estates to destroy mosquito larvae. They even have a therapeutic value: veterans with nervous ailments find relaxation in watching the graceful creatures.

As a hobby, toy fish appeal to rich and poor alike. A plain goldfish or guppy can be bought for as little as a dime, but several prize specimens have brought as much as 25 hundred dollars each.

The affection of owners for their finny pets led a Chicago woman to start a boarding house for fish, where vacationing families leave the creatures in her care. New York has a fish hospital and sanitarium.

The goldfish we see today, however, wouldn't be recognized by their ancestors, so completely have they been transformed by man. Brilliant red has been given tints of blue, purple, yellow and black. Heads, bodies, fins, tails have taken on fantastic shapes. But the creatures revert quickly to type if breeding is not supervised.

The first goldfish were brought to America from China in 1878. Twenty-nine years later an Indiana salesman used goldfish in what may have been the first box-top offer in history. When he started giving away bowls of fish with his washing powder, box-tops poured in so fast that the goldfish gave out.

The harassed salesman persuaded Eugene Shireman of Martinsville, Indiana, that there was money in raising goldfish. On a large tract of land too marshy for farming, Shireman started the country's first goldfish hatchery, Grassyfork. Today it is the largest in the world and has produced more than a hundred million goldfish. But it is only one of several in the U. S.

Yes, there is a good deal to be said for goldfish. They keep a Big Business going and they bring color and pleasure to millions of homes.

—ALFRED PROWITT

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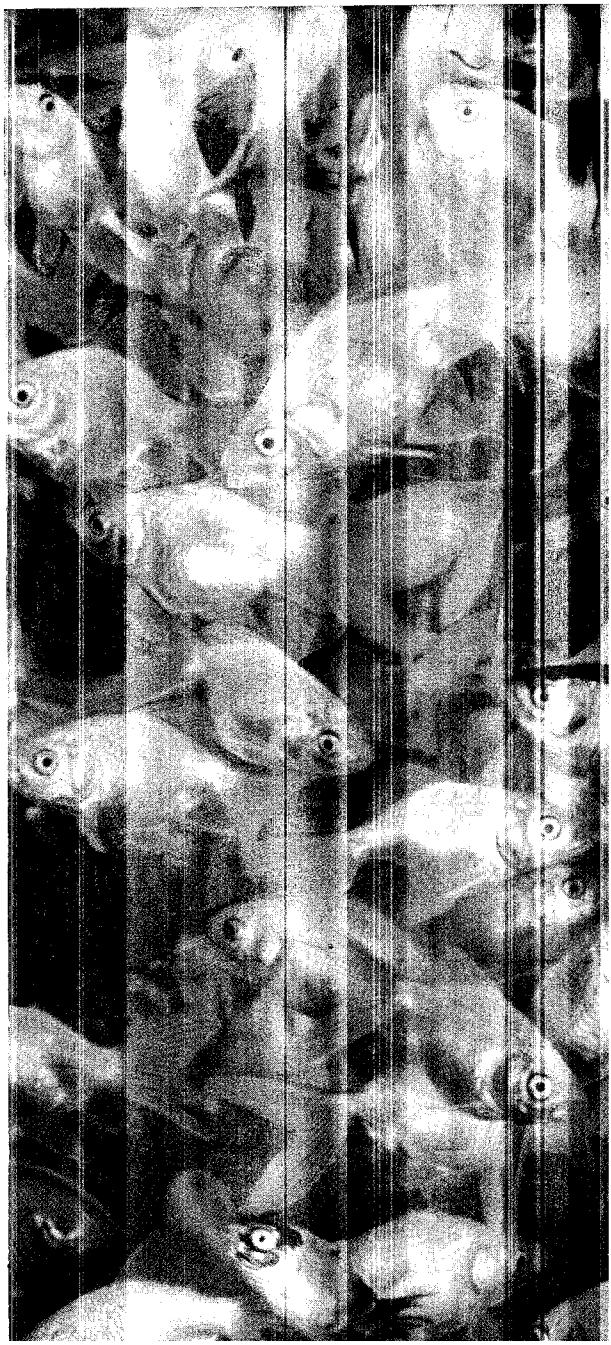

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ILLUSTRATED BY STEVAN DOHANOS

A Magic Carpet for the Shut-in

by **M. R. KELLY**

"WHERE AM I going this week?" asked the red-haired boy with the broken back and useless legs. The trim young woman handed him a bright-jacketed book and, with a smile, suggested, "How about Mexico?" The boy's face brightened, for in the pages of books he was able to escape from his shabby tenement room to adventure in far places.

The young woman was a traveling librarian for the Judd Fund Division of the Cleveland Public Library, a service which grew out of the vision and humanity of one

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man: Frederick W. Judd, Cleveland business executive.

Once many years ago, when Judd visited a convalescent friend, he found him bored and irritable, chafing under his forced confinement. But a steady flow of new books and magazines carefully selected by Judd soon restored the man's cheerful disposition.

This experience set the industrialist to thinking. In a city the size of Cleveland there must be scores of people who enjoy reading but are unable to get to a library. When investigation proved he was right, Judd drew up a will leaving the income from a fund of 519 thousand dollars to the Cleveland Public Library. By the provisions of the will, the library was to extend its facilities to persons unable because of illness or incapacity to come to the library. Upon the death of Judd's wife in 1940, the Frederick W. and Henryett Slocum Judd Fund became available for use.

Artist Stevan Dohanos designed a bookplate which appears in every Judd Fund volume. Through an uncurtained window, a pair of hands are seen holding an open book on blanket-covered knees; at one side, a robin is perched on the branch of a tree, poised for flight.

With the selection of a slogan—"So Those Who Cannot Run May Read"—and the purchase of hundreds of books, the new division was ready to function. Clergymen, doctors, friends and relatives of shut-ins, and the out-patient departments of Cleveland hospitals helped prepare lists of readers. Last year this service brought books to 733 persons in their homes and to hundreds more in hospitals and other institutions.

Special attention is given to the needs of schoolchildren. Librarians consult with board of education tutors to bring to shut-in pupils reading related to their studies.

A record is kept of the preferences of each reader, and a two-weeks' supply—usually five books—is delivered at one time. The Judd truck goes out daily, even in storms and blizzards, and in a single day the librarian may grope her way up a dark and broken stairway or be whisked in an elevator to a luxurious apartment.

The Judd Fund collection now consists of more than five thousand books. In addition, the division circulates books in eighteen foreign languages.

Cleveland Library officials believe their service is the only one of its kind in the country supported by private funds. But they hope it will serve as a model for other library boards and other philanthropists with the vision and understanding of Frederick W. Judd.

MARK TWAIN'S home overflowed with books. When a close friend commented about the lack of shelf space and the dozens of books stacked on desks and window sills of his library, the great wit remarked: "Well, you know how difficult it is to borrow bookcases."

—MRS. ELMER HIERS

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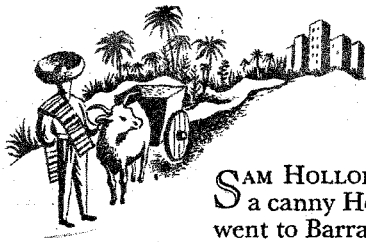
Yankee Dictator

IN SOUTH AMERICA



How an American engineer in Colombia built a forlorn mudhole into a modern city

SAM HOLLOPETER, a canny Hoosier, went to Barranquilla, Colombia, some twenty years ago as collateral for a bank loan. He stayed to become virtual boss of the city, one of the air gateways between the American continents. Today he is the only Yankee dictator in all South America, though an unofficial one.

Sam holds power by collecting and spending Barranquilla's taxes, always setting aside a little toward paying off that loan. The people have not always agreed with him. But they idolize him today, because he changed Barranquilla from a forlorn mudhole at the mouth of the Magdalena River to a modern, healthful town.

When Sam arrived in Colombia in 1925, Barranquillans dipped their drinking water from the filthy Magdalena in tin cans. Refuse littered the rutted streets; flies and mosquitoes buzzed everywhere. Disease was a matter of course.

Karl G. Parrish, a gold and silver prospector who had made his pile in the Colombian Andes, wanted to end his days within easy reach of those majestic hills. Barranquilla appealed to him, so he went to the Central Trust Company of Illinois —the old "Dawes Bank" of Chicago—to borrow two and a half million dollars with which to build a modern town.

His own construction firm could erect houses, but he needed money for streets and sewers. Parrish proposed that the bank send an engineer to Barranquilla to make sure the money was spent as agreed and that it was repaid from taxes, pay-as-you-go. Thus Sam Hollopeter, a native of Wayne, Indiana, and an engineer for the Bell Telephone Company and the State of Ohio, began a career unique in the history of banking collateral.

Today, Barranquilla is more than twice as big as when the tall and portly Sam arrived. The water supply is as pure as New York's, streets are paved with concrete and lined with sewer mains. Garbage is collected regularly. Slum areas are being replaced by low-cost houses. Swamps have been drained and transformed into productive land. Industries are bidding for factory sites in a new industrial zone.

What about the loan for which Sam is collateral? Seven hundred thousand dollars of the original sum has been paid off. Meanwhile the city has borrowed an additional million and a half, and Sam, having spent twenty years in a hotel room in expectation of a short stay, has moved into a six-room house.

—JOHN LEAR

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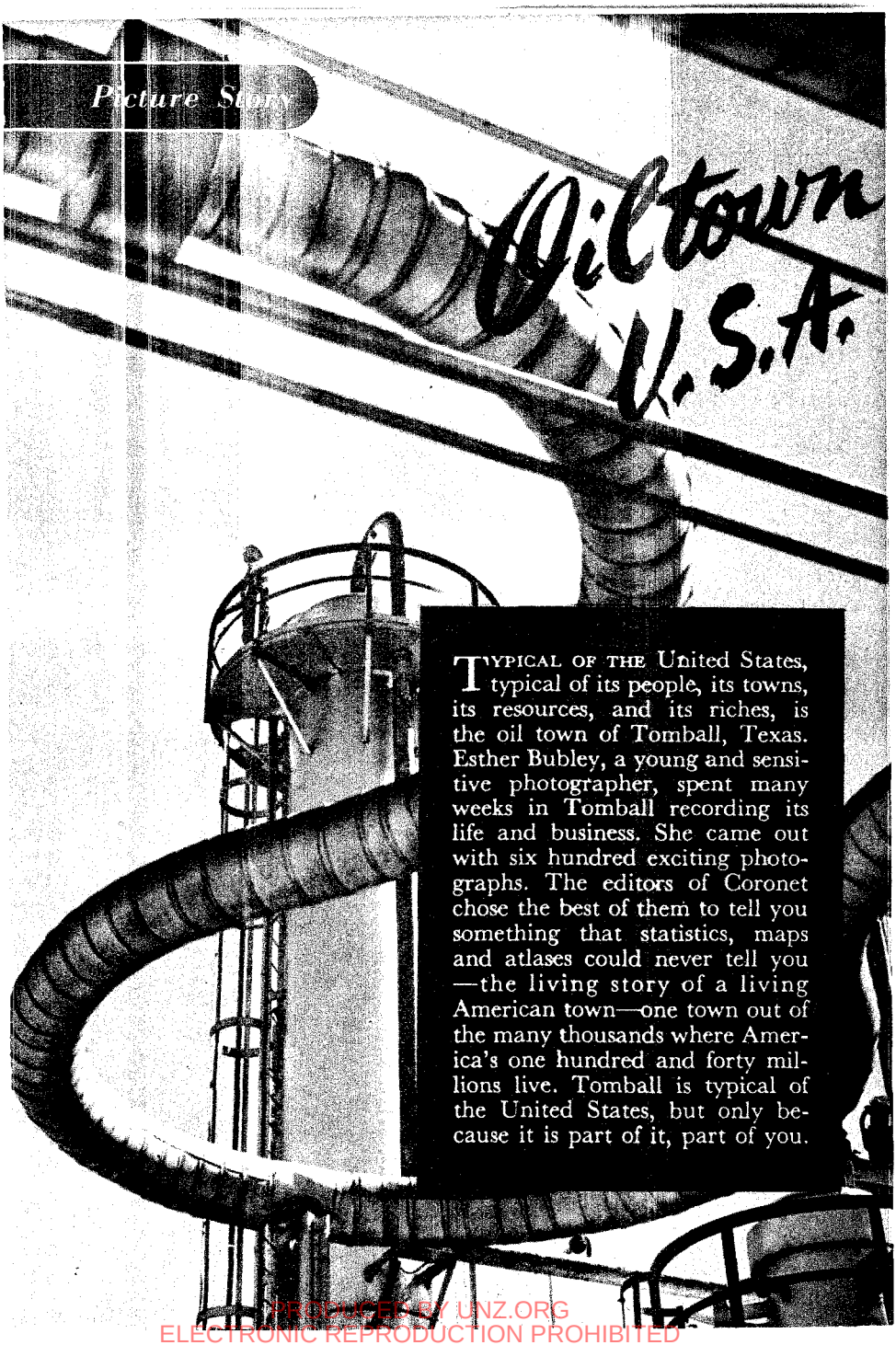
Oil Town U.S.A.



TYPICAL OF THE United States, typical of its people, its towns, its resources, and its riches, is the oil town of Tomball, Texas. Esther Bubley, a young and sensitive photographer, spent many weeks in Tomball recording its life and business. She came out with six hundred exciting photographs. The editors of Coronet chose the best of them to tell you something that statistics, maps and atlases could never tell you —the living story of a living American town—one town out of the many thousands where America's one hundred and forty millions live. Tomball is typical of the United States, but only because it is part of it, part of you.

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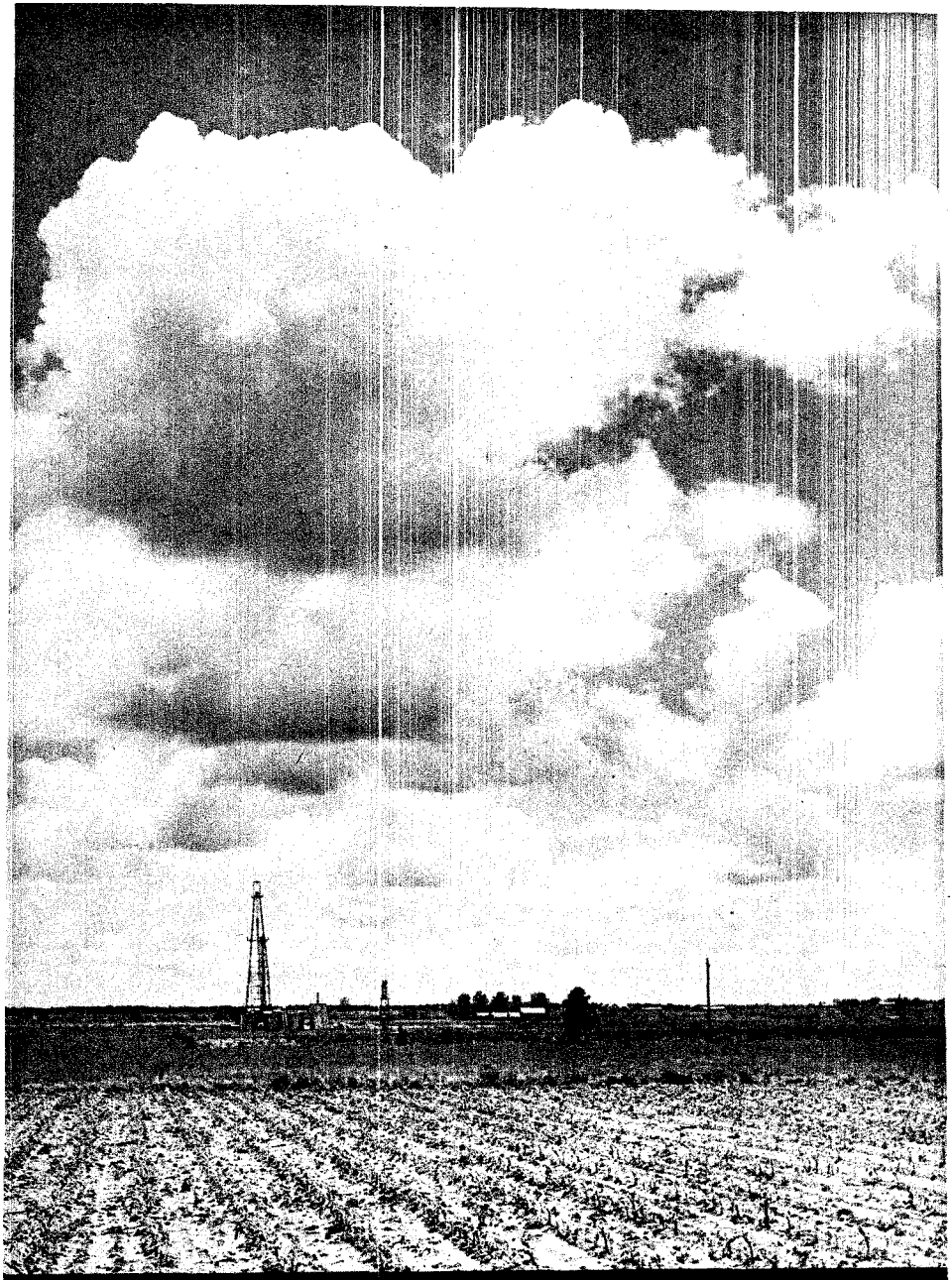

Piercing the endless horizon, punctuating the green and fertile prairies

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Up the road from Houston, up the stretching highways, in the warm air and the clean air, the view is long and wide and expectant.

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On the surface, Tomball, like many another U.S. town, appears easy going and leisurely, a restful place to live, a pleasant place to spend time and do business.

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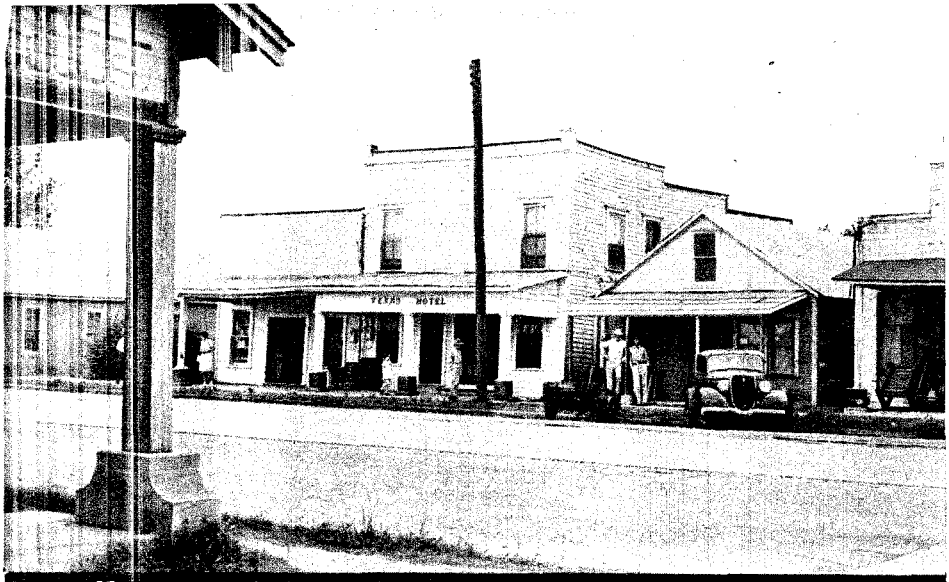
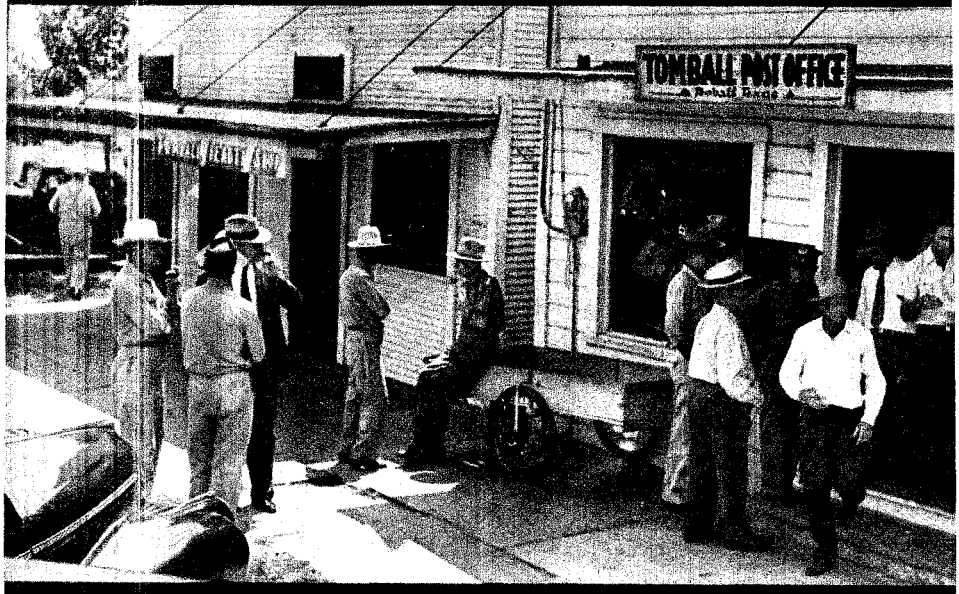


Here ease and glamor are made of simple things. Sturdy, one-story, white frame buildings line a well made road. Main Street is not elegant. It is serviceable.



It is 11:30 a.m. The mail has just arrived. For the farmers, oil men, dairy men, storekeepers, school teachers, it is time for

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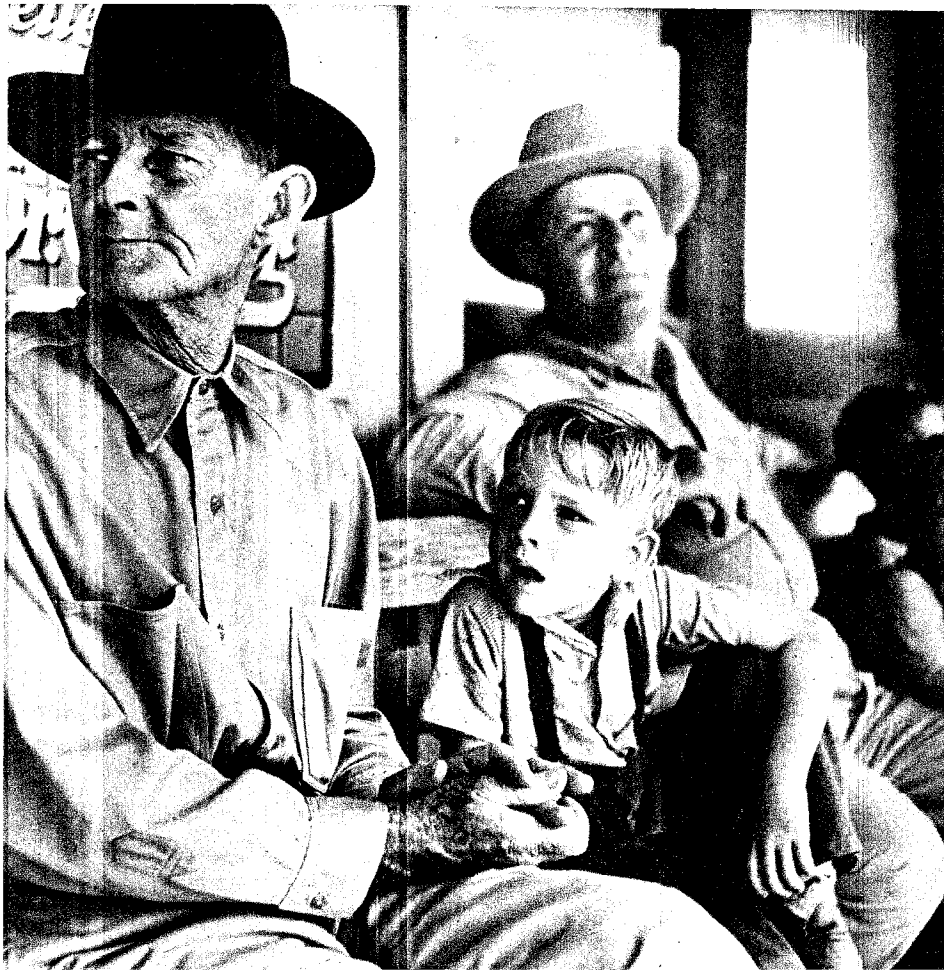

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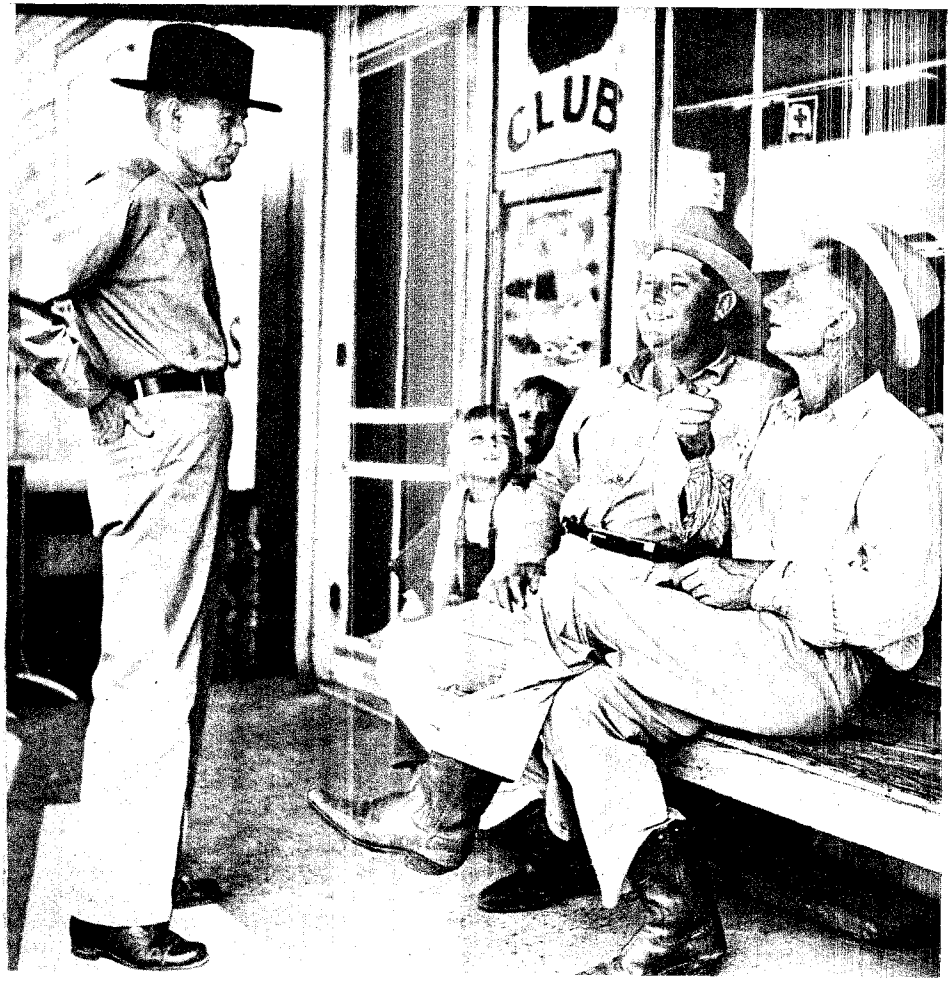

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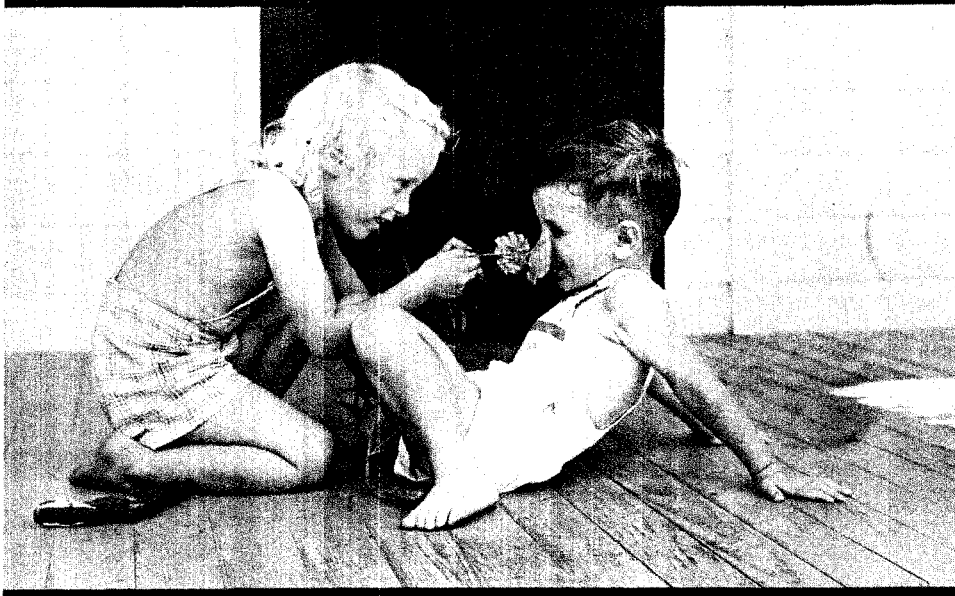
But despite the new houses and the new green parks of the oil workers' camps on the outskirts of town, Tomball's values remain the same.



Tomball still works for its children, still has time for home and community life, still places these things above the getting of money.

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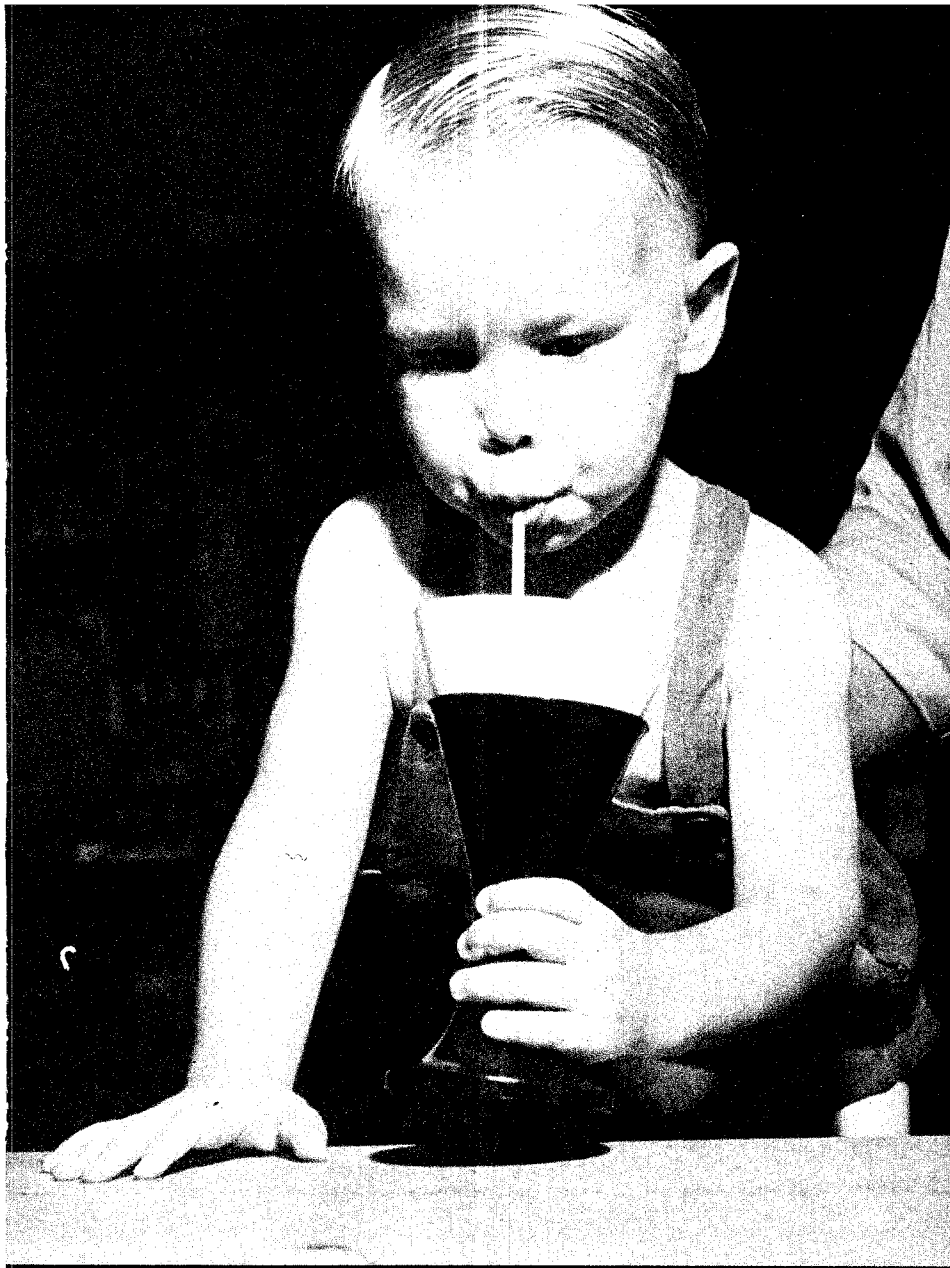

And a boy's Saturday afternoon soda is, in no small way, the sign that among the major concerns of this town are the welfare and pleasure

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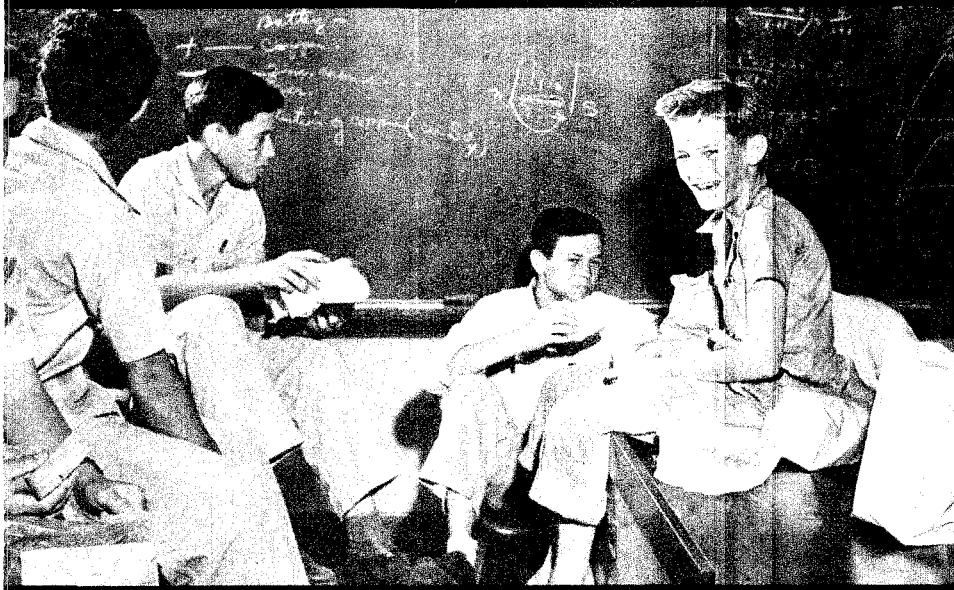
Oil money and farm money have made no great houses, no ornate theatres, no shining night clubs. They have been invested in Tomball's youth.



An elementary school and a high school, these are a town's pride.

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In Tomball, religion is more than Sunday's pastime, it is an all-week, all-year thing. It is living together for the enrichment of the spirit.

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As surely as did all the States share in the victory over G
Japan, so surely did Tomball. VE-Day and VJ-Day were
matters of proclamation for Tomball. They were days of

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Tomball's brave sons, Tomball's lost sons, made that victory. Their mothers made it. . . .

—Tomball's fathers—the druggist, the grocer, the farmer, the oilman—

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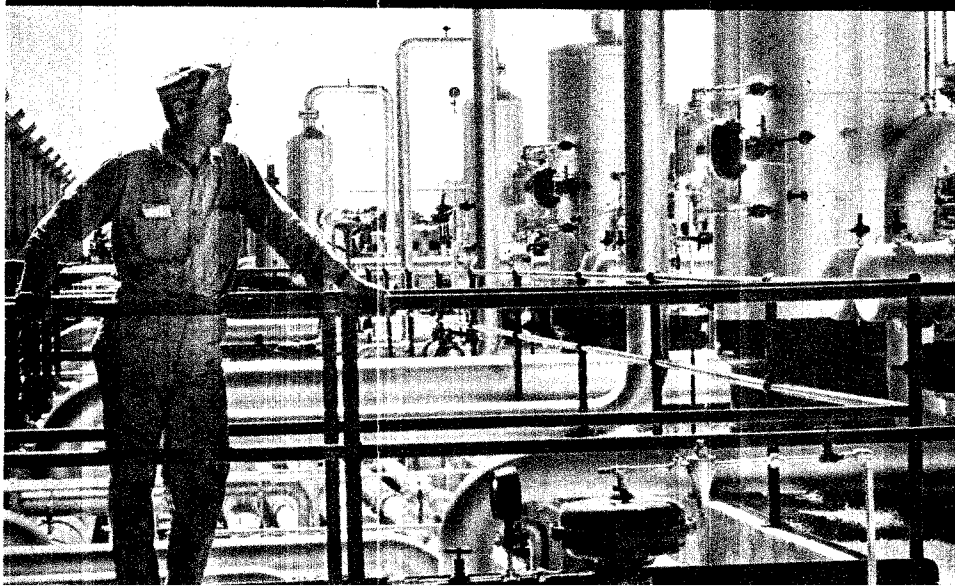
For behind Tomball's quiet, a part of America's heart beats strong and ceaselessly. Oil lies beneath Tomball—oil and the work that gets it out.



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Prejudice and bigotry could not defeat a brilliant Negro doctor in his fight to succeed

Dr. Louis Wright

SURGEON OF DEMOCRACY

by THYRA EDWARDS AND MURRAY GITLIN

NO NEGRO DOCTOR had ever undertaken a major surgical operation in the State of New York until 1919. Today, through the courageous efforts and ability of Dr. Louis Wright, Negro director of surgery in the 785-bed Harlem Hospital, scores of Negro doctors, no longer judged by color but by skill, have become integrated into all of New York City's hospitals.

Dr. Wright's fight to win recognition for himself and others like him was long and hard. But he succeeded, and now he is one of the outstanding doctors in Manhattan, the only Negro fellow of the American College of Surgeons, the first Negro to be appointed to the staff of a New York hospital, and the only Negro police surgeon in the city. What's more, it was he who performed that precedent-breaking operation in 1919.

The "traffic" is heavy in New York hospitals and Harlem is no exception. Patients are admitted with cracked skulls, stab wounds, broken necks, and suffering from delirium tremens and social diseases. Dr. Wright has performed so many hundreds of operations that he is now a specialist in many types of surgery.

His original work on the treatment of skull fractures and brain injuries has made him a leading authority in that field. He invented the brace used in the transportation and handling of patients with neck injuries. His report on the treatment of rupture of the spleen, published in 1939, is a classic, and right now he is making a study of lymphogranuloma, an infection of the lymph glands which has been the subject of little original research in this country.

The story of Dr. Wright's inspiring achievements begins in 1917, when the United States entered World War I. Then 26, Wright left his practice in Atlanta to volunteer for the Army. At the time it was the rule to vaccinate against smallpox by scratching vaccine into the skin. But the young Negro doctor soon observed that this technique involved a large percentage of repeats—or "no takes" as they are called. One day

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at Camp Upton he made a revolutionary experiment: he injected vaccine by hypodermic needle under the skin. It worked. "No takes" were virtually eliminated. Today Wright's method is recognized as the best method of vaccination.

SOON AFTER the war, the story of how Wright got into Harlem Hospital again made news. In May, 1919, Captain Wright, just discharged from the Army, applied to the board of trustees of New York's Bellevue and Allied Hospitals for a place on Harlem's staff. Every day he called the board to check on "vacancies." Every day he was told: "You'll be notified if and when a vacancy occurs."

One day, after his application had been "pending" six months, he called on Dr. Cosmo D. O'Neal, superintendent of Harlem Hospital. Dr. O'Neal admired the young Negro doctor's contributions to research: he knew that Wright's experiments with the Schick test, carried on while Wright was an interne at Freedman's Hospital in Washington, had discredited the National Vaccine Laboratory claim that tests wouldn't show up on Negroes.

The two men talked for an hour. Finally, as Wright got up to leave, O'Neal said: "I wish I could get a man like you in our out-patient department."

Wright, who had just made his daily call to the board, asked: "Have you a vacancy?"

"Yes, we've been understaffed since the war. Could you come?"

"Yes," Wright replied. "Tomorrow morning."

When he showed up next day in the clinic for patients not confined in the hospital, four staff physicians resigned and walked out. And soon afterward the board transferred Superintendent O'Neal from Harlem Hospital to the gate-booth at Bellevue to direct ambulance traffic.

Until Wright came, New York's hospitals had been staffed, from surgeons to charwomen, with white personnel only. But within a few months, four other Negro doctors followed Wright to Harlem Hospital. Two years later the five men were ready for the surgical wards. The dispensary committee, with the eminent neurologist Dr. Leizer E. Grimberg as spokesman, recommended their names to the hospital board for promotion. The board, however, told Dr. Grimberg it didn't plan to advance Negroes and that any dissatisfied doctor could resign.

Dr. Grimberg resigned. He advised Wright to quit too. But Wright refused, for by now the Harlem community was aroused. When delegations began to wait on Mayor Hylan, the newspapers took notice. Citizens' committees rallied around the physicians.

Hylan's Commissioner of Accounts investigated the anti-Negro policies of the chairman of the board of trustees of Bellevue and Allied Hospitals. The public hearings stirred up such indignation that the chairman was not re-elected. He was succeeded by a new chairman who welcomed qualified physicians regardless of color. At the same time, Dr. O'Neal was rescued from the Bellevue yard and appointed superintendent of Fordham Hospital. Finally, in June, 1925, Wright and the four other

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Negro doctors were promoted. Today 25 per cent of Harlem's medical staff is Negro.

Wright was guided into medicine by his stepfather, Dr. William Fletcher Penn, a graduate of Yale Medical School. Dr. Penn chose Harvard for Louis and paid his expenses at a period when most Negro students worked as redcaps and Pullman porters to finance themselves through the limited advantages of Meharry and Howard, Negro medical colleges at Nashville and Washington. From Dr. Penn, Wright learned to be intolerant of mediocrity.

Today, at 54, Dr. Wright is a youngish-looking man with a ready smile, easy poise and modest assurance. Some of the older Negro doctors on Harlem's staff think he's tough—tough and unreasonable. Perhaps it's because Wright won't play "race" politics in staff promotions. "I insist on the best man for the job, whether he's white or black, Jew or Catholic, and that's all there is to it," he says.

To Dr. Wright's gratification, both his daughters decided to take up medicine. Jane, who was graduated from Smith College, started her interneship at Bellevue last summer. Barbara, a graduate of Mount Holyoke, will enter in April. Their father is guiding their careers.

And at his post in Harlem Hospital, Dr. Wright continues to work and to train other young doctors, for most of New York's Negro surgeons have come up under his direction. Louis Wright's career is not only a stirring chapter in the history of modern medicine, but a striking example of democratic triumph over prejudice and bigotry.

Sharpshooter's Surgery

MARINE SERGEANT Myron Koziar, veteran of many violent clashes in the South Pacific, reported at the Marine Base Hospital in San Diego, California, for a physical check-up.

"Nice bit of tonsillectomy," commented the Marine Hospital doctor. "Where did you have your tonsils removed?"

"On Guadalcanal," grinned Sergeant Koziar.

Then the amazing South Sea Island surgical story came out. Marine Sergeant Koziar's tonsils had been troubling him for some weeks, but he had kept right on battling Japs. In the midst of a fierce engagement Sergeant Koziar was sneaking up on a machine-gun nest with a hand-grenade when—*whang!*—a slug from a sharpshooter's gun got him through the throat! Later, in a field hospital, it was discovered that the shot in the neck had neatly severed his badly infected tonsils without doing much injury to his throat.

Surgeons at the San Diego Marine Base Hospital admitted reluctantly that they couldn't have done a better job on Sergeant Koziar themselves.

—JAMES E. HUNGERFORD

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Easter Sunday

In the face of a child returning from church is reflected the full glory of Easter; in her radiant smile, her sparkling eyes, are the holy music and the reverent prayers. This painting by Douglass Crockwell is another in a series devoted to familiar scenes in American life.

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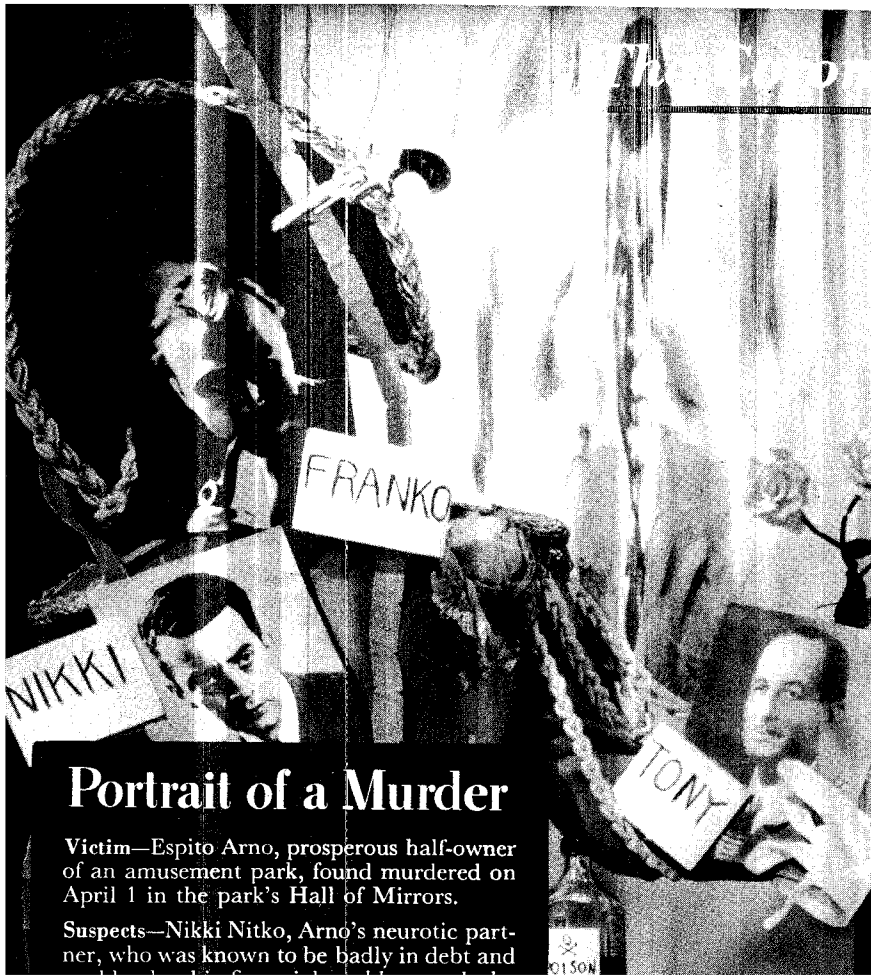

Portrait of a Murder

Victim—Espito Arno, prosperous half-owner of an amusement park, found murdered on April 1 in the park's Hall of Mirrors.

Suspects—Nikki Nitko, Arno's neurotic partner, who was known to be badly in debt and

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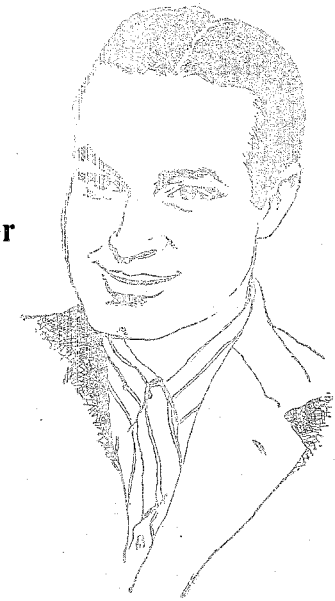
ıme Book Section



Parlor Chit-Chat with BOB HOPE as Guest Editor

"If you're like me," Bob Hope confides, "you're thinking one of two things when you leave a party. Either 'I wish I'd said that,' or 'I wish I hadn't said that!' " Well, you aren't like Bob Hope, of course—no one is—so maybe you can think of the proper rejoinders to the bits of parlor chit-chat in the first quiz he's picked for your April Game Book. In each case, there's only one of the three choices, (a), (b) or (c), that you could unblushingly reply to the remark on the first line of the question. Count ten for each correct answer; a score of 60 or more is passing. (Bob scored 90.) **Answers on page 127.**

1. "Do you like *Botticelli?*"
   (*a*) Yes, but it's so fattening.
   (*b*) I like all flowers.
   (*c*) No, I prefer the moderns.
2. "Our church needs a *Carillon.*"
   (*a*) But you have no steeple!
   (*b*) Is the present one retiring?
   (*c*) Have you robes for them?
3. "I've just learned how to make *Crepes Suzettes.*"
   (*a*) You must enjoy cooking.
   (*b*) How nice to be able to sew!
   (*c*) But wood is so scarce!
4. "Have you ever been to *La Giocon-da?*"
   (*a*) No, but we were in Venice.
   (*b*) We seldom get to the opera.
   (*c*) We aren't night-clubbers.
5. "What's your idea of *Saroyan?*"
   (*a*) It's a sure hit.
   (*b*) I never have to take it.
   (*c*) A very gifted writer.
6. "He was in the *Maquis.*"
   (*a*) I didn't know he acted.
   (*b*) Oh, so he's French!
   (*c*) What a ship that was!
7. "I'm in a *Dilemma.*"
   (*a*) Maybe I can advise you.
   (*b*) Who else belongs?
   (*c*) I've never worn one.
8. "I've just been reading about *Plu-tonium.*"
   (*a*) I hope you never go there.
   (*b*) What's he been up to?
   (*c*) Atomic theory is beyond me.
9. "I can't resist *Salami.*"
   (*a*) So you like people to bow and scrape?
   (*b*) Neither could Herod.
   (*c*) It's too highly seasoned.
10. "He's a real *Munchausen.*"
    (*a*) What do they see in him?
    (*b*) He doesn't sing *that* well.
    (*c*) I don't believe him, either.

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Defining Celebrities

Here's a game of making up famous names out of common everyday words. For example, if you take "a direction" (East) and a "male" (man) you'll make the name *Eastman*. Don't let No. 4 be unlucky for you, even if you've forgotten the names of some of our presidents; and don't get fewer than eight of the names, or you won't pass. Ten right is good, twelve or more excellent. You will find the answers listed on page 127.

1. *British statesman*
   Cathedral + Ailing
   . . .

Have You A Logical Mind?

Bob Hope told us the first syllogism below as a gag; but syllogisms aren't always silly. Can you tell in which cases the first two statements (if accepted as true) *prove* that the third statement is true? There are five correct conclusions, five false ones. Pick seven right and you've a logical mind; four to six and you're logical *sometimes;* less than four and you're downright illogical (which is often fun). Answers listed on page 127.

1. No dog has 2 tails.
   One dog has one more tail than no dog.
   Therefore one dog has 3 tails.

2. Ice is water.
   Ice is white.
   Therefore water is white.

3. I am a lover, being in love.
   Everyone loves a lover.
   Therefore everyone loves me.

4. Rain is water.
   Rain is liquid.
   Therefore water is liquid.

5. No fish has feet.
   The otter has feet.
   Therefore the otter is no fish.

6. All men are mortal.
   Jean is mortal.
   Therefore Jean is a man.

7. John is as old as Mary.
   Mary is younger than Bob.
   Therefore Bob is older than John.

8. The great are frequently slandered.
   Caesar was slandered.
   Therefore Caesar was great.

9. Dogs chase cats.
   Cats run when chased.
   Therefore cats run from dogs.

10. All vices are sinful.
    Lying is a vice.
    Therefore lying is sinful.

Can You Identify Her?

The "vital statistics" below are disguised by being furnished in the form of initials or numerals. Can you identify the subject?

1. NAME .....A. E. R. R.	6. AUTHOR OF .....M. D.
2. ADDRESS .....N. Y.	7. MARITAL STATUS ..W.
3. AGE 62	8. SONS 4
4. SEX .....F.	9. DAUGHTERS 1
5. PROFESSION .....W., L.	10. HUSBAND .....F. D. R.

Answers will be found on page 127.

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A Game of Ownership

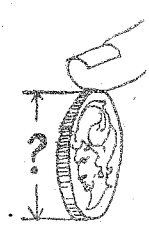
Each of the qualities or properties listed in the right-hand column below can belong to only one of the choices you're given in the left-hand column. If No. 6 gives you spots before your eyes, don't be blind when you come to No. 7. Average score is 14 or 15 right out of 24; 16 or more is above average; anything over 20 is exceptional. Answers on the opposite page.

Which of these		has these?
a. Camel	*b.* Dromedary	1. Two humps
a. Czechoslovakia	*b.* Yugoslavia	2. Tito
a. *Hamlet*	*b.* *Othello*	3. A wife
a. Saturn	*b.* Sirius	4. Rings
a. Captain	*b.* Commander	5. Four stripes
a. Puma	*b.* Jaguar	6. Spots
a. Blindworm	*b.* Blindfish	7. Eyesight
a. Margo	*b.* Annabella	8. Tyrone Power
a. Denmark	*b.* Holland	9. A king
a. Cryptogram	*b.* Cryptogam	10. Leaves
a. Garfield	*b.* Jackson	11. A beard
a. Tetragon	*b.* Pentagon	12. Five sides
a. Primrose	*b.* Tuberose	13. Bulbs
a. Opossum	*b.* Raccoon	14. A pouch
a. Capital	*b.* Capitol	15. A dome
a. Andrew Carnegie	*b.* Hattie Carnegie	16. A store
a. Bassoon	*b.* Double bass	17. Strings
a. West Point	*b.* Annapolis	18. Blanchard
a. Nutria	*b.* Karacul	19. Curls
a. Chess	*b.* Parchesi	20. Rook
a. Mortar	*b.* Howitzer	21. Rifled bore
a. New Jersey	*b.* New Haven	22. Princeton
a. Hippopotamus	*b.* Rhinoceros	23. Horns
a. Joe Louis	*b.* Jack Dempsey	24. A restaurant

Bob Hope's Favorite Ice-Breaker

People who like tricks and also like auctions go for this one: Stand a dime on edge. Say "How many dimes would you need to make a pile this high?" Someone may guess eight—someone else, six. Pick the *lowest* bidder and offer him some bargain price—say, a dollar—for as many dimes as he has to pile up to equal the height of the dime that's on its edge.

How many dimes do you think he'll need? See opposite page.



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ANSWERS

Defining Celebrities

1. Winston CHURCHILL
2. Henry W. LONGFELLOW
3. George WASHINGTON
4. Millard FILLMORE
5. F. W. WOOLWORTH
6. Henry A. WALLACE
7. Amelia EARHART
8. Paul ROBESON
9. Clara BARTON
10. Marlene DIETRICH
11. Charles GOODYEAR
12. Lewis CARROLL
13. Stanley BALDWIN
14. Benny GOODMAN

A Game of Ownership

1. Camel
2. Yugoslavia
3. *Othello*
4. Saturn
5. Captain
6. Jaguar
7. Blindworm
8. Annabella
9. Denmark
10. Cryptogam
11. Garfield
12. Pentagon
13. Tuberose
14. Opossum
15. Capitol
16. Hattie
17. Double bass
18. West Point
19. Karacul
20. Chess
21. Howitzer
22. New Jersey
23. Rhinoceros
24. Jack Dempsey

Portrait of a Murder

Nikki Nitko killed Arno. If you looked closely, you saw his distorted reflection in the mirror. If you were ingenious enough to tip the page, you saw the image even more clearly.

Favorite Ice-Breaker

It takes fourteen dimes in a pile to top the height of a dime on edge; thirteen won't quite do it. So if you pay a dollar, you get back $1.40 in dimes.

Do You Know the King's English?

aliquot	lorry	sock
aloft	lost	soft
apse	pack	sorry
atop	pact	soso
cape	pose	soul
case	post	spat
cost	posy	spot
cosy	quota	stack
cyst	rock	stoa
foal	roque	stop
foul	rosy	tack
lice	roué	tape
liquor	skat	taps
loft	soak	tope
	soap	

Have You a Logical Mind?

1. False.
2. False; the statement is true, but does not follow from the other statements.
3. True.
4. False; again, the statement is true but is not proved.
5. True.
6. False; It is not necessarily true.
7. True.
8. False.
9. True.
10. True.

Can You Identify Her?

Anna Eleanor Roosevelt Roosevelt; New York; 62; female; writer, lecturer; *My Day;* widowed; four sons; one daughter; Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Parlor Chit-Chat

1. (*c*)	4. (*b*)	8. (*a*)
2. (*a*)	5. (*c*)	9. (*c*)
3. (*a*)	6. (*b*)	10. (*c*)
	7. (*a*)	

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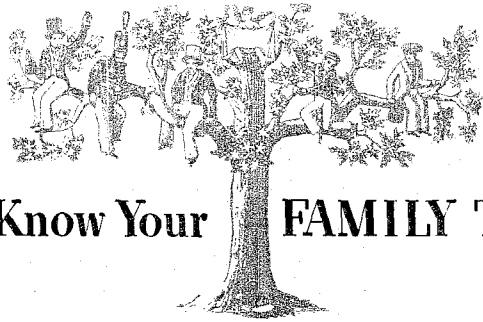
Tracing your ancestors can be fun, but it requires imagination, skill and perseverance



Do You Know Your FAMILY TREE?

by STELLJES NICHOLS

"MY FATHER'S name was Jones," the woman told the librarian in the genealogical division of Chicago's famed Newberry Library. "I want to trace my ancestry back to Admiral John Paul Jones."

The librarian suppressed a smile, then began to explain that establishing relationship with a historical person is not quite that simple. But the woman's request was indicative of the growing American interest in genealogy—the establishment of a "family tree."

Men and women throughout the country are discovering a new world of pleasure and interest in the pursuit of their ancestors. Their motives vary: some are simply curious, some want to become members of the Sons or Daughters of the American Revolution or other patriotic-hereditary societies, some seek to establish a relationship with a nobleman or an historical celebrity.

This kind of genealogical research is like detective work: it involves a chase, some exciting clues which must be followed up, a sprinkling of Lady Luck. The analogy is carried further by its demands: intelligence, a retentive memory, imagination, caution and perseverance. But pursuing one's ancestors is more difficult than detective work, for the person sought is not alive.

If you want to trace your ancestry back to great-great-great-great grandfather Louie, you can start digging in your own backyard, with yourself and your parents. The logical steps in your sleuthing should follow this pattern:

1) Get a loose-leaf notebook, 8½ by 11 inches, and then construct a work-sheet with space for the following information: name of your ancestor; date and place of birth, death and marriage; wife's name and her parents; date and place of her birth and death; residence and occupation of male ancestor; children's names, dates and places of birth. Leave space to list information sources and authorities.

Since you are going to begin your genealogy by following the surname lineage, information about daughters is complete after the date and place of birth are listed. Sons, like their fathers, will

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each require a separate work-sheet.

2) When your forms are prepared, you are ready to start work. Interview all living relatives, elderly persons and friends who might have information about your family tree. Take notes on everything they say, for material which now seems insignificant may prove invaluable.

3) Consult the family lot at the cemetery for names on which to base questions and research. And, of course, don't neglect the family Bible records, old letters and documents, newspapers and clippings, old books—and even samplers, into which family names and dates were often worked.

4) When you have exhausted ordinary possibilities, turn to church and county records in the region inhabited by your progenitors. Births, marriages, deaths, wills and deeds are recorded there; also study census reports, early directories, state histories, immigration lists, naturalization papers, college attendance lists and tax reports.

5) Now the library work begins. Check published genealogies, histories, early records, diaries and other references in a good genealogical collection. If possible, make photostats of important documents to prove authenticity of your claims.

Information about ancestors who served in the Revolutionary, Spanish-American, Civil and other wars may be obtained from the Veterans' Administration or the War Department in Washington, the Adjutent General of your state, or national and state D.A.R. records.

Librarians can help in directing you to references, but don't expect them to do your research for you. If there is no genealogical library near your home, you might plan your next vacation to include a city which has a good collection.

6) You may find it easier to give numbers or letters to ancestors to identify the generation and relationship quickly, thus providing a useful index in keeping a large number of forms. Verification of facts is essential in genealogical work. Nicknames and family "pet" names may throw you off the track. Also check abbreviations. "Eliz." could be either Eliza or Elizabeth; "Jno." was often used for John or Jonathan; "Edw." might pertain to Edward or Edwin.

7) Study family names which recur frequently through generations. If you are confronted with 23 men in a town, all named Jones, it may save time if you recognize that one is called "Judson Jones"—the same name borne by someone in your surname lineage.

8) Keep in mind certain odd facts which might create confusion. The adoption of the Gregorian calendar in 1582 dropped several days from the calendar, and changed the legal beginning of a year from March 25 to January 1. The term "cousin" was widely used in the 17th century for relatives who were not brother or sister, son or daughter. Other practices of that period included use of "son-in-law" and "daughter-in-law" for stepchildren, and "mistriss" for all women in their middle twenties or older.

THE FASCINATION of research will multiply as you discover new "human material" about your ancestors—education, struggles, property, work, problems. Librarians declare that fathers would make a

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contribution to American history if they were to provide their children with an accurate record of the family history as far back as they can establish facts.

Whether or not an ancestor was prominent—and usually few are—he contributed to the building of this nation, one genealogical expert points out. Research, he says, teaches more of history, geography and the psychology of human behavior than stamp collecting. "It is more exciting," he declares, "to locate an ancestor than a rare two-cent stamp."

That is why people from every state in the Union visit Chicago's Newberry Library, which has almost sixty thousand volumes on genealogy alone. "Many plan their vacations so they can work here," librarians say. "They begin from the hour we open in the morning until we close the doors at night."

Detectives and FBI men frequently use Newberry's facilities in their work, tracing relatives and localities. In addition to the thousands who visit the genealogy department annually, a voluminous mail arrives daily with requests for information from professional genealogists, the Bureau of Missing Persons, estate research agencies, insurance companies and law firms. Advertising men seek aid in creating trade names and authenticating coats-of-arms. Judges call to establish relationships in law suits involving the disposal of money.

Newberry's librarians also like to recall amusing incidents. One woman published a book about her family, based on records which were obviously more flattering than the documentary evidence she had uncovered. Another woman, eager to give her daughter an illustrious family background, selected a progenitor of brilliant accomplishment in preference to a man of the same name in the same town who was quite unspectacular—although records definitely proved the latter to be the true ancestor.

Then there is the Chicago advertising executive who ignores all the worthwhile accomplishments of members of his family tree and pounces on little incidents which reveal shady dealings. He has these records photostated and inserted in his "Book of Shame." When he stumbled across an ancestor who narrowly escaped hanging as a horse-thief, the advertising man chuckled for weeks.

Helpful librarians, like those at Newberry, will gladly refer you to published genealogies and other references for your research work. But to increase pride in your ancestors, they suggest that you read books on the history of the period and the region in which they lived. Thus you will be more appreciative of the lives they lived and the roles they played in the building of a mighty America.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident. —CHARLES LAMB

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By observing a few elementary rules, you can help reduce the post-war traffic toll

How Good A Driver Are You?

by RICHARD G. MCCLOSKEY

EVER SINCE NEW cars, tires and gasoline began returning to the peace-time American scene and the 35-mile-an-hour speed limit was lifted, safety experts have broadcast solemn warnings about the perils of post-war driving. Motorists have been told and retold of the dangers inherent in worn-out treads, faulty brakes, cracked headlights, loose bumpers and similar defects in the family bus, caused by four years of wartime shortages in materials and manpower.

But despite all the well-intentioned warnings, traffic fatalities are soaring at a frightening rate. One reason may be that the warnings have been aimed too much at the car itself and not enough at the person who drives it. At least this fact is depressingly certain: many drivers are just as rusty as their machines. So if you hope to get through the 1946 season unscratched, you'd best put your driving habits—like your car—into first-class condition.

Do you *know* where your four fenders are? Sure, you see them every time you climb into the car, reminding you to get that dent painted in the right rear. But if you drive one of the super-streamlined, no-vision jobs that came out just before the war, you may save trouble by buying two of those flagpole affairs that mark the invisible outer edges of the front mudguards.

If you don't think you need this practical help, try placing two bricks on a deserted country road, spacing them about a foot wider than the car. Run through them, around them, back between them. You'll be surprised to find that most of the time they're not where you think they are. And neither are your fender edges.

Practice handling your car until you know its bulk so well you can ease between a truck and a streetcar without holding your breath. Get the *feel* of the width and the length so you can judge quickly whether she'll fit into that space at the curb.

While driving in the country, the road itself will warn you of dangers better than the regular traffic signs—*if* you give it a chance. Fences and gates proclaim entrances and exits. In the daytime, telephone poles tell you which way the road is going to curve, while at night you can see reflections from the wires.

A schoolhouse says "Look Out for Children"; a farmhouse, "Look Out for Cattle or Dogs." Houses in a group usually indicate a crossroad, with possibly some old-timer crossing from the village store behind a pile of groceries. If you see

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the rural mail truck on its rounds, beware of Mother with her nose buried in a letter as she saunters back to the farm.

A cloud of dust ahead means that something is moving—perhaps a herd of cattle. Fresh mud tracks may mean that a road-hogging haywagon has pulled onto the highway from a field. Loose stones, wisps of hay or straw, matted grass on the shoulder—all these are useful warning signs for wide-awake drivers.

Ever since you started driving years ago, you've known that *other* drivers are a crazy lot—and that goes for both sexes and all ages. So don't be surprised by anything they do. Learn instead to outsmart them. If you're waiting at a red light and see the wheels of the car across the road swing to the left, it's safe to bet that the driver will turn in front of you, whether his hand is out or not. Don't step on the gas and try to beat him to it.

Trailer-trucks, because of length, often have to make a right turn from the left of the road, and a left turn from the right. Watch for signals when you see a trailer-truck slowing at an intersection. Don't pass until you're absolutely sure. And always, in traffic, watch for signs of trouble ahead, or you may find yourself in trouble.

Give the other fellow plenty of room but don't give yourself too little. Some day you'll be driving on your side of the road when someone tries to cut in. Suddenly you'll need more space, and the soft shoulder or ditch is the only space left. Always keep to your half, but also keep a margin of safety so that if anything happens you will have plenty of road for maneuvering.

If you are forced onto a soft shoulder, don't brake or try to jerk the car back on the road. Take your foot off the gas and steer carefully until the wheel is under control again. Then think about braking gently and getting back on the road.

If there's a drop from the road to the shoulder, find a fairly level spot, turn a bit to the right and then back to the left at an angle—and the car will climb back easily. Trying to slide back on the road by running parallel to it and easing over only chews the tires.

A blowout calls for the same routine: first get the car under control, then think about braking. But remember that drivers who stop on or beside a narrow highway to fix a flat jeopardize their own lives and the lives of others. It's far safer to turn off the road entirely than to attempt a repair job where cars are whizzing past like bullets.

THE TEMPERATURE and oil-pressure gauges are the most important dials on your dashboard. Watch them to check the health of your engine. Even if the radiator is full, you'll still have an overheated engine if the fan-belt is slipping or if there's no oil in the crankcase. And remember: the oil gauge doesn't register the amount of lubricant in the engine. It can record reasonable pressure even when the crankcase level is dangerously low.

Then there's a widespread but erroneous belief that if you accelerate just before shutting off the engine in cold weather, you leave

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an extra shot of gas in the cylinders to make starting easy. Priming the engine, it's called, but the "extra shot" of gas doesn't stay in the cylinders. It leaks past the rings, washes the film off the cylinder walls and dilutes the crankcase oil. In the morning you start with no oil to protect the cylinders, just when the engine needs it most.

Despite every driving care, sooner or later you'll find yourself in a skid. You may feel helpless—but you're not. Don't snatch your foot off the gas, don't touch the brake. Steer in the direction *toward* which your rear end is skidding and keep the clutch engaged. Your motor connects only with the rear wheels: until you re-establish traction there, you're out of control. Move *with* them until the engine resumes control of the rear wheels, then ease up on the accelerator and let the motor itself slow the car.

DO YOU THINK all this is a little elementary? Well, it is—extremely elementary. As elementary as breathing, but just as vital. The four war years were a long time, measured in unused muscles and motors. If you shrug them off as not affecting *you*, you stand a better-than-usual chance of finding yourself a cripple or a tombstone. And that can take only four seconds—not four years.

Saga of a Dinner Jacket

PETER KELOER, a Chicago tailor, was surprised to receive a letter from Oslo written in English. The writer, a Norwegian girl named Synnove Knopf, said she had found his label in a dinner jacket sent to her family in 1939 by an American cousin.

A bit too small for her brother, the outfit had been relegated to a store room. Not long afterward came the Nazi occupation. The Germans cleaned out every shop in Oslo. Soon one could buy nothing: no clothes, no shoes except fish leather with wooden soles, no cloth, no thread, not even a bit of ribbon or lace.

Synnove remembered the dinner jacket and took it to her tailor. "He made a very becoming costume of it," the girl related, "which still looks respectable after five years of constant use." The rest of the jacket has been utilized to the last scrap for a hundred different purposes:

"The nice, soft lining is now lining my muff. The white silk lining in the sleeves was turned into two pairs of dress preservers. Of the beautiful thick silk in front of the jacket I made a pair of smart slippers, which I badly needed. Even the narrow black silk ribbon lengthways of the trousers (her first mention of them) has been of much use to me, partly as laces in my last pair of good shoes and partly as straps on a black petticoat.

"The name of your firm is practically all that is left over. And this," Synnove concluded, "is the story of the most useful garment I have ever possessed."

—MARCIA WINN

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There are opportunities in broadcasting for anyone with talent, ambition and initiative

There's Room for You in RADIO

by MARGO O'FLAHERTY

IT'S EASY TO get into radio—just as easy as getting into insurance or the shoe business—for during the last twenty years radio has grown into a vast industry embracing a multitude of jobs. Behind the mike where comedians, actors, singers, musicians and announcers perform, are engineers, sound-effects men, producers, arrangers, directors, continuity and script writers, record turners, editors, traffic experts, time salesmen, news analysts, music librarians, publicity men and dozens of routine workers.

Certainly there is room in some branch of radio for anyone of average intelligence. Yes—average intelligence—but distinctly *non*-average temperament. If you must fly from the office to catch the 5:15, then you'd better shun broadcasting. For in radio nothing is final until the producer draws his hand across his throat in the significant gesture that means "Stop."

Up to that second, anything can happen. Maybe the guest star sprained her ankle, maybe the President has suddenly decided to make a speech. Split-second panic is normal around a radio studio. But to compensate, there's a spirit of happy hysteria which stimulates the individual who hates monotony.

If you're convinced there's a liberal dash of the screwball in your make-up, the next step is to figure out where your talents will best fit in the radio jigsaw puzzle.

For instance:

Announcing. In a recent audition for a network show, thirty experienced announcers were tried out. All were expert "readers" but only five had the intangible faculty of projecting the *thought* behind the words. The ability to catch the listeners' attention and hold it throughout a commercial comes only with experience. Listen for it on your own radio. It won't take you long to spot the mechanical reader from the announcer who convinces.

In addition to good diction and mental agility, the announcer must have an instinctive sense of timing. When the producer gets into time trouble, it's often up to the announcer to cut exactly thirteen seconds from the final commercial *while he's*

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reading it; and to cut so smoothly that it goes unnoticed.

An announcer's career almost invariably involves apprenticeship in a small-town radio station, where he learns the angles and the vocabulary, becomes familiar with mike technique. After a reasonable training period—say, two years—it's safe to try New York, Chicago and Hollywood. All stations hold auditions for promising material. The more you audition the easier you'll feel at the microphone, for relaxation is essential to voice quality.

If you finally take the leap for the Big Town, come with enough money to last at least six months. If possible, get a staff job at one of the small stations. Then a pay check is coming in and you're on the spot when a network job opens.

NOW FOR THE pay checks. They're not large in small stations: before the war, salaries ran from 20 to 25 dollars a week. Today, 30 and 35 dollars prevail. Of course more and more stations are accepting regulations of the American Federation of Radio Artists, but where the union is not recognized you're at the mercy of station managers, a crew more inclined to hard-headed business than to lavish benevolence.

In big cities, a job with a network station should rate about ninety dollars weekly, to which can be added the income from commercial shows that you are lucky enough to land in competitive auditions. A few free-lance announcers earn as much as a thousand dollars weekly, but free-lancing is chancy until you're recognized by advertising agencies and sponsors.

Acting. A radio actress secures her job through tough groundwork, dramatic training and persistence. The same holds true for actors.

Vivid personality and attractive appearance are important, but only as they are important in any selling job. Make no mistake—acting is strictly a matter of selling yourself and your talent. A pretty face may win you a spot in a dramatized commercial, but when it comes to the big dramatic roles the producer casts for recognized ability, perfect mike presence, intelligence of interpretation, and that "extra" in the voice which makes a performance outstanding.

Training for radio acting includes every possible contact with show business. College courses in speech and dramatics, constant work on diction, dialects and character impersonation, and lessons with a reputable dramatic coach—these are part of the groundwork.

For a woman, it's also important to *look* like an actress. One excellent young performer pleaded with producers for two years without getting a break. She had stringy black hair, wore corrective shoes and a dull brown coat. Finally one director said:

"You may be good but you don't look it! Why don't you wash your hair and buy yourself a red hat?"

She went to a beauty parlor, bought the red hat and high heeled shoes, and now she's doing all right.

Music. A singer can cut his teeth with a band and then, through remote broadcasts, build up such a following that a station manager or producer will offer a featured spot. Ginny Simms and Frank Sinatra began with bands. Radio sta-

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tions in big cities conduct regular auditions for musical talent, while some astute music teachers have station connections which help to push pupils toward a pay check.

Another radio field for the musically inclined is the station library. The librarians in small stations help select the proper "mood" music for dramatic shows and aid staff musicians in research. This is a good starting point for anyone with clerical and musical aptitudes.

Engineering. Requirements for all types of radio engineer are: plenty of math, a Federal Communications Commission license, if possible, and sometimes an engineering degree. Anyone who passes the examinations can obtain a license, but most engineers advise studying at an accredited school. But be sure your course is a practical one. The R.C.A. School, affiliated with NBC in New York, Chicago and Hollywood, is a good bet because it combines theory with practical experience. License in hand, contact your local radio station, either through your union or directly. If there is no opening at the time, ask to sit in on shows and observe all you can. Then you're on the spot when a job does become available.

Radio repairmen are good basic material for maintenance engineers, while "ham" operators have a head start on transmitter jobs.

The studio engineer should have dramatic and musical background, for his alert ear must spot a trumpet that's out of balance in an orchestra or an actor who's hugging the mike. Big-time shows on tour usually carry their own studio engineer to cope with technical problems in unfamiliar studios. The wisdom of this was proved on a program originating in New Orleans. Twenty minutes before broadcast time, the engineer, testing the line to the network, was startled to hear two women discussing dental bills. The local telephone man had hooked the broadcast line to a private phone. In ten minutes the engineer untangled the difficulty and gave the producer the "go ahead."

Sound Effects. Most network sound men were bright page-boys or mail clerks who hung around the studios and made their ambitions known. Imagination is a must —so is manual dexterity and a sense of timing. One alert sound man came through when the commercial called for a fizz effect, obtained by dropping an effervescent tablet into a glass of water. The tablets had been exposed to air, destroying their effervescent quality. On cue, the sound man plunked in the tablet; nothing happened. So he stepped close to the mike, pursed his lips and produced a gentle "zzzzzzzz" for the required five seconds.

Writing. Most writers of commercials work out of advertising agencies, but the agencies have no time to train beginners. Therefore, pre-

As a member of the radio division of a large advertising agency, Margo O'Flaherty has been writing network programs for nine years. In addition to many half-hour dramatic shows, she has written for "Plantation Party," "Alec Templeton Time" and "Queen for a Day." For the past four and a half years she has been doing the script and commercials for "The Quiz Kids," at the same time handling production details, traveling with the show, and acting in dramatized spots. She has written dialogue for such varied Quiz Kids guests as stage and screen stars, atom bomb experts, governors and U.S. senators.

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requisites are writing experience, plus experience in selling door-to-door or in a department store. Another must is a sensitive ear. Copy must be smooth to read, with a cadence that flows from the announcer's throat. And remember that Mrs. America, who holds the family pursestrings, is not impressed by poetic writing.

Copy chiefs advise the beginner: work in a department store for six months. That teaches you *who* your market is. Then knock on doors for six months, selling knives or making surveys. This teaches you *how your market lives*. Next, work for another half year with a mail-order catalogue house where you learn to *sell* your market. Meanwhile, listen carefully to commercials, until you know how to sneak from the lush promise right through to the tag, "Buy Some Today at Your Grocer's."

The next step is to consult the Standard Advertising Register, which lists advertising agencies and their accounts. Select an agency in your city and write sample copy, making every word count. Samples in order, wangle an appointment with the copy chief, but don't expect to sell your copy. All you can hope for is a kindly recollection when a vacancy occurs.

COMMERCIAL WRITING offers the widest field in radio, but there are other subdivisions for scribblers: continuity, gag-writing, soap opera and dramatic scripts. Continuity writers supply the material roughly classified as script—the framework of words between musical or other program features. In the smaller stations, continuity writing may be done by the program director or the announcer in addition to his regular chores. Here again the small station is your kindergarten.

Some free-lance writers occasionally earn big fees by writing scripts for the half-hour dramatic shows, but don't gamble on this until you are well established. Listen carefully to such programs. Then find out which agency handles the show you're trying to hit and write the radio director for specifications. From then on it's just like any other free-lance venture. Rejection slips come—and perhaps some day a check.

In the field of radio gag writing, the gagsters are usually employed directly by comedy stars. If you want to tackle the job, pick out a favorite radio comedian and write *for* him. Keep sending him gag situations complete with dialogue —don't attempt finished scripts. Eventually he may look you up and offer a contract. But gag writing is one of the toughest chores in radio. Therefore, a good gag writer is never out of a job and his pay check is fabulous.

Producing. Here again, small-station background is a must. The announcer, actor or musician who learns early to check his own airtime on the split second has taken the first tentative step to production. But he'll never take the second step unless he knows music well enough to confer with the orchestra leader about cutting a 35-second passage from a Chopin concerto. Likewise, he must know dramatic technique so he can give actors suggestions without bruising their egos.

The producer is the coordinating unit who blends all facets of a pro-

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gram. He must keep everybody happy: the actors, the writer, the agency radio director, the station program director, the musicians, sound men, the sponsor, and sometimes even the sponsor's wife. He times to the split second every element of the program.

Radio schools. A discussion of radio opportunities would be incomplete without mention of radio schools. The motto is: *be careful.* Unfortunately, many of them are rackets. Hundreds of untalented hopefuls are encouraged to waste time and money on worthless radio courses, with the vague promise of a chance on the air as the come-on. This is one booby trap for the returning G.I. to sidestep. Too many fake radio schools would like a chance at his mustering-out pay.

On the other hand, some colleges are giving students practical experience in affiliated radio stations. Some universities even operate their own stations on a business-like basis, familiarizing students with radio fundamentals and vocabulary. Remember, however, that only a limited number of students can get practical experience, even on well-known campuses.

Contacts. While radio personnel is quick to resent the word "pull," if you call it "contacts" everyone agrees. Obviously a radio executive who has never heard of you is not going to pull your name out of a grab-bag when a vacancy occurs. But to keep a job, your ability is what counts. Meanwhile, get to know the executives in charge.

No one will deny that there are glaring examples of unqualified persons in radio jobs. Yet accounts change rapidly and when there is a turnover, out go the incompetents along with the account.

Perhaps Fred Allen had something when he said: "The best way to get into radio is to be born the son of a sponsor." But remember, the sponsor is usually signed up for only thirteen weeks at a time—and radio is here to stay!

Accent to Fortune

BACK IN 1936 Al Dixon was a radio bit-player. He specialized in small parts requiring foreign and sectional accents.

One day he decided to see a doctor for a general check-up. However it turned out that the doctor, a refugee, needed Dixon's help more than the radio actor needed his. The medical man had hoped to establish a modest practice in America, but he was finding his accent a serious handicap.

That gave Dixon an idea. If he could create accents in his radio work so convincingly, he might be able to reverse the process and teach the doctor how to lose his telltale inflection.

The doctor was an apt pupil. In a matter of weeks Dixon had him talking like a born Bostonian.

For Dixon himself the incident served as a springboard to a new career. Since graduating from his radio job, the ex bit-player has de-accented more than four thousand grateful clients. —LOUIS HIRSCH

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In the discovery of Polaroid, Edwin Land found the key to a whole new world of optical wonders

WIZARD *of* LIGHT

by NORMAN CARLISLE

Edwin Land

I'VE GOT IT! We'll rent a room at the Statler and get a goldfish bowl!" With these words young Edwin Land stopped his nervous pacing in the little basement laboratory on Dartmouth Street, Boston. His partner, George Wheelwright, stared at him. The hotel room was easy to understand—they couldn't bring distinguished visitors to this cluttered laboratory where a great invention had been born. But the goldfish bowl?

Land's eyes snapped as he explained in quick sentences. "We've got to make them see what it can do!" he said. From the workbench littered with chemical equipment he lifted up sheets of what looked like clouded cellophane. His whole life was wrapped up in these unimpressive strips. They were what the scientist from a big optical company was coming to see.

The goldfish bowl was just an odd ingredient in one of the great success stories of modern science. For Edwin Land had solved a problem that had baffled scientists for centuries. Within a few years his invention would be used by photographers, physicians, Air Force pilots, fishermen, architects, chemists, biologists, physicists; in the arts, in science, in sports and in war. By the end of World War II, it would hold promise of saving the lives of thousands of motorists, of finding countless new applications in industry, aviation, and a dozen other fields.

At that moment in the laboratory, Land could foresee the vast possibilities that lay inside those curious smoky celluloid-like sheets. But could anybody else see them? Was there a way to win the commercial battle as he had already fought and won the scientific battle? The goldfish bowl would be the first test.

Land and light had been living together for a long time. The relationship began even before Land's bounding figure was seen racing from laboratory to laboratory at Harvard. One curious thing about light interested him—polarization. Unpolarized light gives off sidewise waves which vibrate in all directions at right angles to the direction in which the beam of light is traveling. Polarize light and you

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sift out all the rays of light lying in one plane from those lying in any other plane.

Land had learned that in nature, there are certain substances capable of polarizing light. In 1818 a French physicist learned the secret when he looked through a piece of calcite and discovered that he could not see the sun's image reflected on the windows of Luxembourg Palace. Iceland spar and tourmaline were found to have qualities similar to calcite's. Scientists for years had been using these three natural polarizers in experiments, but the materials were too scarce and too expensive for wide practical use. An idea took shape in Land's mind. Was it possible to create an *artificial* polarizing substance?

This thought kept driving him through his late teens, on into his first years in college. He could envisage countless uses for such a substance. It could be used in eyeglasses to protect eyes against glare. It could serve science in microscopes where for the first time it would be possible to see objects in color. It could be used in cameras to screen out reflections. As a shield for automobile headlights it could end the menace to motorists of blinding glare.

LAND'S ACTIVE mind ran wild with ideas. There was, he learned, an English physician, William B. Herapath, who had worked on the problem as far back as 1852. Herapath found that the minute crystals in a combination of iodine and quinine salt behaved in peculiar fashion. Some appeared to be opaque, permitting no light to pass. Others were transparent. Yet the composition of the crystals was exactly the same. Experiments revealed that the position of the crystals created this odd contradiction; all the crystals were actually transparent. It was only when one was laid crosswise over another that the light was cut out.

Herapath pounced on this discovery. Here was a possible artificial polarizer. All he had to do was make the crystals bigger. But the crystals stubbornly refused to grow. Furthermore, they broke at the slightest touch. It was a bitter blow for Herapath, and for every other experimenter coming after him. One by one they gave up.

Finally Land went to work, but his efforts, too, resulted in failure. Some stubborn force, however, would not let his brain rest. Then suddenly his puzzled mind focused on an idea. Why not make them *smaller?* Take thousands of tiny crystals, line them up in the same direction, and you would get the effect of one big crystal. Land rushed to make experiments, and they proved he was right.

But how could he get the thousands of crystals into line? Pressure would not work, for they were too small, too fragile. He was idly flexing a sheet of rubber when the idea hit him. Placing a pencil on it he began to stretch the rubber. To his delight the pencil moved, turning slowly to lie in the direction in which the rubber was being stretched.

He knew then that he had only to find the right kind of transparent plastic, apply a solution containing the crystals, then stretch the plastic. The crystals would act the way the pencil had. After the

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stretching stopped and the crystals were aligned, the plastic would have to harden. To protect the delicate crystals, this sheet could then be cemented between layers of some protective transparent substance.

Excitedly Land poured out his story to a Harvard physics laboratory assistant, George Wheelwright, who listened with eagerness. "This is too good to wait. We'll start a laboratory," they decided. So student and laboratory assistant departed from Harvard and set up shop in Dartmouth Street. By pooling resources they managed to buy equipment, and quickly they got results. The crystals performed as Land had predicted. They found the plastic sheet they wanted in a cellulose acetate. Thus their polarizer, the transparent sheet that can do marvelous things with light, was born.

NOW THAT Land and Wheelwright had the product, they needed somebody to buy it. One buyer was Eastman Kodak, who could see possibilities of using the new material in camera filters. But the inventors needed more than one customer. They contacted companies in a dozen different fields, with no results. In fact, interest in their polarizer seemed very slight indeed.

At this point the two scientists heard from the American Optical Company. Would they care to demonstrate their discovery to a company representative if he came to Boston? Would they! And here the historic goldfish bowl came into the picture.

Land gave the visitor no time to think when he walked into the hotel room. "Come over here," he motioned. Puzzled, the man walked to the window where the bowl sat in sunlight.

"See any fish?" Land asked triumphantly. The optical expert blinked at the fierce glare. "No," he said.

Quickly Land picked up a sheet of his polarizer and held it in front of the bowl. "Now look."

The official whistled in amazement. The polarizer had killed the glare. Now he could see every detail of the fish which had been invisible before.

As news spread that Land and Wheelright really had something in their product, other companies sent representatives to Boston. Land's showmanship and the startling capabilities of his new substance put it over. Soon Land was in control of a flourishing corporation. With Polaroid glasses on the market, and Polaroid filters winning acclaim from photographers, he looked around for other devices that could use his invention.

One was the polariscope, a clever device which solved an old problem for engineers. One of the biggest worries harassing the designer of a dam, a bridge or any big structure is the difficulty of finding out precisely where the strain will be the greatest. Land helped solve this problem. The engineer now can build a scale model of the structure from transparent Bakelite and then apply weight to the model. As he looks through the polariscope, brilliant color appears at the points where the strain is greatest. Scores of industries, making everything from huge dynamos

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to glass bottles, rushed to adopt the same device.

Land soon came up with another invention. Knowing that the human eyes observe objects at different angles, then automatically put them together in one three-dimensional image, Land realized he had the key to three-dimensional movies and photographs.

Take two images of an object filmed from different angles, throw it on a screen and look at it through Polaroid spectacles, prepared so that each eyepiece will screen out the image intended for the other eye, and you have a three-dimensional effect. When the idea was tried out, the result was startling realism that gave onlookers the impression of peering through an open window.

But from the moment that Land first began to think of creating a polarizing substance, he had had one special device in mind—headlights. When his polarizer became a reality, he promptly set to work on this problem. Motorists around Boston, had they traversed certain lonely roads, would have been surprised to see two cars swiftly meet and pass each other, then turn around and repeat the performance. Land and his associates were experimenting with their polarizer as a means of ending headlight glare.

As they finally worked it out, the system is simple. Each car is fitted with light-polarizing headlights and windshield visor. The invisible optical slots of both visor and lights are arranged so that they run parallel to each other and at an angle of 45 degrees to the ground. When two cars face each other, their slots are at right angles, forming a latticework which blots out most of the light. The effect is amazing. Approaching headlights appear as faint, luminous discs. No longer does the driver have to experience that terrible blinding moment of passing a car with bright lights.

Nobody knows when Land's great dream of equipping all automobiles with polarizing headlights will be realized. Yet the parade is in full swing, as this optical wonder worker finds hundreds of new uses. In the windows of streamlined trains and postwar air liners it screens out glare by the turn of a knob. In fantastic color-producing devices it enlivens the appearance of juke boxes. In microscopes it reveals hidden worlds to scientists. In banks it enables guards to stand behind one-way mirrors that crooks can't see through.

The practical uses for light polarizers seem almost limitless. In a basement laboratory, Edwin Land produced a revolutionary invention. But success would have eluded him had he not stubbornly persevered in a quest that had already frustrated some of the keenest minds in experimental science.

This is the final test of a gentleman: his respect for those who can be of no possible service to him. —William Lyon Phelps

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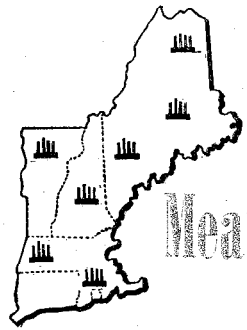
How an 80-year-old merchant started an industrial comeback for our eastern states

New England Means Business



by J. M. STENBUCK

NOT LONG AGO an electrical engineer, working at home in spare time, came up with a vest-pocket razor the size of a packet of matches. Though it requires neither lather nor electric current, it will give you a shave as slick as can be. Without sufficient capital to produce the device in quantity or to arrange for more than limited local distribution, the inventor was about to give up and take his handy gadget off the market when he heard of NEIDC. As a result, here's what happened:

A New England machine shop, with capital, business judgment and Yankee "know-how," but faced with the problem of reconversion and desperately seeking some product to keep its plant going, got in touch with the discouraged inventor. Today the machine shop, never before in the consumer market, is gearing itself to make enough razors for a three-million-dollar nationwide sale during 1946.

Employment has been assured for at least three hundred New Englanders, an advertising agency has a new account worth 175 thousand dollars, some 50 thousand dollars is being put into new equipment, a plastics factory in the territory has an order for a million cases, another nearby plant will produce a million small boxes, and retail stores throughout the country will soon be selling a popular, profitable item.

Nor is that all. A Chinese student at Harvard, who represents large business interests in his own country, has been looking for mass-distribution products to take home to China. NEIDC steered him to the shop tooling up for razors and before long another New England product will be available halfway round the world.

For both the inventor and the owners of the machine shop, NEIDC spells miracle. More commonly, however, these initials stand for the New England Industrial Development Corporation, a civic-minded, non-profit organization, sponsored by some of the best business brains in the East. Recalling the region's past fame based on the variety and number of its small plants, the sponsors are determined

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that it can regain its waning place in the sun, not by stepping out of character and going after big business but by restoring New England as the home of small industry.

While Joseph P. Kennedy, former Ambassador to the Court of St. James', roams up and down his native Massachusetts warning that New England's business inertia is driving its ambitious young sons west, NEIDC is busy demonstrating that the ingenuity which long ago spawned America's industrial giant is still to be reckoned with. Pointing out that even today plants with fewer than five hundred employes pay more than fifty per cent of New England's industrial wages, NEIDC is serving as a combination clearing house for ideas, a research bureau and clinic, an advisory body and a contact agency, all aimed at keeping small industries at home and at attracting as many new ones as possible.

It was no accident, therefore, that the razor inventor and the machine shop got together. Through NEIDC, such occurrences are common. For example, a Boston physicist had for years been running into one discouraging obstacle after another in trying to market a supposedly superior therapeutic lamp for the treatment of teeth, throat and nose ailments. Two years ago the physicist brought his lamp to NEIDC headquarters. NEIDC called in its advisers and experts at Harvard and at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. When the laboratory investigation was completed, other advisory members were asked to find a manufacturer who could produce the lamp. A Connecticut factory hired the inventor and worked out a royalty deal; the lamp is soon to be offered to the medical profession.

Steering inventors, however, is only part of the Corporation's job. During the war, NEIDC was responsible for contacts between the Ordnance Department of the Army and contractors. These contacts brought millions of dollars' worth of work into New England's small shops. As long as NEIDC can satisfy itself that a product or business idea is sound, it will turn all its resources loose—and it has plenty—to help an enterprise get started and keep it safe for New England.

SOME YEARS ago a young man just out of college took a WPA study job on the Maine coast to tide him through the Depression. He noticed, as he watched lobster fishermen pull up their traps, the great number of crabs that were also pulled up and discarded as valueless When Pearl Harbor shut off Japanese crab meat, he and a partner borrowed 750 dollars and began salvaging Maine crabs for packing. By 1942, the partners found themselves with 25 thousand dollars in orders they couldn't fill because of limited capital. They came to NEIDC. The Corporation studied the market and their setup, and found the necessary capital.

Today, the business these young men started on a shoestring is Bar Harbor's largest industry, employing almost a hundred people. They long since have given up packing crab meat, substituting other seafoods and a cocktail spread. Shortly they expect to be on the market with Maine's famous clam chowder. The business which started with

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twelve thousand dollars in *annual* sales now is grossing five thousand dollars a *week*. NEIDC says it will soon be doing a business of 500 thousand dollars a year.

Other assistance given by NEIDC has made possible scores of success stories. Industries have been established or are being explored—all capitalizing on New England invention or research—in such varied fields as food products, synthetic leather, toys, furniture, mechanical devices, surgical instruments, motorboat accessories, plastic materials, rubber heels and products from industrial waste.

WHO IS responsible for NEIDC? Though modestly giving much credit to others, Lincoln Filene, president and chairman of the board of William Filene's Sons Co. of Boston, is generally recognized as father of the idea. Today, at the age of eighty, this forward-looking merchant is still using his imagination and energy in the fight to keep New England the center of small industry.

As early as 1929, Filene and a small but potent group of business and professional men laid the groundwork for the organization, but when the Depression intervened, the idea was shelved. Revived in 1940, some of the original group contributed funds to get it started and NEIDC was formally incorporated in Massachusetts. William Leavitt Stoddard, a Harvard man with a background of newspaper, banking and advertising work, who had been interested in the project eleven years earlier, was named president.

Stoddard's staff now includes only half a dozen men and a few girls handling clerical details but, all told, he has available the resources of more than fifty groups plus countless individuals, all key figures in New England. In addition to a board of eleven executives, Filene serves on an advisory committee of seventeen, along with manufacturers, railroad and insurance men, bankers, attorneys and educators.

Specialists at Mason Laboratory, Yale University; the Engineering Experiment Station of New Hampshire University; Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Harvard, and various industrial research groups and engineering societies are ready to go to work on any technical problem, while experts in advertising, marketing, banking, accounting, transportation, engineering and other fields are on call for help and advice. Advisory groups and directors serve without pay.

In its original announcement of "purpose and objective," the corporation declared: "Throughout New England there are many small companies whose continued growth is dependent upon ability to secure long-term financing . . . Meeting these needs with capital alone will not always solve the problem. A complete and continuous advisory management service, based upon analysis of data relating to operating problems, should be supplied as well. *Sound management, even more than collateral*, is the strongest security the supplier of capital can have."

A hundred-year-old surgical instrument factory, changing from a craftsman shop to assembly-line production, got into serious diffi-

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culties. It had no money for payrolls, owed 25 thousand dollars more than its assets, was in default on loans and taxes. NEIDC installed a part-time staff consultant, production costs were lowered by proper engineering, output was increased 300 per cent, creditors were persuaded to accept time payments, management was improved and the company again began to make a profit. Not only was an established concern saved for New England but the NEIDC also indirectly saved several subcontractor creditors.

For services like this the corporation is paid, but charges are nominal. Usually for a fee of several hundred dollars it will study an invention, investigate the market, check on a patent and contact a manufacturer. Often, however, it will take on an invention without charge, if the inventor is hard pressed, and arrange for payment later. If successful in arranging production, the corporation gets an additional sum, frequently another 300 dollars, from the inventor. At the same time it will point out to the manufacturer that he has saved considerable research cost and, as a result, a fee often comes from this source besides.

The corporation also operates a registration and information service for which each client pays a hundred dollars a year. Enrolling industries are registered in a permanent file showing their facilities, products, financial standing, current needs and desired contacts. The clients receive regular bulletins and reports affecting their particular fields, and may call on the corporation for special contacts.

NEIDC is not content to sit by and wait for customers to rap on its door. From time to time it advertises in Boston papers for inventors and small-business men to employ its services. Recently, it even advertised in distant Detroit.

The NEIDC insists that tales of New England's industrial decay, like the premature reports of Mark Twain's death, have been greatly exaggerated. Supported by the intelligent and constructive work of the Corporation, New England seems a long way from being counted out.

Why Not Be a Junior Executive?

MANY A YOUNGSTER is now discovering the thrill that comes from holding the reins of his own prize-rewarded business: a business made possible by Coronet Magazine's new Friendship Club. The Friendship Club shows boys and girls how to set up their own business . . . how to "keep books" . . . gives them the opportunity of discovering and developing their business talents. And rewards them with such fine prize offerings as sporting goods, games and even bicycles.

For complete information, boys and girls can write to:

Don Steele, Coronet Friendship Club, Dept. B, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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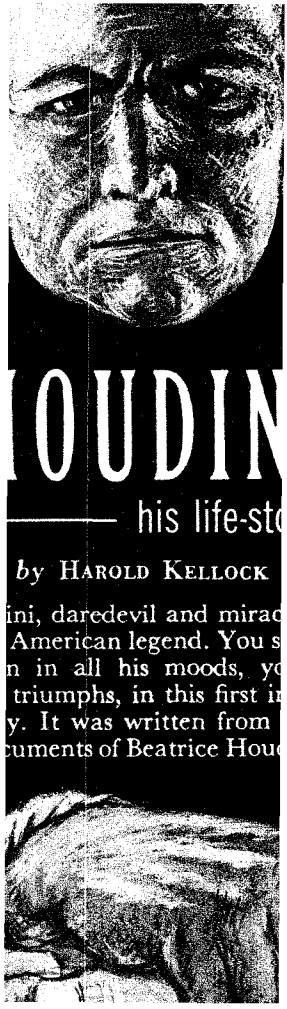

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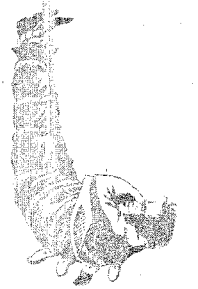
PART ONE

Houdini.....his life-story

by HAROLD KELLOCK



HARRY HOUDINI began his career with a Midwest circus at the age of nine, and his first trick, perfected in secret in the family woodshed, was to pick up needles with his eyelids while hanging from his heels. From this humble beginning it was a long struggle to the role of master magician who thrilled world-wide audiences with his daredevil feats, his unsurpassed dexterity, his superhuman endurance, his mystifying escapes from manacles, strait jackets, prison cells, sealed chambers and chests, from a living grave six feet in the earth, and from a packing case, nailed by experts, weighted and tossed into the sea. When he died in Detroit in 1926 at the age of 52, he had been a public performer for 43 years.

Hundreds of thousands of people saw Houdini, stripped and handcuffed by police, leap from some bridge or boat into a stream or harbor, sometimes in weather so cold that a hole had to be cut in the ice before he could jump, and saw him emerge again, within two minutes, free and smiling. Other hundreds of thousands saw him encased in a strait jacket and hung head downward by block and tackle outside a public building, then watched him free himself in a few minutes.

Scores of thousands observed him, on the stage of the New York Hippodrome, perform the most ambitious vanishing stunt ever offered by any conjurer. Directly over the big Hippodrome tank, containing 250 thousand gallons of water, stood a five-ton elephant, swaying in the spotlight. Then, in an instant—behold! that huge mass of living flesh had disappeared and the big stage was empty, save only for the smiling, nonchalant showman.

Finally, in the cities of America and in European capitals, Houdini mystified public authorities by his jail-breaking feats. After letting the police strip him, cover him with manacles and lock him in their securest cell, in a few minutes he would walk into the chief's office, free and clothed, shackles dangling in his hands.

What was the secret of these feats of mystifying wonder? Houdini's art really included many secrets, and largely the details rest in the grave with him. Only his wife was in his complete confidence, and in certain matters she was pledged to secrecy. In a general way, however, Houdini occasionally discussed his methods with a few intimates. His

Condensed from the book *Houdini—His Life-Story*, published at $3.75 by Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York, N. Y.; copyright MCMXXVIII by Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc.

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great secret, in fact, had a double key.

"My chief task has been to conquer fear," he said. "When I am stripped and manacled, nailed in a case and thrown into the sea, or when I am buried alive, it is necessary to preserve serenity of spirit. I have to work with great delicacy and lightning speed. If I grow panicky, I am lost. The public sees only the trick; they have no idea of the tortuous self-training that was necessary to conquer fear.

"My second secret has been, by equally vigorous self-training, to do remarkable things with my body, to make not one muscle but *every* muscle a responsive worker, quick and sure for its part, to make my fingers super-fingers in dexterity, and to train my toes to do the work of fingers."

Intimate visitors to Houdini's home had glimpses of this miraculous capacity. Absently he would pick up a pack of cards and for half an hour exercise his fingers in manipulation, making certain cards appear at the top when the pack seemed hopelessly shuffled, all the time conversing on many subjects and paying no attention to the cards or his fingers. Sometimes he would take a piece of string from his pocket, tie it in various knots and drop it on the floor. Soon his visitor might observe that Houdini had slipped off his shoes and socks, and was untying and retying the knots with his toes, never once glancing at them.

His training for immersion stunts and for feats such as remaining in a sealed casket under water for an hour and a half was especially arduous. For months, several times a day, he would practice going under water in his bathtub, holding a stop watch, lengthening the period each day until he could stay under more than four minutes. His record—in a public test—was four minutes, 16 seconds.

On tour, with winter approaching, he would take cold baths, a little icier each morning, to prepare for being pushed overboard, handcuffed, into frigid water and freeing himself on the bottom. His diaries record this Spartan preparation. "*Jan. 7.* Gee whiz! Another ice bath. They want me to earn my money!—*Jan. 9.* Took cold bath, 49 deg.—*Jan. 10.* Took cold bath, 48 deg. Doctor stops ice bath.—*Jan. 16.* Cold bath, 40 deg. Gee, it's cold!—*Jan. 18.* Taking icy baths to get ready for bridge jump. Water about 36 deg."

Sometimes, in rare confidence, Houdini would reveal a glimpse of his magician's technique. One day at the office of his attorney, talk turned to the opening of safes, and the lawyer asked if Houdini could really open *any* safe.

"Yes," said Houdini. "If everyone knew what I know about safes, they wouldn't be worth much. I sometimes wonder what would happen if a clever hypnotist should dig out my secrets and pass them on to the underworld."

"Can you open our office safe?" asked the lawyer.

"If you give me three minutes alone with it, I'll try."

The lawyer retired to another office. In a few minutes Houdini called him. The magician walked to the safe, turned the knob and the big steel door swung open.

Houdini, on a sudden impulse, said: "I'll show you a secret. No

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one besides myself has ever seen it."

He took from his pocket something that resembled a watch case, except that inside was a single sensitive dial instead of two fixed hands. "I made this myself," he said. "It's the only one in the world. If you knew how to use it, it would give you the combination of any safe anywhere . . ."

DESPITE HOUDINI'S constant disavowals, a legend persists that he had peculiar psychic powers. The legend was supported by statements of fake spiritualist mediums, exposed by Houdini, who would assert, after he had duplicated their feats, that he also possessed psychic powers. Even that honest believer in psychic phenomena, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, insisted that Houdini's skill was largely supernatural.

Houdini's reply was explicit: "I do claim to free myself from fetters and confinement, but positively state that I accomplish this purely by physical, not psychical means. I hope to carry these secrets to the grave, as they are of no material benefit to mankind, and if used by dishonest persons might become a serious menace."

Had Houdini posed as one supernaturally inspired, and had he chosen to back his claims by achieving "miracles" that could not be explained by normal means, he could easily have established an army of worshipers among millions of credulous people eager to be exalted by "messages from the skies." But fortunately, black magic had no lure for Houdini. This short, sturdy, hawk-nosed man was a healthy-minded human being, and he lived and died a great showman.

Yet that description fails to do Houdini justice. Aside from professional genius, he was a rabbinical puritan, with much sentimentalism and a streak of mysticism. While he devoted his life largely to breaking physical bonds, he was also interested in breaking psychic bonds and communicating with friends who had passed through a door for which he had no picklock.

After the death of his mother, this curiosity developed into a passion. His experiences with mediums led him to war on frauds who tried trickery as manifestations from the dead. During the last years of his life, all his skill and showmanship were enlisted in this crusade.

A Magician Is Born

THE BOY WHO was to be Houdini was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, in 1874, the son of Dr. Mayer Samuel Weiss, a rabbi, and his wife Cecilia. He was named Ehrich. He was the fifth child, and others were to follow. When Ehrich was born, the Weisses were newly settled in Appleton, having fled from persecution in Hungary.

As a boy, Ehrich was always prying into junk piles, looking for cast-off fasteners to study and treasure. His friends relate that he was never long in a strange room before examining all the locks—on doors, chests, trunks. In a few minutes he would be on intimate terms with all of them.

But the boy's great delight was magic. A traveling circus came to

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town and, wandering among the sideshows, Ehrich came on a conjurer producing bunnies, flags, ribbon, flowers, omelets, from an inexhaustible silk hat. Immediately Ehrich parked himself in front of that man of simple guile, and stared. When he did not return for supper, Rabbi Weiss found him between the conjurer's knees, being initiated into the mysteries of making a dried pea appear under any of three cups.

As the Weiss family grew larger, the Weiss income grew smaller, so when Hoeffler's Five-Cent Circus returned to town, Ehrich at the age of nine applied for a job as performer. Probably the manager recalled the youngster who had lingered at the conjurer's stand. At any rate he let Ehrich show his tricks. They suspended him head down from a rope and saw him pick up pins with his eyelids. He let them tie him with ropes from which he speedily freed himself. Ehrich was hired, and started his professional career. But when the circus left town, the career was abruptly halted.

Two years later, after Ehrich had spent much time hanging around the local locksmith, the man gave him a job. In a few weeks the boy was able to pick every lock in the place, and he made out of wire a little picklock which could master any fastening device with which he came in contact.

After a time the locksmith went out of business, and Ehrich was reduced to petty jobs around town. Even at eleven, Appleton to him seemed lacking in excitement, especially when magicians were touring the cities, winning fortune and renown. So a few weeks later he vanished without leaving messages, for he took no chances on being followed and brought back.

Ehrich wandered from place to place, working at odd jobs, doing tricks wherever opportunity offered and taking up a collection from the yokels. Sometimes he would come on a small circus or fair. "I am Eric the Great," he would say to the manager. "I can let anyone tie me with ropes, and get free."

Usually he landed a brief engagement and soon he was able to send a little money home. A letter from his mother followed. His father, he learned, had given up the struggle in Appleton and had moved to New York, where the rest of the family would join him when a home could be established. So to Manhattan went Ehrich, to help his father run a language school.

After the family arrived in 1891, Ehrich got his first regular job as a necktie cutter. But every spare moment he practiced magic and card tricks, studied locks and rope ties. He was constantly astonishing his family with his skill, and soon neighborhood entertainments included Ehrich Weiss, conjurer, on their programs.

In his 16th year a notable event occurred. In his search through second-hand shops for books on magic, he came across an ancient-battered volume, *Memoirs of Robert-Houdin, Ambassador, Author and Conjurer, Written by Himself.*

Poring over the pages, the excited neophyte found the key to miracles of sleight and illusion that had puzzled him for years. At last

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he had discovered the key to the world of wonder which he had been seeking since a lad.

Ehrich quickly told his friend Jack Hayman, who had performed with him at amateur gatherings, about the wonderful discovery. Both boys were thinking seriously of entering magic as a career. Jack said that adding the letter "i" to the name of Houdin would give the meaning, in French, of "like Robert-Houdin." The idea struck fire. Ehrich Weiss disappeared forever, and in his place was Houdini.

Dime-Museum Days

A FEW MONTHS later Ehrich quit his job as a necktie cutter and he and Hayman struck out as professional entertainers under the name of the Houdini Brothers. But the partnership was short-lived. The boys could not agree, so Houdini substituted his brother Theodore as the other "brother." In 1893 they gravitated to Chicago and filled a sideshow engagement at the World's Fair. Thereafter Ehrich, as Harry Houdini, "Handcuff King and Escape Artist," appeared for a time alone at Kohl & Middleton's famous Dime Museum in Chicago, doing twenty shows a day for twelve dollars a week.

About this time Houdini fell in love, in his impetuous manner, with a girl who was to be his intimate and lifelong companion. He met Beatrice Rahner at a high-school entertainment, and after a whirlwind courtship married her in Coney Island, without either of them having given thought to parental consent. In later years, Mrs. Houdini liked to relate a story of her wedding day:

"It was a long trolley ride from Coney Island to the Weiss home in Manhattan, but Ehrich's arm was around me. My people were very poor. By our austere German standards, public entertainers were beyond the pale—and I had married a showman. Besides, though the matter had not been mentioned, I gathered from Ehrich's appearance that he was a Jew, and in our simple Catholic upbringing a Jew was of doubtful attributes. It was long before the growth of tolerance, before *Mr. Dooley* and *Abie's Irish Rose*.

"I had no fear until we were standing in the hall of a tenement and Ehrich was knocking at a door. I found myself facing a handsome elderly woman with the bearing of a queen.

" 'Mother dear,' said Ehrich, 'here is my wife. I love her much.'

"I felt his mother's bright black eyes probing into me. 'You love each other very much?' she asked.

" 'Yes, Mother.'

" 'Then I haven't lost a son. I have gained a daughter.'

"With that, she took me into her arms."

WITHIN A FEW days Beatrice Houdini began to realize that she had stepped into a world far different from her former sheltered life, a world of inexplicable happenings which she superstitiously magnified into terrors. But as Houdini showed her how he did his feats of magic, the terror dwindled. Soon she accepted his strange goings on,

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as well as the fact that she was to take the place of Theodore—actually to go on the stage as one of "the Houdinis—Harry and Bessie." So in July, 1894, the Houdinis, described in showbills as "Master Monarchs of Modern Mystery," made their debut in an obscure concert hall. The partnership lasted through Houdini's life.

For the Great Houdinis, precarious weekly engagements in grubby beer halls and dime musems made up their beat, yet they were glad to fill them. Ten shows a day formed their routine, and their combined salary was usually twenty dollars a week. Mrs. Houdini did a song-and-dance act. Houdini did the handcuff act, sleight of hand, magic. Together they did the trunk trick.

In the fall of 1895, after a cheap circus tour during which Houdini had to double as the sideshow "Wild Man," the Houdinis began drifting about the country, getting brief jobs at beer halls and museums. Stranded in St. Louis in cold weather, their baggage was held at the station with twenty dollars due on it. Houdini rented an unheated bedroom for $1.50 for one week, and that virtually cleaned them out.

But in Houdini's mind, no matter how black things appeared, the present difficulty was merely an incident. Success in the end was sure, and this faith his wife completely shared. Toward the end of the week he came home one evening with a whole packing-box to burn in their rickety stove. Before breaking it up, he sat for a long time staring. At last, with a sigh, he began wrenching it apart.

"Bess," he said, "I have a new idea for a packing-box escape. I think I can get out without using a trick box. I'll perfect it some day, and we'll be famous."

Thus was the idea of the famous packing-box escape born.

The Devil and Mrs. Houdini

IN LATER YEARS Mrs. Houdini told this incident of her early married life: "Soon after our marriage there came a night when I really fled from Houdini, convinced I had married the devil. That evening Houdini laughingly remarked that I had never told him the first name of my father, who had died some years before. He told me to write the name on a piece of paper, then burn it without showing it to him. After the paper was burned he said: 'Now give me the ashes.'

"Then he bared his forearm and rubbed the ashes on it, and my father's name, Gebhardt, appeared on the skin in letters of blood.

"I was paralyzed with fear. In my early folklore, the devil, disguised as a handsome young man, lured girls to destruction. It was clear that I had married the devil. Suddenly I turned and ran screaming from the house.

"Houdini soon caught me up in his arms. 'Silly kid, it was only a trick,' he said. Finally he quieted me, but it was not until he showed me how the simple trick was done that I became completely assured."

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The First Taste of Fame

THE THING that gave Houdini his first lift out of obscurity was a development of the handcuff trick, which most audiences had gazed on without enthusiasm. There has been much nonsensical speculation as to how Houdini escaped from handcuffs under abnormal conditions. Many people have said that he could compress his knuckles so that they became smaller than his wrists and thus slipped out. Houdini could not do that, though it was not for lack of trying: he maintained it was physically impossible.

From many ordinary cuffs Houdini could release himself by hitting them in a certain spot; but he never let anybody watch him. For more difficult handcuffs he would use his picklock, a refinement on the little instrument he had devised as a boy in Appleton. The real secret was his profound knowledge of every lock and locking system.

How he managed to operate with his hands trussed behind him is another matter. There were certain shackles from which he freed himself by sheer dexterity and strength, and at least once he got out of a cuff into which a slug had been jammed so that it could not be unlocked. His exact process of working, as he said, would be a dangerous thing to let loose in society, even though few people would have the special skill to make use of it.

Late in 1895, Houdini conceived the idea of visiting police stations and offering to free himself from any handcuffs in order to publicize his show. The first place where this feat drew newspaper space was in Holyoke, Massachusetts, where he walked into the police station, was handcuffed, slipped into a separate room and returned a minute later, carrying the cuffs in his hand. But in larger cities, police chiefs and city editors were too busy to waste time on a small-time vaudeville player eager for publicity.

It was not until three years later, in Chicago, that Houdini hit on a scheme for making his stunt more dramatic. First he made friends with several newspapermen, then casually visited the city jail and snooped around until he had learned the lock system. The next day he told the reporters he could escape from the jail after being handcuffed and locked in a cell. Nobody had ever done anything like that before; so the promised feat was news.

Houdini was duly locked up, and in a few minutes walked into the warden's office, a free man. His reception, however, was disappointing. The reporters had learned of his previous visit to the jail and assumed that he had taken wax impressions of the locks and then made keys to fit. There was no magic in that, said the skeptical young men.

"Suppose you strip me and search me before locking me up?" Houdini suggested.

They agreed that this sounded more like the real thing. His clothes were locked in another cell, and in addition, at Houdini's suggestion, his mouth was sealed with plaster. So they left him, manacled and stark naked; yet within ten minutes he strolled into the office with his

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clothes on. Moreover, he entered from the street door.

First he had let himself out of jail and dashed over to his wife at their lodgings to cry, "Success! Success!" By that time a crowd had assembled in the chief's quarters, impressed and astounded. But the real thrill came next morning. Houdini burst into the room, waving a sheaf of newspapers and shouting, "Bess! Bess! I'm famous! Look at my picture in the papers!"

Then and there all their money was spent for papers and stamps. All day they were busy mailing the clippings. Houdini sent one to every person he had ever known—or heard of. Thus began his career of public jail-breaking. Thereafter he escaped from the principal jails in many cities, and his collection of certificates from police authorities was ultimately to reach from San Francisco to Moscow.

Occasionally a conservative warden or chief would refuse to allow Houdini to test the integrity of his jail. But as Houdini became better known, the newspapers, as a matter of local pride as well as news value, usually forced the hesitant wardens to permit the test. "Perhaps our jail will hold him," was the argument, but nothing held Houdini.

His experiences included all the most modern American jails, fortress-like places of incarceration devised by the Kaiser's government, the famous Siberian prison van, pride of the Tsar's secret police from which no prisoner had ever been lost, medieval dungeons in which he would be clamped to solid masonry, and the black holds of ancient prison ships in which he would be corseleted in leather and steel and chained to oaken beams.

Houdini broke free from all these restraints, without a single failure. Yet sometimes the task was tough even for him. Several times he emerged with limbs swollen or bleeding, concealing his exhaustion as best he could.

THE PUBLICITY from Houdini's Chicago stunt brought quick results. One night in Minneapolis, a stranger came up after the show and invited the Houdinis out for a cup of coffee. Seated in the restaurant, Houdini asked the stranger what he thought of the act.

"I think you're a rotten showman," he replied. "Why don't you cut out the magic stuff—it only distracts the audience—and just give a couple of thrillers, like the handcuffs and the trunk trick? . . . If you'll try this, I'll put you on my circuit at sixty dollars. If you make it go, I'll raise you. My name is Martin Beck."

Houdini beamed at his wife. The Orpheum Circuit! Big time! . . . It was too good to be true.

Beck's advice put an end to most of the miscellaneous tricks which had cluttered Houdini's act. Thereafter Houdini no longer produced an incredible number of objects, including live pigeons and guinea pigs, from a borrowed silk hat. The guinea pigs were given away; the pigeons were stored with a Chicago friend—who subsequently cooked them for dinner.

As his tour proceeded eastward,

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in city after city Houdini proved that at last he had learned showmanship. Beck raised the salary to 150 dollars a week. Yet despite success, Houdini's curiosity for every phase of magic was still insatiable. Whenever he saw a trick, he had to know how it was done. Sword-swallowers, fire-eaters, strong men, spiritist mediums, sleight-of-hand artists — Houdini would stand before them, completely absorbed. Whenever he was missing, if there was a miracle worker or juggler in town his wife knew where to find him. He had to master all the details—who had invented the tricks, how they trained themselves, what the after-effects were.

In default of such contacts he would turn to books. Accounts of chemical and physical experiments, forgotten illusions, the newest inventions—all were grist for his mill. He was a magician not only during show hours but for nineteen hours every day. And his art would invade even the tenderest moments.

Every wedding anniversary, if he were within striking distance of Coney Island, he would make a sentimental pilgrimage with his wife to the scene of their marriage. On his way home, his arm about her, suddenly he would exclaim: "Bess, I've an idea how I can make that box trick better!" Fishing a pencil from his pocket, he would frantically scrawl rough notes and diagrams.

When, near the end of 1899, Houdini's efforts to play in the big show palaces of the East proved futile, he decided on a clever scheme. He would go abroad and conquer America by way of Europe, as many a good American performer had done before. So in the spring, Houdini and his wife booked passage on a small liner and sailed, without a shadow of an engagement awaiting, to take Europe by storm.

A Scrape with Gamblers

In Coffeyville, Kansas, one night after the show, two gamblers offered Houdini a hundred dollars to open the rear door of a gambling house after the place had closed for the night. They wanted to "fix" some paraphernalia. Houdini had no moral compunctions—he said that with gamblers it's dog eat dog —but he knew if he were surprised in the venture his life would not be worth a cent.

He refused the offer. The men accosted him again; this time he felt a pistol at his ear. Under this persuasion he went with the men. The cellar door opened outward, and after Houdini mastered the lock he jerked the door out so violently that he knocked one gambler down against the other.

Houdini leaped inside and snapped the lock behind him. One of the gamblers shot at him through a cellar grating. Houdini flung up his hand to shield his face and the bullet lodged between the bases of two fingers. He carried it until his death.

WHEN THEY ARRIVED in London, they found the city skeptical about unknown Yankee performers who claimed superior powers. After days of fruitless interviewing he

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met Dundas Slater, manager of the Alhambra. Slater watched some of Houdini's trial performances but was not entirely convinced. "If you're sure you can escape from handcuffs at Scotland Yard," he said, "I'll sign you."

"Can you go with me now?" was Houdini's reply.

At the famous Yard, Superintendent Melville ridiculed the idea that anyone could escape from *his* cuffs. Houdini insisted, however, so Melville produced a pair, remarking: "Here's how we fasten Yankee criminals who come over here and get into trouble."

With that he placed Houdini's arms around a pillar, snapped on a pair of "darbies" and stepped back with a laugh. "I'll come back for you in a couple of hours," he said, starting for the door with Slater.

"Wait!" cried Houdini. "I'll go with you." He stepped away from the pillar, tossing the cuffs to the floor.

This was enough for Slater, and he signed Houdini for two weeks. The opening night was eventful. As soon as the act began, a stranger calling himself "The Great Cirnoc" leaped on the stage, proclaiming himself the original Handcuff King and denouncing Houdini as a fraud. For once Houdini seemed to lose his nerve. He permitted the intruder to keep the stage, thundering at him, even declaring he was not an American.

A man in the audience stood up. "That's not true," he said. "I am also an American and I saw this man several years ago doing his handcuff act."

The speaker was Chauncey M. Depew. He resumed his seat amid applause. Houdini whispered to his wife, who was now on the stage as a page boy: "Get me the Bean Giant. We'll fix this fellow."

The Bean Giant was a monster cuff invented by Captain Bean of Boston, who had offered five hundred dollars to anyone who could escape from it. Houdini had solved its secret in a few minutes. Now he advanced upon Cirnoc, holding out the Giant and offering five hundred dollars if the alleged Handcuff King could solve the secret. Cirnoc frowned.

"Let me see you get out of them," he said.

"Lock me in," challenged Houdini.

Cirnoc did so, whereupon Houdini retired to his little cabinet and in a twinkling emerged with hands free. Then it was Cirnoc's turn. Houdini locked him in the cuffs and even gave him a key, but the man could do nothing. The audience gave Houdini an ovation, and the discomfited Cirnoc had to ask the American to free him.

With this dramatic beginning, Houdini made a smashing hit. Each performance was of increased interest, for Houdini was a challenge to professional restrainers of all kinds, as well as amateur detectives of the press. Houdini met every challenge, finally removing even the small tent which skeptics thought might contain secret help. Manacled and fettered so heavily that he was forced into a kneeling position, he faced big silent audiences and freed himself in five minutes.

Houdini's career throughout this

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period resembled a press agent's dream. Each engagement, in England or on the Continent, was a fresh triumph before packed houses. Constantly he revealed new feats of skill. In Paris he palmed 32 cards with one hand. In Berlin, he was nailed in a huge packing-box and emerged smiling, and at successive performances he accepted challenges from carpenters to do the nailing. In London he delighted thousands by swallowing a packet of needles and a few yards of thread and, without moving from his place, drawing the thread from his mouth with the needles threaded at regular intervals.

Meanwhile Houdini's earnings were jumping. Near the end of 1902, his salary for one week at Leeds was a thousand dollars, and for a return engagement, 1,250 dollars. These were exceptional weeks. But only three years before, the Houdinis had looked on a one-week engagement at sixty dollars as a stroke of good fortune.

In 1903, Houdini decided to add Russia to his conquests. At secret police headquarters in Moscow, the officers first demanded some tricks, so Houdini demonstrated three-card monte and the old American shell game. None of the officers could pick the queen among Houdini's three cards and none could pick the shell that housed the pea. Then, when he suggested a test of jail-breaking, the chief, Lebedeff, replied that he might try escaping from the *carette*, whereupon the other officers nudged one another and laughed.

The *carette* proved to be a sort of steel safe on wheels, used for transporting special prisoners to Siberia. First Houdini was stripped and searched, and he soon realized that he had never really been searched before. He was laid on a table and his body twisted and turned in every imaginable way. Then, stark naked, he was led into the prison yard, which was very cold.

Houdini was locked in the *carette*, but not until the door was fastened did Lebedeff remark that the nearest unlocking key was on the distant Siberian border. "It would be a cold trip," he added politely.

On the inside, the door was a sheet of steel, but high up was a vent, six inches square, crossed by bars. The lock was on the outside, thirty inches below. For half an hour Houdini struggled with the lock while the police chuckled. Then after a short rest he resumed, and in ten minutes the door swung open. Houdini was streaming with sweat despite the cold. He expected applause, but instead, he was seized and searched all over again. And the chagrined Lebedeff refused to give him a certificate of escape.

At the Top of the Ladder

THE CONQUEST of America began in 1905 when Houdini opened at the Colonial Theatre in New York as a top-liner. He was 31, and had been working toward this great occasion for fifteen years. Within a few months his amazing feats carried his name all over the country.

In Washington, Houdini broke out of several jails, but Warden Harris of the Federal prison, con-

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fident of his locks, invited Houdini to match wits with Uncle Sam. Houdini selected the cell that had housed Guiteau, assassin of President Garfield. The walls were heavy masonry, the door was sunk three feet in a brick wall, the lock was a combination.

After being stripped and searched, Houdini was locked in the cell, his clothes in another, while Harris and other officials retired to await developments. Houdini was out in two minutes. Then he had a whimsical idea. There were eight other prisoners; he opened each cell and transferred the inmate to another. Houdini was still naked, and the prisoners were so amazed at this apparition that they made no effort to escape.

Twenty-one minutes after being locked up, Houdini entered the Warden's office, fully clothed. "I let all of your prisoners out," he said, and then, as guards jumped for the door, he added hastily: "But I locked them all in again."

During the next two seasons Houdini made tours of all the first-class vaudeville theatres in the U.S. and escaped from every sort of restraint that American ingenuity could devise. Meanwhile he invented a new and more dramatic trick to replace the handcuff act. He escaped from a large iron can, filled with water, its lid fastened with a dozen padlocks. Enclosed in the can and rolled into his little tent after a committee had assured itself that no confederates were present, Houdini would spirit himself out in about a minute, leaving the can filled to the brim and the locks intact.

In the spring of 1908 he wound up a coast-to-coast tour in a blaze

Houdini's Trick with a Hat

One of Mrs. Houdini's favorite stories concerned the quick tempers that often flared in the Houdini household.

"Whenever I got angry," she said, "Houdini would leave the house and walk slowly around the block. In a few minutes he would open the door and toss his hat in. If it was not thrown out again, he would enter. If the hat was thrown out, he would stay away for another few minutes.

"One day he had been putting a new electric bulb in my room and he dropped it. I upbraided him severely. The second bulb also fell and smashed. At that, I treated him to an outburst and he fled the house.

"After a while he slipped the door open and tossed his hat in. I flung it out. This performance was repeated several times. Then a messenger appeared with an envelope on which was written: 'To be delivered in a hurry to Mrs. Houdini, then exit rapidly.' Inside were these formal words: 'Mr. Houdini wishes to inform Mrs. Houdini that the first globe fell but the second one slipped. He wishes to convey his sorrow and promises that the one that fell will never fall again.—Mr. Houdini, Friend Husband.'

"It was impossible to be angry very long with a husband like that."

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of glory and publicity, plus a few dives into the sea, manacled, from the Atlantic City pier. At this time Houdini was 34 and weighed about 160. His body was like flexible steel. It had to be, to stand the strains he placed upon it daily. Now he was ready for another tour of Europe with an entirely new line of tricks.

For a time, swimming champions insisted they could remain under water in the iron can longer than Houdini. The performer delighted to take them on and had a huge stop watch placed on the stage so the audiences could time the contests. The best of the challengers remained under for two and a quarter minutes, while Houdini stayed three and a half. At this period he would practice holding his breath for more than three minutes while lying on a dressing-room sofa.

The most hazardous diving stunt of his career was performed in Scotland in 1909, when he dove from a tug into Aberdeen harbor during a howling gale. Harbor officials urged Houdini to postpone the attempt but he refused. A heavy chain was put around his neck, crossed on his chest, fastened to his arms. His hands were then handcuffed behind him. He leaped into the churning waves, and eighteen seconds later appeared with hands and arms free.

Later, in a Berlin restaurant, a Chinese waiter was gaining attention with card sleights. When the Chinese came to Houdini's table, Houdini borrowed the cards and palmed 52 of them, back and front, while the Oriental's eyes popped. "That's no trick, gentleman," he said reverently. "That's a gift."

Houdini was enjoying life to the full. The daily strain he was putting on his body was such as few can stand, but he carried it off easily. Moreover he supplemented his stage acts with outside stunts, and was busy far into the night enlarging his collections of memorabilia concerning magic, exploring strange cities, talking with old magicians, and conducting a vast correspondence.

Finally, in November, 1909, he bought a plane in Hamburg—one of the early Voisin machines—and taught himself to fly it. The flights were naturally of brief duration, but at least Houdini got the plane off the ground, which was something few men could do in those pioneering days of aviation.

Daredeviltry Takes Its Toll

IN 1911, HOUDINI was back in America, touring the big cities, performing new tricks. But there were signs that his over-strenuous routine was beginning to take toll. Before returning from Europe he had been operated on for an abcess on his body, caused by daily struggles to escape strait jackets. In Detroit, he was troubled with sharp pains in his groin, but continued his tour. In Pittsburgh, however, his condition became so bad that he was persuaded to consult a physician.

Dr. Wholly told Houdini he had ruptured a blood vessel in one of his kidneys, and that he must rest completely for several months. "By continuing your present regimen,

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you would be committing suicide," the doctor said.

Houdini laughed. "How long do you give me?"

"If you continue as at present, you'll be dead within a year."

"You don't know me!" Houdini shot back.

He said nothing to his wife or mother—they were both with him in Pittsburgh—but finished his engagement. Back in New York he lay on a library couch for two weeks, sorting his collections. Then he returned to the road, still in pain but determined to carry on.

At the end of the year he sent Dr. Wholly some photos, showing his current escapes from strait jackets and the like. "Still alive and going strong," he wrote. For fifteen years, Dr. Wholly continued to receive mementos of the strenuous pursuits of the man he had sentenced to rest, on penalty of death.

In 1913, Houdini's mother died. She and his wife were the only two women in Houdini's life. After her death he was moody and distracted. For the first time he seemed to lose interest in his work, in his manifold collections and professional contacts. He even neglected his diary; his notes were sketchy, with an undercurrent of morbid preoccupation. He spent much time composing encomiums of his mother.

For the rest of his life, whenever he left New York on tour, his last act was to visit his mother's grave. He would lie there face downward and tell her all his plans, as though she could hear him. For several years he would find himself at intervals standing on the edge of a void across which his mother had vanished into darkness. From his youth he had had an almost morbid curiosity about what he liked to call the Great Mystery, and he was always making pacts with friends whereby, if one of them died, he was to attempt to communicate with the other.

For years, he tried by every means that offered to communicate with his mother. The nature of the attempts, their failure, and his disillusionment ultimately transformed him into a crusader against spiritualist quackery and fraud. Houdini's life was divided into two periods. His mother's death marked the cleavage.

(To be concluded next month)

In the final installment: how Houdini devised new and more mystifying tricks, how he fooled Theodore Roosevelt with a "spirit" message, how he waged an international crusade against fake mediums, how he exposed "Margery," the famous spook, and how he met death—not while performing a daredevil feat but as the result of a college boy's prank.

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A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

BACK IN THE 1870s, Gen. Julian S. Carr encountered a Chinese boy on the waterfront in Wilmington, North Carolina. "Where do you hail from?" he asked kindly. The boy pointed to an American revenue cutter at the dock.

Carr asked the boy's name. "Charlie," the lad replied.

"Where are you going to stay?"

Charlie didn't know.

"You like to be—my boy?"

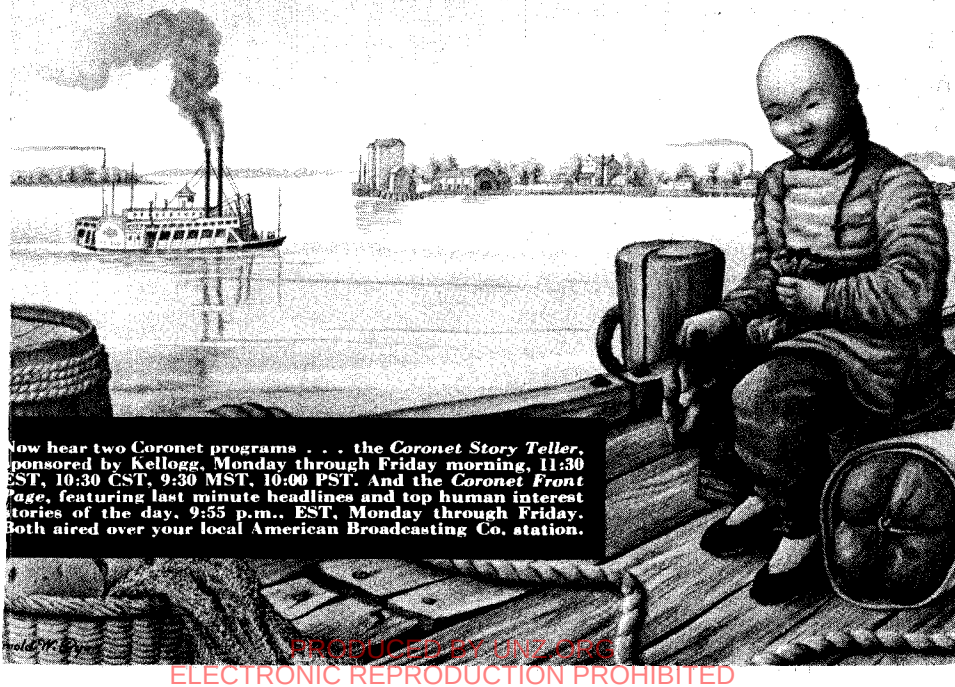
When the shy youngster agreed, Carr installed him in his home, where he reared him as his own. But in time Charlie grew homesick and returned to China, where he became a minister.

Eventually the Rev. Charles Jones Soong married and had six children —three pretty girls and three fine boys. And because of his own happy experience in the U. S., Charlie sent his children to schools in America.

The eldest daughter, Ai-ling, married Dr. Kung, famous Shansi scholar. Ching-ling wed Dr. Sun Yat-sen, first president of the Provisional Government of the Republic of China. Mei-ling became Madame Chiang Kai-shek. T. V. Soong, one of the sons, is Premier of China.

If the gospel of Sun Yat-sen, the fortitude of the Chiangs, the conscientious ministries of T. V. Soong ultimately spell a new day for China, much of the credit will belong to a kindly Southern gentleman who befriended a lonely Chinese boy.

—PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND



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Again the blackbirds sing; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers . . . .
—John Greenleaf Whittier
KINGS CANYON NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA

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